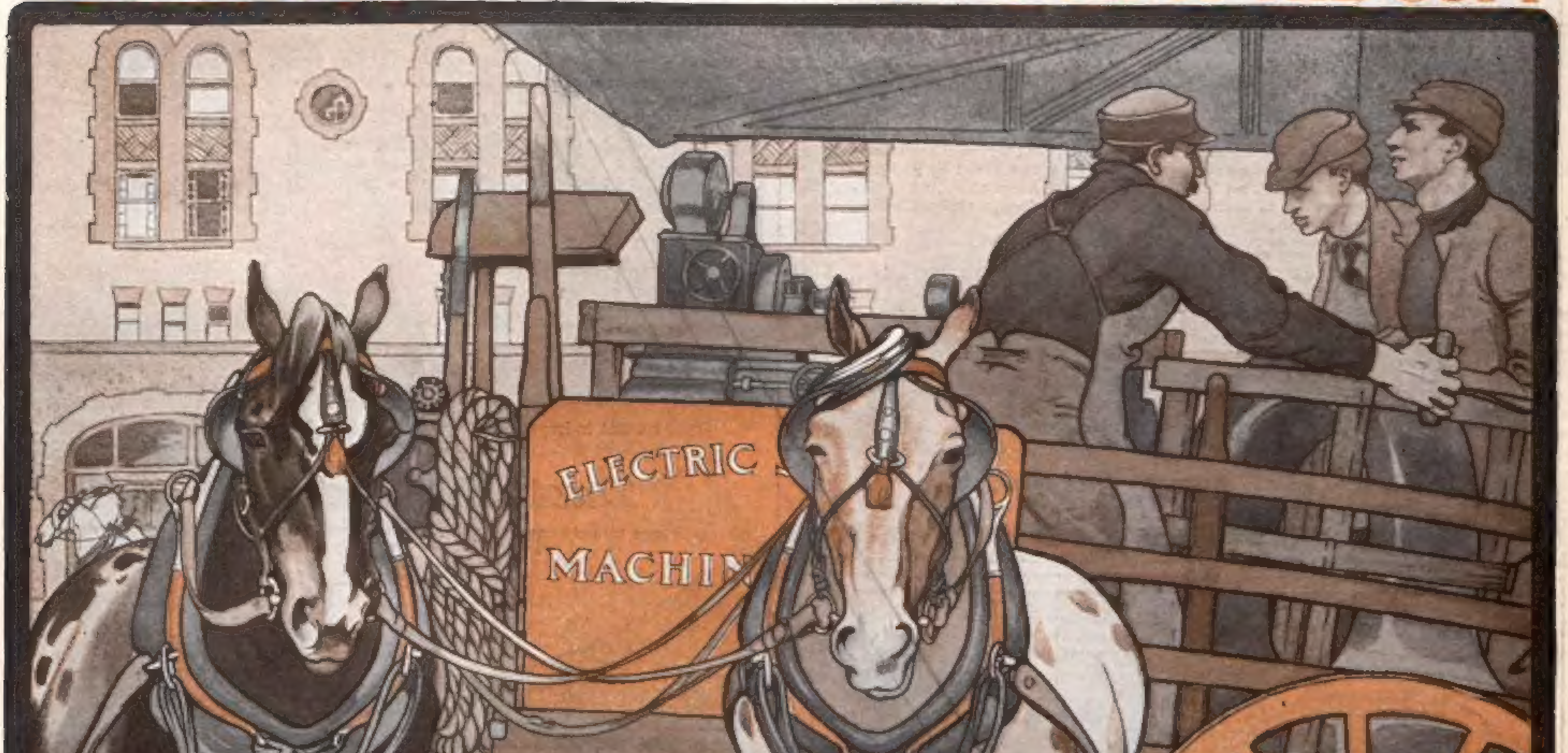
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MAY 14, 1904 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



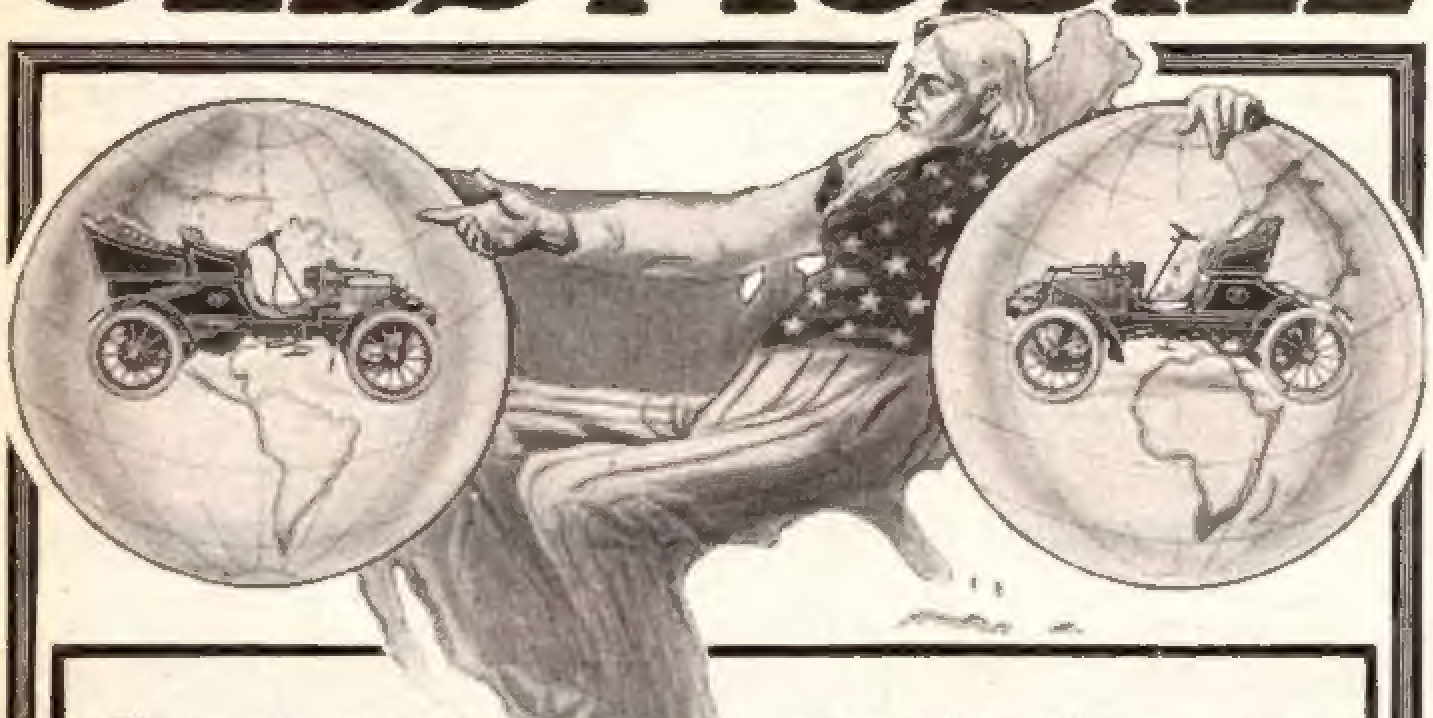
DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

Beginning THE BUCCANEERS

A Story of the Black Flag in Business

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

OLDSMOBILE



The sun never sets on the Oldsmobile

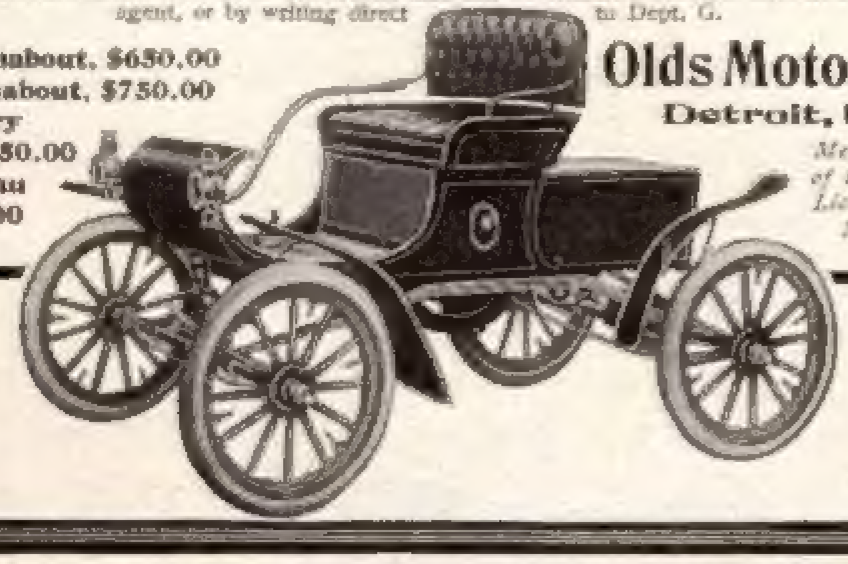
You see them wherever you go, They go wherever you see them.

All nations pay willing tribute to the Oldsmobile. Its unequalled motor equipment; the ease with which the motor is started from the seat; the device by which the spark is retarded in starting to a point where "back fire" is impossible, all emphasize its superiority, placing it in a class by itself.

Our Light Tonneau Car and Touring Runabout have attracted widespread attention by reason of their beauty of external design and perfection of mechanical construction.

Full information about the Oldsmobile line can be obtained from our nearest sales agent, or by writing direct to Dept. G.

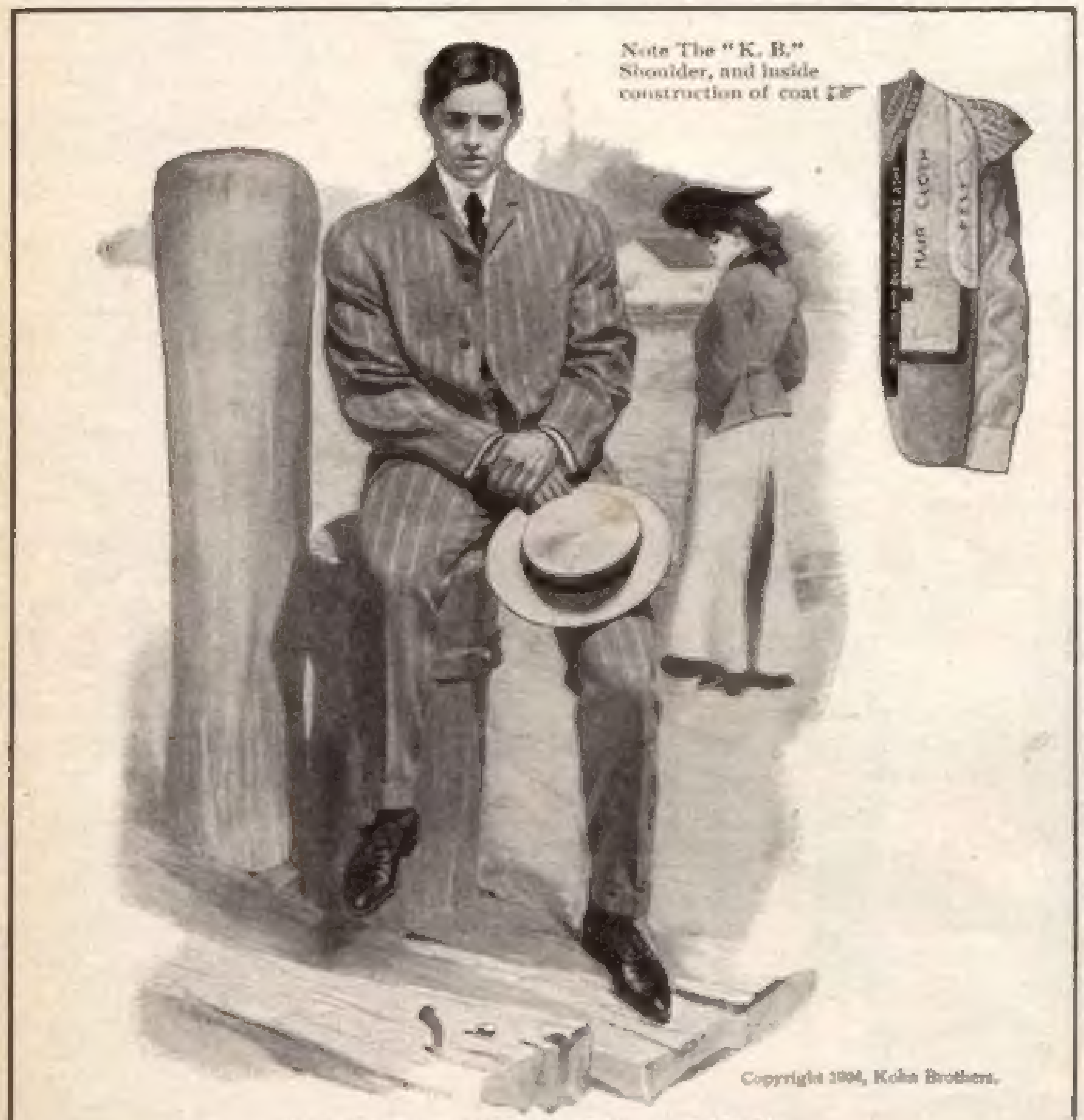
Standard Runabout, $650.00
Touring Runabout, $750.00
Light Delivery Wagon, $850.00
Light Tonneau Car, $950.00



Olds Motor Works
Detroit, U. S. A.

Member of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

---



Note The "K. B." Shoulder, and inside construction of coat ☞

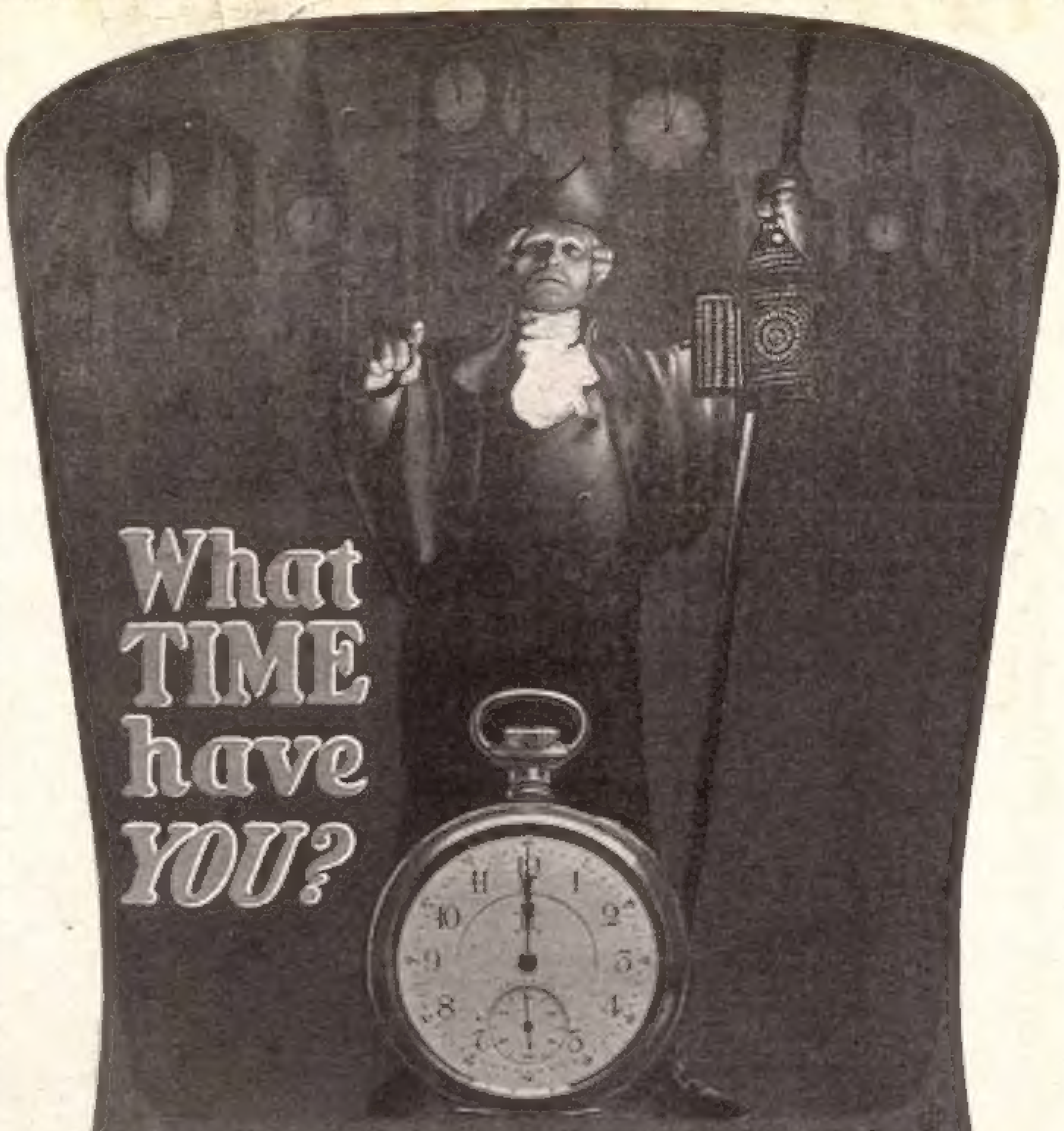
Copyright 1904, Kohn Brothers.

"THE MAN INSIDE THE CLOTHES"

The man who has worn Kohn Brothers' Fine Clothes need not be told that we dress you as well as your merchant tailor, for half the money. He knows it. You don't. You should. You take no chances. Every garment guaranteed "as represented or money back." We illustrate on this page our Summer Suit. A Summer Coat made with the "K. B." Shoulder and permanent front. Suits from $10 to $20.

Ask your dealer for Kohn Brothers Fine Clothes. Look for our label—insist upon having it. Write for illustrated booklet No. 4, "The Clothes a Man Should Wear," a story of good clothes, when and how to wear them. If your clothier does not sell Kohn Brothers clothing write us and we will send you the name of one who does.

KOHN BROTHERS **CHICAGO**


What TIME have YOU?

I want to impress every reader of The Saturday Evening Post with the fact that to carry a

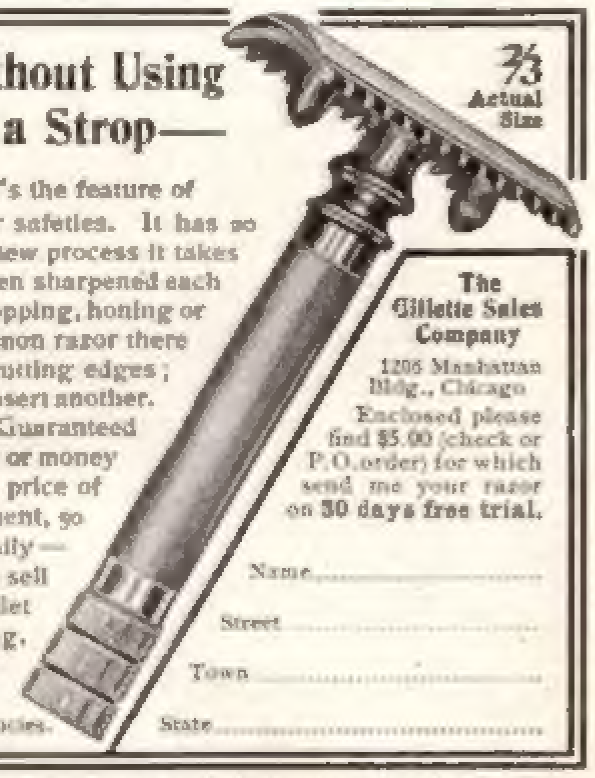
Dueber-Hampden Watch

is to know the right time all the time. Half the watches and clocks in America are wrong at this minute. What time have you? Right or wrong?

The Watchman

The Dueber-Hampden is the only complete watch (case and movement) made under one management. Write for "Guide to Watch Buyers." Address Dueber-Hampden Watch Works, Dept. C, Canton, O.

A New Idea In Shaving 400 Shaves Without Using —a Strop—



That's shaving delight—simply lather and shave. That's the feature of **The Gillette Safety Razor.** It is a safety that isn't like other safeties. It has 20 double-edged blades, as thin as paper, tempered so hard by our new process it takes diamond dust to grind them, with such edge-holding qualities when sharpened each blade will give 20 perfect shaves without attention. No more stropping, honing or bother—no possibility of cutting your face. With the best common razor there should be one sharp edge; with the Gillette there are 40 keen-cutting edges; 40 razors in one. When one blade begins to pull in the slightest insert another. We sharpen the twenty for 50 cents, new blades at a nominal cost. Guaranteed to give a smooth, delightful shave to any face under all conditions or money back after 30 days trial; absolutely no strings to this offer. The price of the Triple Silver Set in elegant case is $5.00. After first investment, 50 cents a year keeps the razor in perfect condition if you shave daily—costs ⅛ cent per shave. Most dealers sell it. If yours doesn't, we sell direct. Get your dealer to correspond with us. Write for our booklet under any circumstances. It gives details and they are interesting.

The Gillette Sales Co., 1206 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago

Reference—Continental Nat'l Bank of Chicago, Dun's or Bradstreet's Agencies.

The Gillette Sales Company
1206 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago

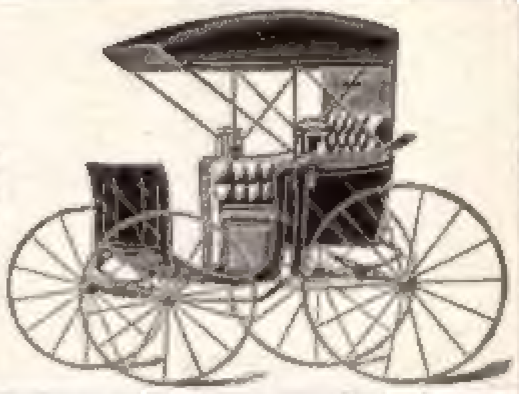
Enclosed please find $5.00 (check or P.O. order) for which send me your razor on **30 days free trial.**

Name……………………
Street……………………
Town……………………
State……………………

SAVE ONE THIRD

By Buying of the Makers

We are actual manufacturers—not a commission house. We can and do save our customers one-third on retail prices by selling direct to user and cutting out all dealers' profits. All our goods carry our guarantee. Our free illustrated catalogue shows a greater assortment of carriages and harness than any dealer can show you. Send for it.

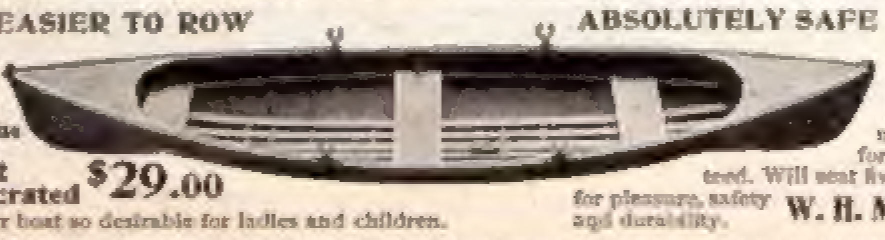


THE COLUMBUS
CARRIAGE AND HARNESS COMPANY,
COLUMBUS, OHIO

EASIER TO ROW **ABSOLUTELY SAFE**

Mullins Unsinkable Steel Pleasure Boats

Write today for free catalogue



15 foot boat, crated $29.00

No other boat so desirable for ladies and children.

Made of steel. Practically indestructible. Air chamber each end. Cannot sink. Cannot leak. Require no caulking. Ideal boat for family use, summer resorts, parks. Guaranteed. Will seat five persons in comfort. The modern row-boat for pleasure, safety and durability.

W. H. MULLINS, 354 Depot St., Salem, O.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D' 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

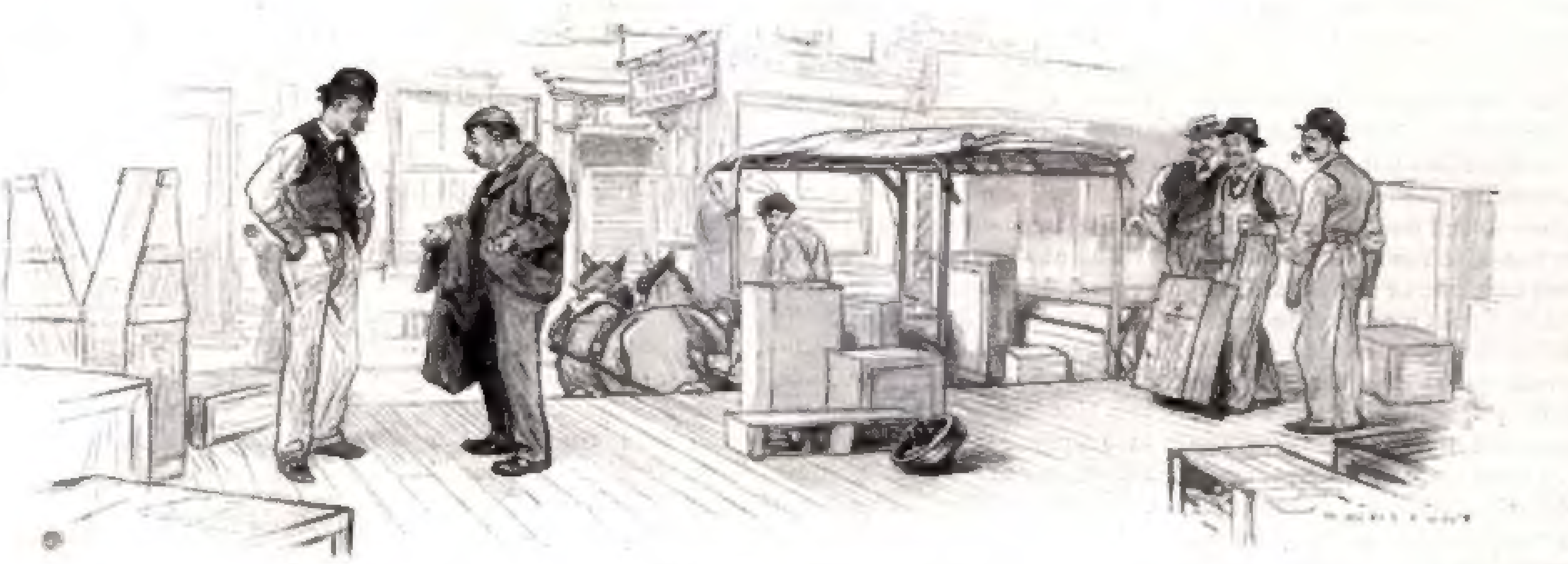
Volume 176 PHILADELPHIA, MAY 14, 1904 Number 46

Copyright, 1904, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

THE BUCCANEERS

A Story of the Black Flag in Business

BY HENRY M. HYDE



"I LOOK ME FOR A JOB" SAID HE

FRITZ SCHMIDT sat close to the open window on the second floor over the Mechanic's Rest saloon. Directly across the street, which was half filled with switch tracks, lay the immense plant of the International Electric Appliance Corporation. The Mechanic's Rest was largely patronized by the men from the factory. It was also headquarters for unemployed workmen who were waiting for jobs. The half-dozen rooms on the second floor of the little red frame building were rented to that class of people.

Fritz Schmidt had come into the saloon a week before, rented the front room facing the street, and paid for it a week in advance. Since that time he had spent most of his time sitting close to the open window, which happened to be exactly opposite to the shipping platform of the Electric Appliance Corporation. The platform was dotted with big shipping cases and crates of various sizes and shapes.

Schmidt was shabbily dressed. His face was heavy, stolid and unshaven. You would go far to find a man who looked so completely stupid, so entirely unintelligent. That was half the reason why he was at the head of the secret service of the Wireless Motor Company. The other half reason lay hidden behind the fact that Schmidt's apparent stupidity concealed a cunning and unscrupulous mind.

Schmidt sat at one side of the window, so that he could glance diagonally across the street without giving any one a chance to get a look at him. He was reading a volume of the philosophy of Karl Marx in the original German. At regular intervals he looked up from the book and cast his eyes across the street to the shipping platform.

"That looks like one," said Schmidt, half aloud, after one of his regular glances. He laid down the book and picked up a large pair of field-glasses which lay on a little table at his elbow. For a moment he studied a tall, narrow packing-box of peculiar shape which a truckman had just wheeled out upon the shipping platform.

"That's one, all right," he said, his closely clipped mustache distorted in an unpleasant grin.

On the table lay a pile of telegraph blanks. Schmidt took a stubby lead pencil from his vest pocket and started to write a message:

A. J. Rixton, 1777 Crusoe Building,
Metropolis: First run out to-day.
Riley & Co., Osterman, Wisconsin.

He left the message unfinished and made a second searching examination with the field-glasses. Then he changed the address on his message from Wisconsin to Michigan.

"That shipping clerk makes a poor M," he said.

Another truckman came out on the platform and dumped a second tall, narrow packing-case close to the first. Schmidt studied it through his glasses for a moment. "The idiot has dumped it with the address on the other side," he said.

It was a warm August afternoon. Schmidt pulled out an old gripsack from beneath the bed and swept the pile of telegraph blanks and the field-glass into it. Then he locked the sack, replaced it under the bed, and went out of the room, locking the door behind him.

He wore an old cloth cap and carried a faded coat over his arm. As he walked over across the tracks to the shipping platform even a careful observer would have taken him for the most stupid of recent immigrants. Without paying any attention to the men at work on the platform, he picked his way among the cases and crates until he got on the other side of the second packing-box which had excited his attention. He had barely time to glance at the address stenciled on the cover before the foreman of the shipping-room grabbed him by the arm.

"Here! What are you doing around here?" demanded the foreman.

An expression of frightened stupidity came over Schmidt's face. "I look me for a job," said he.

"You want to go round and see the employment bureau," said the foreman with a patronizing smile.

"Alles recht," said Schmidt submissively, touching his cap.

Just then a truckman came out with a third tall, narrow packing-box and dumped it close to the door and at the other side of the platform. But Schmidt saw it out of the tail of his eye and changed his direction accordingly.

He had worked round to a position from which he could read the address on the third box before the foreman noticed that he was still hanging around the platform.

"Look a-here," said the foreman, running over to where Schmidt was standing in stupid confusion, "you want to get out a-here and do it quick, too. I told you to go see the employment bureau."

"Yah! Yah!" stammered Schmidt, terror written on his face. "Excuse me. I t'aught you says me to go in by dat door."

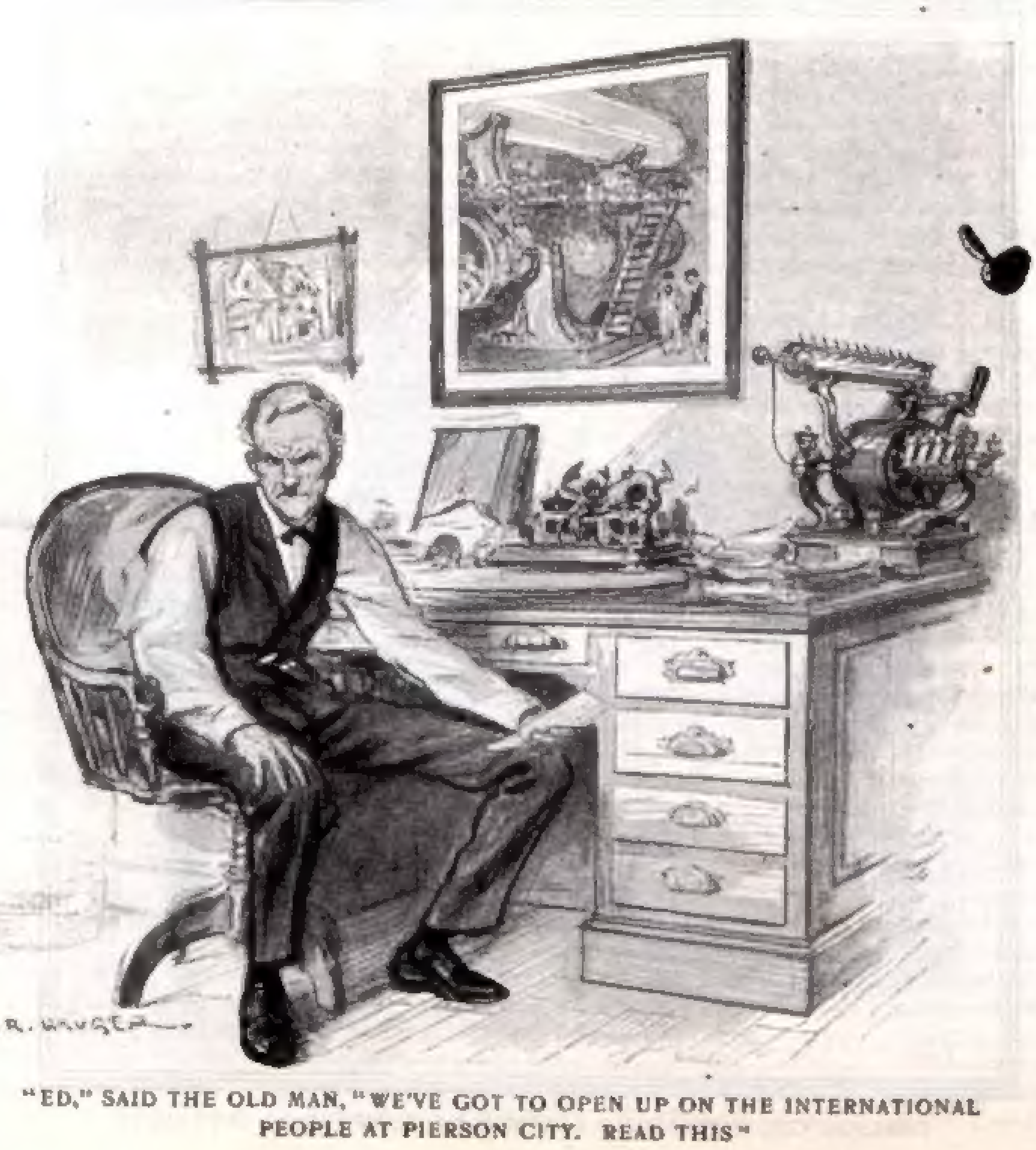
"Aw! Go chase yourself, you big Dutch dummy," said the foreman, a grin spreading over his face. "If you don't look out you'll fall through a crack in the floor."

The truckmen were laughing at the discomfiture of the dolt. Schmidt shambled back across the street, the picture of stupid chagrin. He went in at the front door of the Mechanic's Rest, walked through the barroom, and climbed the stairs at the rear.

"The fools," he said as he sat down at the little table, the opened gripsack beside him. "I hate the bosses, but these cattle I despise."

Then he finished the telegram he had begun before going across the street:

A. J. Rixton, 1777 Crusoe Building,
Metropolis: First run out to-day.
Riley & Co., Osterman, Michigan;
Snooks & Davis, South Harvey,
Illinois; R. T. Brooks, Sioux City,
Iowa; all American. Second is ours.



"ED," SAID THE OLD MAN, "WE'VE GOT TO OPEN UP ON THE INTERNATIONAL PEOPLE AT PIERSON CITY. READ THIS"

Author's Note—The following story is an attempt to tell, in some detail, the tale of a battle for supremacy between two commercial pirates. It is worth noting that practically every incident in the story is a transcript from life—has actually happened in battles between great business corporations, though they are not all, by any means, taken from the experience of any one company or firm or individual. Taken as a whole, however, they fairly represent the tactics of the more desperate of present-day business pirates in fighting for control of the markets.

As Schmidt finished his message and glanced out of the window again he saw the red and green wagons of the express companies backing up to the shipping platform. The three packing-cases which interested him were loaded into the American Express wagon. Schmidt watched them through the field-glass as they rattled by on their way to the railroad station. Then he walked over to the telegraph office and sent his message.

The International Electric Appliance Corporation, of Pierson City, and the Wireless Motor Company, of Metropolis, had been skirmishing back and forth for three years.

Ten years before, the Wireless Motor Company had been started by a young man whose capital consisted of $8000 in cash, two patents, a few brass cog-wheels, and a head of steam which would have done credit to a mogul locomotive. Out of nothing and against the bitter prejudices of the public he had built up a great business with a capital of $1,000,000, on which annual dividends of twenty per cent. a year were paid.

It had taken him five years to get his factory on a paying basis. Nobody but the Old Man—his name was Thomas Tabb—knew what those five years had cost him. He had worked twenty hours a day for weeks at a time; he had strained his credit almost to the breaking point half a dozen times; he had compromised with his conscience and done hard and cruel things.

The minute he saw success ahead a dozen crews of piratical competitors had sprung up in different parts of the country and had attempted to steal the prize from between his very jaws. But Thomas Tabb, in fighting the wolf so long, had acquired certain wolfish characteristics.

The business of making and selling wireless motors was his—absolutely his. He had created it. Why should he spare thieves who were trying to steal his patents, his customers, his expert mechanics, personally trained by him?

Three years before, Thomas Tabb—such was his reputation as a relentless fighter—had had the wireless motor business in his own hands. He was willing that one or two other little companies in the same line should drag out a miserable existence on their way to the courts of bankruptcy, so that cranks and fanatics might have no grounds for saying that he was running a monopoly. But he made and sold ninety per cent. of all the wireless motors demanded by the trade of the world, and the other companies existed only on sufferance.

Then one day came to his ears the report that the great International Electric Appliance Corporation was going into the manufacture of wireless motors. The International already controlled the trade in most lines. It had a capital of $10,000,000, a splendid organization covering the whole civilized world, and a reputation as a determined and relentless fighter equal to that of Thomas Tabb. It was characteristic of him that he did not delay action a moment after the report reached him. It had been sent in by Jordan, the agent of the Wireless Motor Company at Pierson City, where, also, the huge plant of the International Corporation was located.

"Hear that the International Corporation are starting to build wireless motors," wrote Jordan. "They are keeping it pretty dark and I can't find out anything definite, but am told that they will send out some machines for trial in a few weeks and that they expect to have them regularly on the market next spring."

Almost before he had finished reading the report the Old Man had pressed the button for his secretary.

"Wire Dunn and Bradstreet for complete reports on the International Electric Appliance Corporation," he said.

A good general, of course, must have, first of all, as complete an idea as possible of the resources of his enemy. In this case the Old Man knew they were very large. Then, quicker than it can be told, he had rung the bell in what is called, in the factory of the Wireless Motor Company, the "gloom department."

The head of the gloom department came into the office of the president. In appearance he was the opposite of what might have been expected. He was round and short in figure, smiling and well dressed.

"Ed," said the Old Man, "we've got to open up on the International people at Pierson City. Read this."

The head gloomer read the letter and looked up expectantly.

"I knew this would come sooner or later," said the Old Man. "The sooner the better. I want you to go to Pierson City and call on all the directors of the International. Give them the biggest dose of gloom you can, and bring some of them back for a trip through the graveyard."

"I'll leave to-night," said the apostle of gloom.

"All right," said the Old Man. "Come in and see me before you get away."

The head of the gloom department—his name is Edward Livingstone, and he draws a salary of $15,000 a year—went out, and the Old Man summoned Albert J. Rixton, the general attorney for the Wireless Motor Company.

"Where's Schmidt?" asked the Old Man, after the lawyer had read Jordan's letter.

"He's in town now."

"Send him to Pierson City right away. We want a report by telegraph of every wireless motor shipped out of their place. Who can you get to buy one of their first machines for us?"

"I'll leave that to Schmidt. He's got a firm up at South Harvey that may do."

"As soon as our experts get through examining their machine I want you to start a series of patent suits, one every thirty days, as long as you can keep it up. Advertise each of them as a news telegram all over the country. Right after you file the first patent suit begin a suit for $200,000 damages against the International and its stockholders. Can you get a list of them?"

"I think I can," said Rixton.

"Send each of them a marked copy of a newspaper containing a notice of the suit for damages and also of each patent suit. If there are any women among the stockholders let me know, and I'll put Livingstone after them."

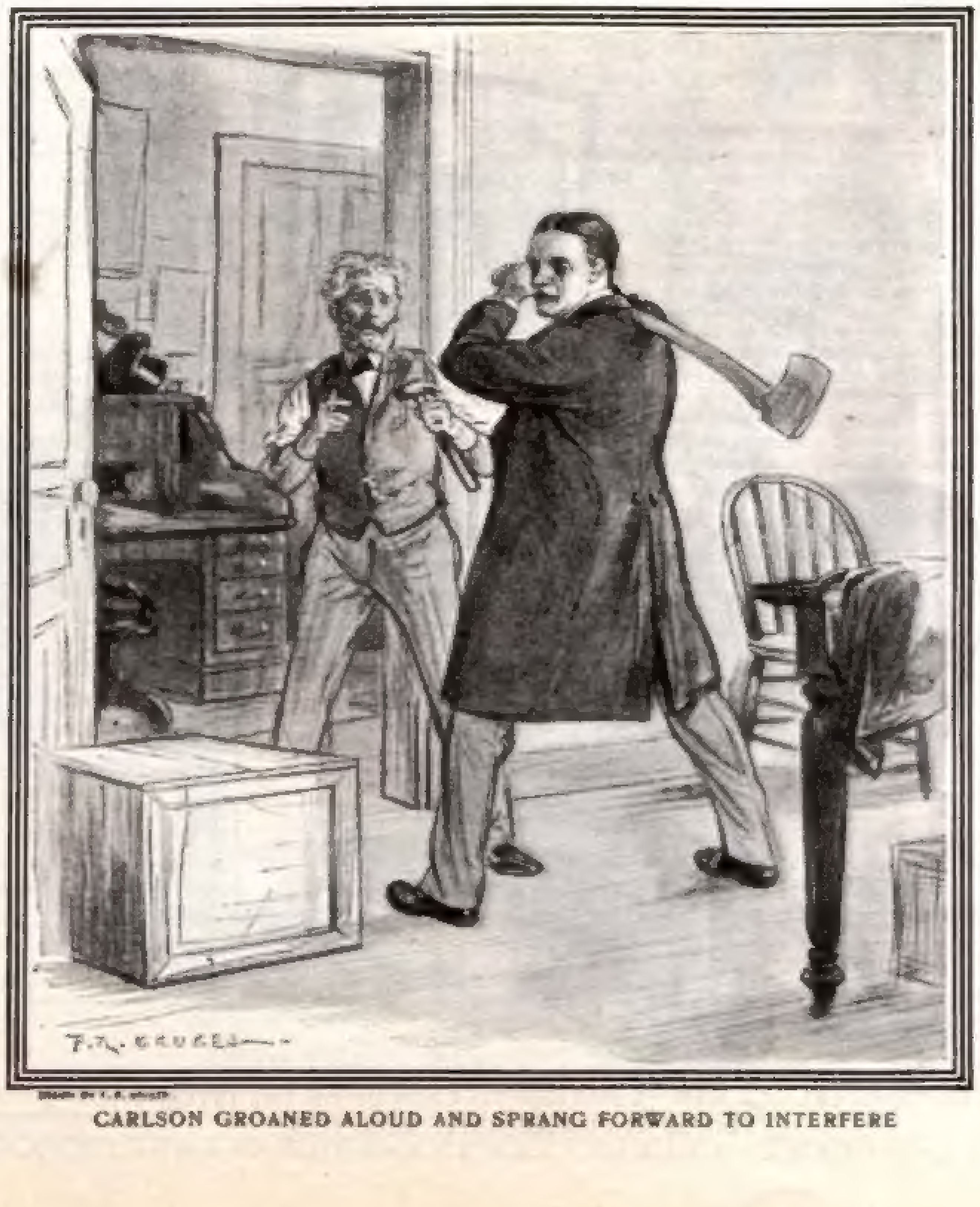
Just one week later the telegram that Fritz Schmidt had filed in Pierson City reached the downtown office of Rixton, the Wireless Motor's attorney. It was sufficiently startling.

"They've started to send them out already, have they? They came near catching us asleep that time," said Thomas Tabb. "You've notified somebody to go to South Harvey and get that machine Snooks & Davis are getting for us, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the lawyer. "I wired Bliss to run out from the Chicago office and stay there till he gets it."

Thomas Tabb pressed another button as the lawyer left his room. It rang a bell in the "knockout department," a name that fittingly describes the duties of the half-dozen expert salesmen whose business it was to jump about all over the country and block sales made by the competitors of the Wireless Motor Company. Morgan came into the president's office in response to the ring. Morgan was the chief of the knockers-out. He was a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with a projecting lower jaw and a cold blue eye.

"Here's a couple of jobs for you, Morgan," said the Old Man. "The International people have shipped wireless motors to Riley & Co., Osterman, Michigan, and to R. T. Brooks, Sioux City, Iowa. Both were sent last night by American Express. It is extremely important that the acceptance of both of these machines be prevented. Go as far as you have to. If necessary give these people one of our new machines apiece. Don't let either of the International motors get into use. If you can get hold of them ship them here to the factory as quickly as possible."



CARLSON GROANED ALOUD AND SPRANG FORWARD TO INTERFERE

Morgan had hardly gone out when in came a boy with a long telegram in cipher from Livingstone, the diplomat who had been sent to Pierson City to give the directors of the International "a dose of gloom." Translated it read as follows:

> International people have perfected absolutely automatic wireless motor. Stockholders meeting Thursday to increase capital by two million and push the new automatic. Our people here badly scared. Say can't fight successfully unless we have automatic on the market ourselves. I have appointment with International directors for Wednesday before their meeting. Have promised to show them our automatic then. Absolutely necessary to have model here by that time in good working order. Also send copies of our automatic patents.
>
> LIVINGSTONE.

Thomas Tabb's eyebrows dropped down until they almost covered his restless gray eyes.

"This is going to be a fight to the finish," he said.

Just then the private secretary opened the door of the office.

"Carlson would like to see you," he said. Carlson came in. He was a short, heavily-whiskered Swede. Originally a locomotive engineer, he had invented certain devices useful in the manufacture of wireless motors. One of the patents taken out in his name covered an attachment that had had much to do with making wireless motors commercially useful. On condition of assigning his patent to the Wireless Motor Company he had been given a life engagement as head of one of the experimental departments of the company at a salary of fifty dollars a week.

"Well, Carlson," said the Old Man, "I was just going to send for you. What's the matter?"

"My three best men are going to quit me this week," said the inventor. "I don't know why they quit."

"I do," answered the Old Man. "They have been hired away by the International Electric Appliance Corporation. How's your automatic wireless motor model working by this time?"

"Fine," said Carlson, the enthusiasm of the dreamer in his eyes. "It's a wonderful machine. It will do——"

"Can you trust it alone? Will it be safe to send it out by express to Pierson City?"

"It's all right, Mr. Tabb. Of course, if a man who didn't know how tried to work it he might get it balled up, but——"

"Yes, I see. Can you get ready to go out to Pierson City to-night and take the model with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"The cashier will have $200 ready for you. Now go and pack up the model. Don't let it out of your sight until you meet Livingstone in Pierson City."

Two days later the wireless motor sold by the International Corporation to Snooks & Davis, South Harvey, Illinois, and bought by that firm for Fritz Schmidt, reached the factory of the Wireless Motor Company at Metropolis. Rixton, general counsel for the latter company, turned it over at once to his patent attorneys and mechanical experts. Three days later they reported.

"We find four of our patents infringed by this machine," said the report. "In five other respects there is sufficient ground to justify a suit for infringement for advertising purposes."

That was good as far as it went, and papers were at once drawn for the first suit to be filed against the International Corporation, asking for an injunction and damages. But Thomas Tabb was waiting impatiently for word from Livingstone, the gloomer, who was on the ground at Pierson City. And Livingstone was living up to his reputation as a smooth and resourceful diplomat.

Late on the evening of the day he reached Pierson City he had met Fritz Schmidt and had heard from him the report that the International had perfected an automatic motor, which was something the Wireless Company had been working on for years. Schmidt also gave him other important and confidential information. Next morning, with the perfect frankness which is the most deceptive form of diplomacy, he had called on the president of the International Corporation and presented his card.

"I have come here to persuade you not to attempt the manufacture of wireless motors," he said. "We have the ground absolutely covered."

"I am afraid you are too late, sir," said the president.

"You are banking on your automatic wireless, of course," said Livingstone. "I am prepared to show you an automatic machine of that type which we have covered by fundamental patents."

The president of the International was surprised by this speech. He had thought the

(Continued on Page 23)

Where the Money Came From

By Arthur E. McFarlane

JAY GOULD

IN 1853 there came to New York a small country lad carrying a mouse-trap in a cherry-wood box. It was a marvelous fine mouse-trap, invented by the lad's grandfather, and he intended to place it on view in the Crystal Palace Exhibition. In the mean time, he wanted to see the city. Nor could he see half enough from inside any Sixth Avenue horse car; he wanted to watch both sides of the street at once. So he went out and stood on the teetering platform.

And while he was out there a heavy-jowled gentleman picked up that cherry-wood box, dodged off the car and down a side street. But, just before it was too late, the lad caught sight of him. He gave chase and overtook him. "He was a great, strong fellow," he says, "but I collared him. I really regretted that I had done so, and tried to let him go. But the fact is, one of my fingers caught in the buttonhole of his coat." A policeman came along and took them both to the nearest station. The box was opened, and the expression on the face of the heavy-jowled one, when he beheld its contents, made the boy fairly wriggle with delight. And when, next morning, his name was in the paper, in that hour he had whatever of joy there may be in intoxication: he had made people talk about him. In the whole incident there is much to be thought upon, for the lad was Jay Gould. As for the mouse-trap, the symbolism of which has appealed to many, for the time it drops out of sight. It grew unseen, however, and when it appeared again it was as big as a roundhouse; it was located in Wall Street, it had entrances innumerable and beautiful as church doors, and many there were who went in thereat.

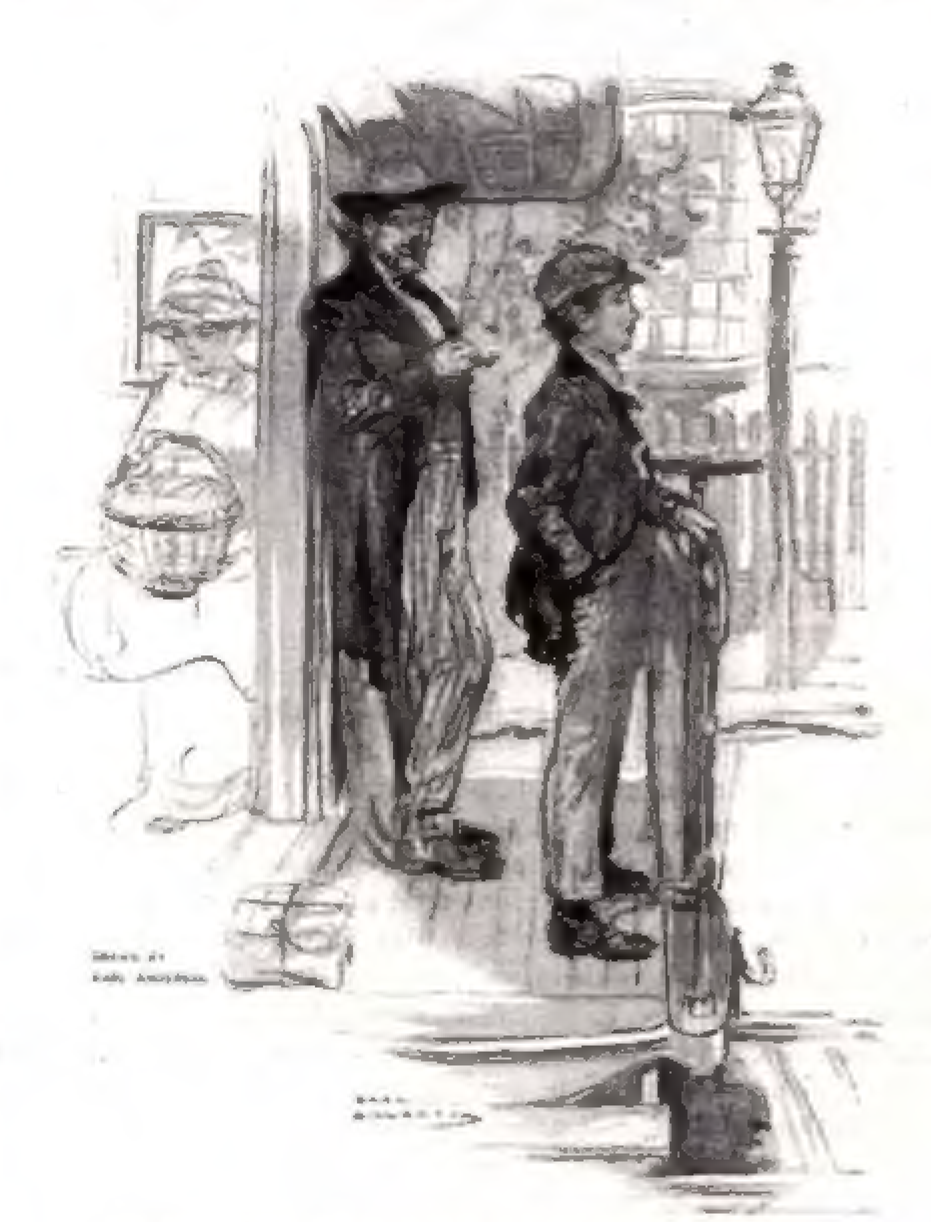
Jay Gould was born in 1836, near Roxbury, New York. He had four sisters older than himself, but no brothers. Perhaps had he had some of the latter he would not early have become a "queer boy," half shy, half masterful. He was of sensitive fibre, too. Though born to life on a farm, he loathed working in the fields and about horses and cattle. At the country school he would not go out and play crack-the-whip and bags-to-the-mill with the other boys; he hated being knocked about. Through recess he would stay in, hunched up over a book. If an attempt was made to drag him out he would resist fiercely, but burst into tears, too, and go and tell the teacher. Forty-five years later, and only a few months before his death, when at a board meeting of the Missouri Pacific Russell Sage seemed resolved to oppose his will, he burst into tears no less vehement and hysterical; and then he had no teacher to run to.

He was glad enough to leave that school. His father told him that he could not see that he was going to be of any value to him on the farm, and he let him go on to the academy at Hobart, eleven miles away. There, in exchange for his services as bookkeeper and letter-writer, he obtained free board and lodgings with the town blacksmith. At that time he was twelve years old, and thenceforward he depended only upon himself. From the first he clutched at his opportunities, too. He glutted himself on study, and stood at the top of the list in almost everything. He had begun to realize that there is a kind of strength vastly more powerful than the physical. If he was not vigorous in body he had the intellectual and nervous energy of half a dozen ordinary boys. There were times when he had to wrestle for three weeks with a problem in geometry or logarithms—always the hardest he could find—but when he had got the better of it at last he would leap about and turn somersaults in his triumph.

At fifteen he left school and went into a country store. He was well treated. There developed a case of boy-and-girl affection between him and the storekeeper's little daughter. But he was working harder than ever. His counter hours were from seven in the morning till ten at night; he used to be out of bed and reading by three! He studied history, engineering, surveying, what not. People told him he was a mighty smart lad, and if he kept his eyes open he'd make a big thing of it some time.

So he kept his eyes open. And about that time the storekeeper, through Jay as private secretary, began a correspondence with a view to purchasing the property of an embarrassed neighbor. Twenty-five hundred dollars was asked for it; the storekeeper offered $2000, but he admitted to the boy that he could well afford to give $3000 if necessary. Jay promptly notified his father of the situation; the latter mortgaged his farm, scraped up $2500, purchased that property first, and soon after sold it for $4000. The boy lost his position and the regard of a small lady-love, but he had "made a big thing of it." The prestige and the commission he drew from it got him a small partnership in the local tinsmith's, and no doubt his father gave him to understand that he was a son he could be proud of, after all.

In that year, too, as a side-line, he undertook to help to map Ulster County for a Hobart surveyor. He started off with his instruments, but with no money, for everything was to be charged up to his employer. When three days out, however, he found himself in a region where that surveyor was known of old. The boy was refused credit, he went breakfastless, dinnerless, grew sick and faint with hunger. "At last I came to a piece of woods where nobody could see me," he says, "and I had a good cry. . . . Then I got down and prayed; and I felt better after it. I made up my mind to go ahead." At the next house he was trusted for a good big meal. But, as he was leaving, the farmer asked him if he would make him a noon mark—that is, an exact north-and-south sun-line through the window, by which the clock could be regulated. Jay marked it out and charged a dollar for it, returning a shilling for the dinner. He felt like being a "softy" and doing it for nothing; but he had many times heard it observed that "people didn't get rich doing things for nothing."



HE WANTED TO WATCH BOTH SIDES OF THE STREET AT ONCE

Shortly after that his employer failed. But Jay counseled his two fellow-assistants to go ahead with him and finish the map; and then he persuaded them to buy out his share of the possible profits for $500 cash. Again he was making a big thing of it, and every day he was growing in smartness. There is a tradition that he next applied for a near-by country school, but that after he had been accepted he saw still another and a better opening in the surveying field. All at once stories began to go abroad that he had spoken most scurrilously of the board of trustees. He was notified that his services would not be required—and Jay immediately got out his first injunction! Education in that school section was at a standstill until the enjoiner was recompensed to the extent of $100. Later it was said that those stories had been started by Jay himself! One can hear the local Nestors smack their knees about the box-stove of the village store and vow that the lad was "just about the slickest that had ever come out of *his* county. He knew how to pull the wool over their eyes. And he wasn't any idler, now, either. In that last year he'd written a book, the whole History of Delaware County and the Border Wars—more than four hundred pages of it, and got it published, too! Besides that he'd taken over the tinshop and put in his old man under him on salary. And any lad that can have his old man working for him before he's out of his teens is most certainly a wonder!"

He *was* a wonder, too. Where he got the time to do his work nobody knows, but he had already done as much as many men do in their entire lives. He had—I dare to say it—a vastly keener intellect than any that has gone into American art or letters within the last half century. He had, too, all the boy's potentialities for the ideal. "Such reflections as history inspires," he writes in his book, "awaken within the human bosom an ardent desire to attain that which is good and shun that which is evil, an honest and laudable ambition to become both great and good; or, as another has beautifully written, 'great only as we are good.' Who would not be a Washington? 'It was the hand of Washington that lit the flame'—that flame which it has baffled the skill and prowess of the engines of the Old World to extinguish, and which for seventy years has spread, as with a magic wand, north, south, east and west, spreading and burning still, while kings and haughty monarchs pause, behold and tremble!"

Awful bombast, you will say, but you will find something exactly like it in the contributions made to the Eton Miscellany by W. E. Gladstone at the same age. And are you so sure, had it been the privilege of young Gould to spend his life-moulding years among people who did not think it a fine thing to be employing one's father at eighteen, that he, too, might not have grown into something of most notable power and usefulness to his country?

However, the young fellow was prospering in the surveying business. He soon had several gangs working under him, and within another year he had made $5000. Indeed, he went to Albany and moved for the contract to map the entire State. He was disappointed in that; but another door had opened to him. It was one of his later sayings that "it is just as easy to obtain the acquaintance and secure the friendship of the most powerful as of the most insignificant, if only you go about it in the right way." To the best of our knowledge he had already set about obtaining the friendship of that simple but opulent old tanner, Zadoc Pratt, of Prattville, by writing some very flattering things about him in his History of Delaware County. At any rate, we suddenly find Pratt treating him as his white-haired boy, putting $60,000 with the young man's $5000, giving him a force of men and sending him into the Pennsylvania hemlock woods to start a new tannery and settlement.

It gave Jay a chance to give an unrestrained proof of his genius. He founded Gouldsboro, and the biggest tannery in the country. He opened a post-office and became the postmaster. He established a bank, and—by getting his relatives to take stock and turn him over their proxies—he made himself its president. He began to buy other tanneries and other tracts of hemlock. . . . And when at last the old man commenced to grow frightened at all this high-flying, Jay hurried to New York, and got one Charles L. Leupp, of the leather firm of Leupp & Lee, to buy out the Pratt interest in the concern.

Yet before long this second partner was, in his turn, losing his nerve. At a time when Gould had put every cent of their capital into an attempt to corner the whole hide market there came on the panic of 1857. Leupp, believing that he was ruined, and half beside himself, committed suicide. There was litigation with his heirs and with his old partner, Lee. In the end the latter hurried to Gouldsboro and put a garrison into the tannery. Gould followed, gathered one hundred and fifty of his roughest choppers, gave them the inspiration of Dutch courage, and under a fusillade of bullets took the place by assault. Nobody was killed, but several were wounded. Gould was not a coward; but already he had "something in his face which made people afraid of him."

In spite of the fight he had made, his connection with the tanning business there came to an end. He went to New York, and we are told that he went penniless. If that is true there is much that is inexplicable in the five years that followed. For almost at once we find him buying railway stock. He went into the Troy and Rensselaer road along with Russell Sage; and that was the commencement of a more or less intimate alliance which lasted until the death of the younger man. Much of the Troy and Rensselaer stock he was able to buy at five and ten. He became manager of the road, too. At the same time he also had money enough—whether his own or borrowed—to buy up all the first mortgage bonds of the little Rutland and Washington. It, like the Troy and Rensselaer, was under the pall of bankruptcy. He became president, secretary, treasurer, superintendent, and had sole control. In that year, too, he married Miss Ellen Miller, the daughter of a wealthy New York grocer. He had more money to work with. He went to work to make those railroads good investments. And preëminently he knew how to make any business a good investment—for the time. In 1862 he was going into a bigger railroad, the Cleveland and Pittsburg, and he had $750,000 of his own! In another year, now completely launched into railroading, he had doubled it. In twenty years he was worth more than seventy millions!

How did he make it? The belief still strongly survives that he made it by operating in stocks—that his life is a grand proof that millions *can* be made in the Street! And

---

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of papers by Mr. McFarlane on the origins of the great fortunes of America.

Gould himself, for whatever reason, fostered this belief. He once gave a friend his whole theory of playing the stock market. "Everything in this world moves between two limits, like a pendulum. The true secret of success is to watch the pendulum till you get the usual limits of the swing. If you find that a certain stock moves between 140 and 170 wait till it falls to 140 and then buy all you can lay your hands on, always being careful to sell out long before it goes up to 170. When it reaches 170 sell all that you can find purchasers for, and close your account long before it sinks to 140. And never follow the market—that is to say, be led by the fools. As soon as there is a panic, buy. The reaction always follows. . . . I am telling you how I made my fortune. One stock is as good as another, only you must not start until you have had it under observation *for three years.*"

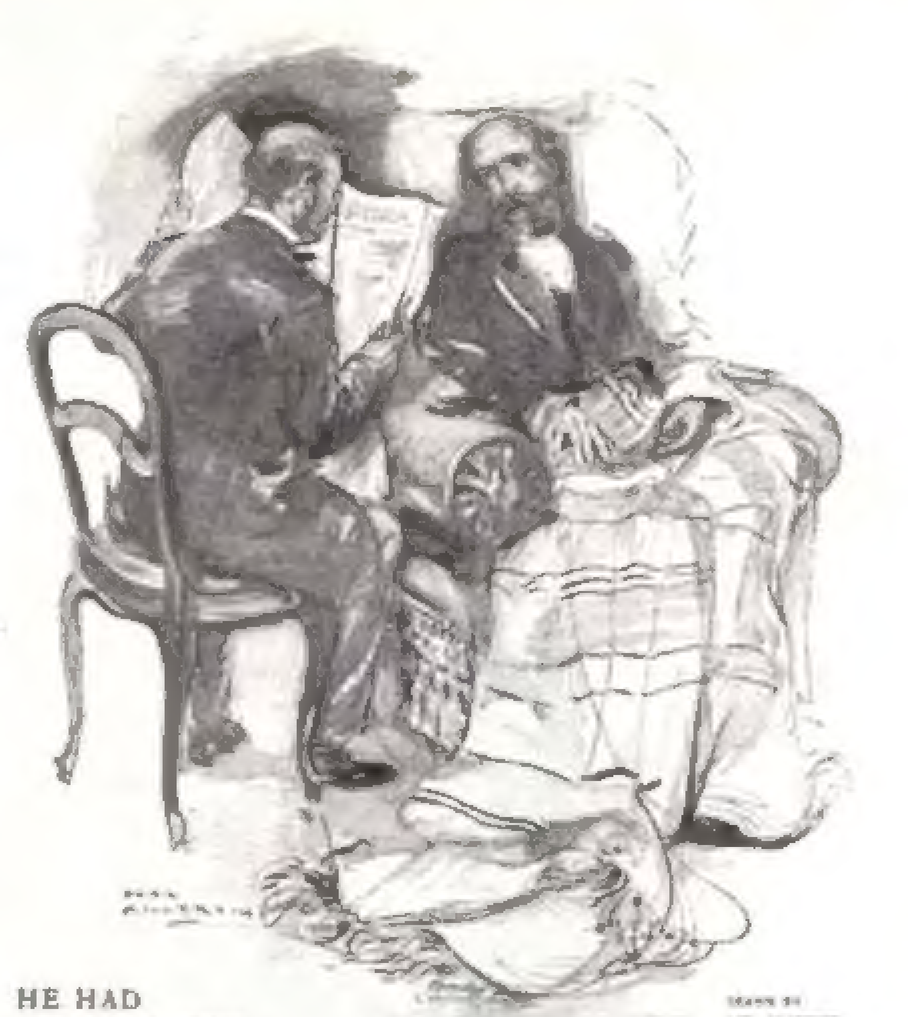
In this way he may have made a certain amount of money, but all investigation and all the testimony of his brokers and associates go to prove that it was very little. And when he "kicked the pendulum," almost invariably he paid heavily for it. Says Thomas G. Shearman, long his intimate counsel: "All his gold speculations—I speak of those which were purely speculations as brokers use the term—generally resulted in losses." It will hardly be believed, but quite half of the seventy-five millions of which he died possessed he amassed as wholly legitimate dividends paid by certain of his railroad properties and by the Western Union Telegraph Company. For years before his death the latter was bringing him an income of nearly two millions, and the Manhattan Elevated and Missouri Pacific were little behind it. These were properties which he had chosen to hold as rock banks whereon to stand, in a semi-security, when in the rapids of speculation. And to their management he brought all the resources of his most brilliant brain.

Senator Depew, whose lifelong hostility to the man should keep his opinion from being too flattering, frankly said: "He had no faith in chance or luck in any enterprise in which he was engaged. He mastered not only the general conditions but every detail. In determining upon a railway management which should cover a large territory he selected a field where he would not have to contest with old, well-established, thoroughly equipped and ably managed lines. Instead of taking the ordinary course of risking his fortune in fighting into the Pennsylvania, or the New York Central, or the Baltimore and Ohio systems, he took in hand the disorganized Southwest, created a combination of great strength and covering very large territory, and netted an enormous income from it."

Sydney Dillon, himself the president of a great railroad, said of him: "He knew everything about a railway from the rails to the locomotive, and from the brakesman's duty to that of the general manager. He could sit down and write a traffic contract, which is the supreme test of a railway manager. He was a superb executive officer." It is again confirmed by his Union Pacific superintendent. "I was continually surprised," he stated, "at the exact and technical knowledge which Mr. Gould had about some of the most obscure conditions affecting the branches over which I have charge. It was not so much a knowledge of roadbed or construction, although he was observant of these things, even to details, but it was of the subtler and broader conditions which combined to affect the prosperity of communities, their wants and necessities, and consequently the prosperity of his railroads. He seemed to know all about every crossroad and way-station, just what kind of soil the locality had, and the character of the crops raised. He seemed to know not only what branches ought to be built, but where towns ought to be placed, and in a new territory this requires far-sighted knowledge as well as observation." A humbler witness reports having called upon him regarding the traffic of a little way-station. "Mr. Gould just leaned forward in his chair, extended his middle fingers toward some neatly folded papers in a pigeonhole, and drew out one which covered the subject then of interest." He commonly reached his office by eight and frequently worked till midnight.

He made perhaps half his fortune in that way. The other half he made in a way much less admirable. But still less can it be imitated by the ticker-following would-be-rich. E. Ellery Anderson, who followed his career for years, and who, for the Cleveland administration, in 1887, went into his most devious management of the Union Pacific, sets it down that "he was the absolute master of the art of creating coördinate boards of directors that had complete control of adverse interests. He persuaded himself that it was just to let his representatives vote upon both sides of transactions in which interests were diverse." When it was a matter of absorbing a new road you get the full beauty of this. To put it less obscurely, he packed financial juries, and they brought in verdicts of much profit to him.

And he seems never to have regarded his great properties as trusts in his hands as did William H. Vanderbilt. Gould's mental attitude was in no sense that serious and responsible one which we feel must always rightly go with power. He told one of those many Congressional committees that inquired into his affairs that "he bought the Missouri Pacific as a plaything, to entertain himself by seeing what he could make out of it." He bought it for $4,000,000 when it had just 287 miles of track. In 1887 it had attained a mileage of 5000 and a value of $90,000,000; and undoubtedly it was most largely the brain of the "little wizard" that gave it such a growth. Yet that in no way excuses the vicious frivolousness of his point of view. Other men *worked* with railroads; he *played* with them.



HE HAD
TO BE TALKED
OR READ TO SLEEP
LIKE A CHILD

In 1867 there began his four years of manipulation of Erie, and in 1869 came Black Friday; he probably broke even on the former, but the latter left him $4,000,000 the poorer; both shall be dealt with later. In 1872, though forced to disgorge most of his Erie takings, he was already in the Northwest corner, and again, in his own words, "on the rise." When, in 1873, however, he once more attempted to "kick the pendulum," upon the authority of his secretary, Giovanni Morosini, that particular panic "left Mr. Gould comparatively a poor man. He had more reason to regret the disaster than almost any one else concerned." But Russell Sage, who would have been involved along with him, came to his aid with three millions. In 1876 he was "expecting to put his shutters up any day." But a little later he was successful again. That autumn Leonard Jerome was in Egypt, looking at what remains of the temple of Karnak. "These ruins," said a friend, "are the most remarkable in the world." "Oh, no, no! Don't tell me that," replied Jerome; "you ought to have seen Pacific Mail last summer!" But when, in 1877, Gould went into a deal with James R. Keene and Major Selover, it resulted much less pleasantly for him; his partners found that he was playing the game according to new rules, and the Major one day flung him down the areaway of a Broad Street barber-shop.

For ten years he had had the telegraph system of the country within his calculating vision. "My theory of investments is this," he said: "to go into everything that promises a profit." He now began a campaign for the capture of the Western Union, and he started by putting five millions into an opposition line, the American Union. With the older line he confessed that he had once contemplated affiliation; but he had found it a "bundle of expiring patents, uncertain contracts and old wires." He got it down to 77⅜, then he bought with a leap and consolidated. Although he immediately added twenty millions to the incorporated capital, the whole went up to 137½! He had many brokers now, "but they never met in his presence, and they never knew one another's instructions." When he planned ahead—and he was always planning ahead—"he never said 'cat' until he had him in the bag." Already he had long been living the life that hides, that turns all natural frankness in upon itself, that is silent even where men have no need to be silent.

It was in 1881 that he commenced his assault upon Manhattan Elevated. Two years before, along with the Texas Pacific, he had taken over another property of "Tom" Scott's, the New York World. That publication—no vestige of its old management now remains—soon began to be greatly worried about the general condition of the "overhead." Its increase of its capital stock by thirteen millions was wholly unjustifiable, and various private parties were bringing suit to dissolve its charter. Its officials were incompetent, its men uncivil. The very pillars which supported it were unsafe, and the state of its rolling-stock a public menace. Nothing but ruin awaited it. . . . However it was with its rolling-stock, its stock on the market went steadily down. In October Gould was able to buy 70,000 shares of it at from 16 to 20. By November it was up to 55 again. But most of its small holders had already been "squeezed to death." If it had not all been "strictly business" Gould might have been sorry for them. When Memphis was stricken by yellow fever he wired its mayor to draw on him for all the money he needed.

In 1882 he inflated Wabash, and declared a dividend that let hundreds of its minor employees go unpaid and half starving. It was then that he began to be called "the dynamiter of finance." Yet Wabash was another balloon that he did not let go of quickly enough himself, and he paid dearly for it. However, he picked up again in the West. . . . Although another investigating committee was threatening him with indictment, he could answer those who attacked his *credit* by taking a group of Wall Street men down into his safety deposit vault and showing them $53,000,000 in securities. "They got tired of counting them, and there was another box not opened yet."

But in 1884 he had been speculating again—no doubt by his own methods as outlined above—and this time a group of bears—H. N. Smith, "Charley" Woerishoffer and others—had him at their mercy. He threatened to go into immediate bankruptcy and let them forfeit everything. Now, at this time those bears were short in Western Union; therefore, on condition that he would sell them 50,000 shares of it at 50, they decided to compromise; they would let him alone for the moment. "He was bound to go down anyway; it was only giving a glass of brandy to a dying man." . . . But he used their $2,500,000 from the Western Union to buy more Missouri Pacific, of which they were also short; and it was only a matter of days until they were settling with *him!* Nor did they get any glass of brandy. . . . In 1887 he lost again. So it was throughout his life. It is little wonder that his nervous system went to pieces, and he was as old when he died at fifty-six as many men—and greater workers, too—have been at eighty.

His two most memorable operations I passed over at the time. First as to his operations in Erie. In 1867 it was the greatest individual railroad corporation in America. "Uncle Dan'l" Drew, the "speculating director," was its president. The sharpness of both young Gould (he was then only thirty-three) and Colonel "Jim" Fisk, Jr., caught his discriminating fancy; he took them on his board of directors and into his tuition. And they learned very rapidly. By an actual investment of less than $100,000 they got options and voted the proxies of $4,000,000 of Erie shares; and they voted "Uncle Dan'l" out of the presidency. Then, having a stupendous bear deal ahead, they began to sell short.

Now, it may be remembered that when uncommonly smart people had begun to sell short a certain old Commodore Vanderbilt had a habit of buying; for he had frequently found smart people willing to sell more stock than actually existed. Also, for long years he had had a covetous eye upon Erie. Therefore he now opened his wide-stretching maw and began to take in Erie shares like a whale in a school of herrings. "Uncle Dan'l" was buying largely, too; and that stock went up instead of down! Gould and Fisk were in their own corner before they knew it. They stayed there just long enough to feel the chills of terror. . . . Gould had really been christened "Jason," and, when it came to the Golden Fleece business, he seems early to have made up his mind that it would always be he who would do the fleecing. The pair "set the Erie printing-press" to work, and issued 50,000 additional shares which were flatly fraudulent. The Commodore went on gobbling—gobbled more than $4,000,000 worth of that new stock. "If this press don't break down," swore Fisk, who was its acting manager, "I'll be d——d if we don't give the old hog all he wants of Erie."

And at last the Commodore discovered what he had been getting. The enterprising twain and their assistants were wise, and they promptly fled from the jurisdiction of the New York courts. They crossed over to Jersey City, and they took everything that was worth taking from the Erie offices—books and papers, and the cash on hand. The greatcoat of one man alone carried $5,000,000 in bills; needless to say they were not of small denomination. A receiver for Erie was appointed, but he had nothing to receive.

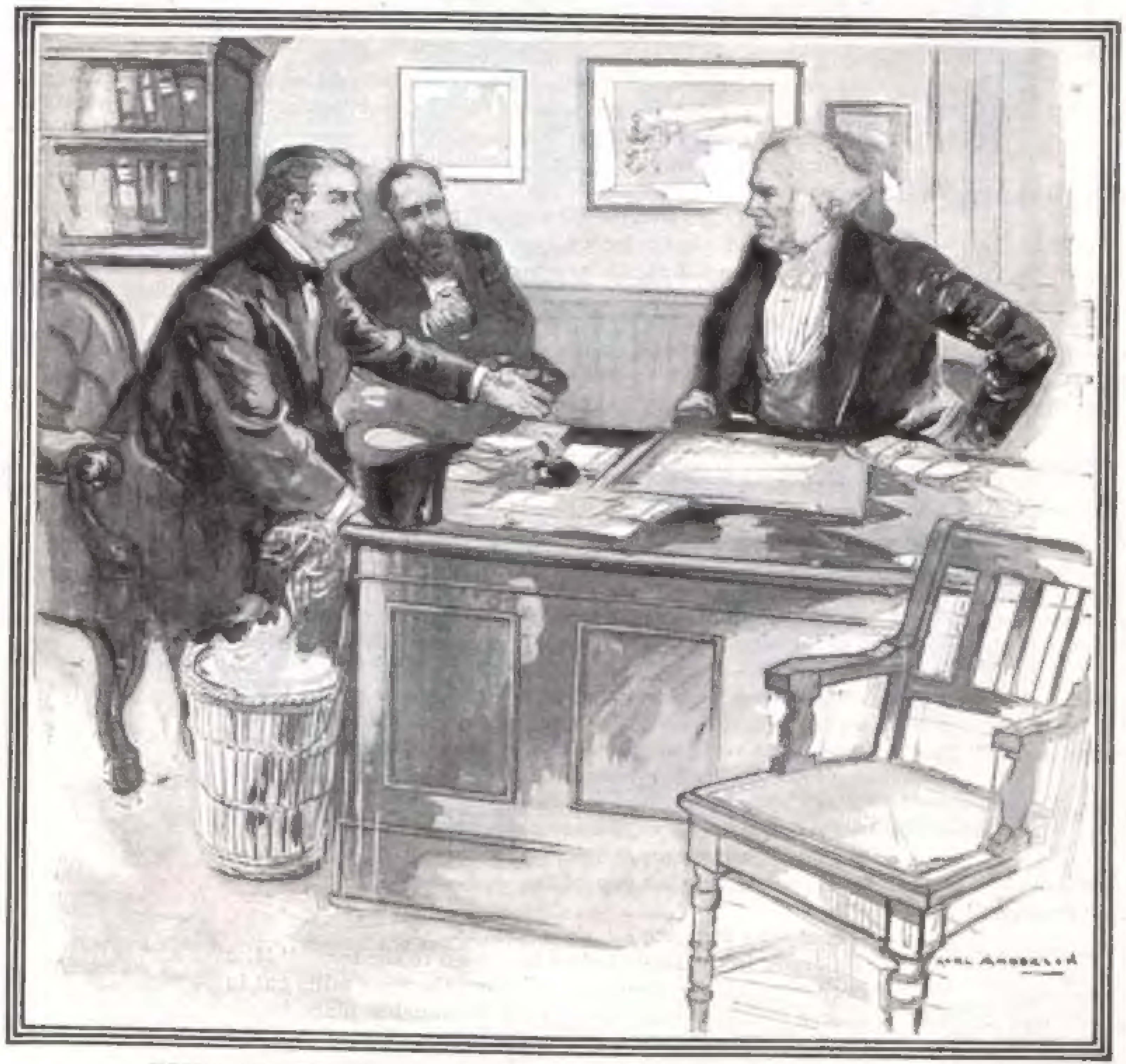
The struggle that followed shows money at its worst. Both the Commodore and the outlawed Erie men not only hired their own politicians, but there is every reason to believe that Gould and Fisk at least were able to hire their own judges. The subsequent disgrace of three of those who had served them best goes far in confirmation. Almost within the same week Erie was being made a New Jersey corporation at Trenton; and at Albany a committee was scathingly reporting against those in control of it. A Gould judge—he can only be described as such—issued injunction after injunction, each as promptly nullified by a counter-injunction. Gould went to Albany and was arrested for contempt of court. He gave $500,000 bail from the funds of the road over which they were struggling. Then for months he kept open house and spent money by the hundred thousand at the New York capital, even as he had done at Trenton; and it was short time enough until there was new legislation which forbade any director of the Vanderbilt lines to act on the board of Erie.

But in the mean time they had had to settle with the Commodore. They might do as they chose with their railroad, but *he* intended to get his money back. Drew tried to act as a mediator. Then his late pupils visited him themselves. The old man said he would keep his bloodhounds on their track till he was "squared"; they "squared" him to the extent of five millions, but furiously protested that it was "an almighty robbery, and they'd sold themselves to the devil."

They still clung to Erie, however. Gould had himself elected its president, and for the next four years the stock of the unfortunate road was manipulated "for all there was in it." The printing-press was set to work again and again, and stock was issued simply as it was needed. Where once it had been at 125 it now fell to 25. And it did not pay another dividend for twenty years. The pair seemed able, too, to close the very law to the appealing shareholders. Gould's judges granted him injunctions until they were threatened with impeachment. Many of their indignant fellow-wearers of the robe "refused to admit Erie litigation into their courts, so great a scandal had the thing become."

Gould put William M. Tweed, the notorious Tammany chief, on the board of Erie directors, and made himself securer than ever. Nor, when the State committee later investigated Tweed's relationship with him, did he see any reason to deny paying him large sums of money. He acknowledged the vouchers. "The words in my handwriting are: 'William M. Tweed, legal disbursements as per order J. G., $35,000, April 25th, 1871.' 'April 5th, 1869, name of William M. Tweed, legal expenses, $15,000'—looks like my handwriting." But when asked if Tweed was a lawyer, "he could not say." He was questioned about his politics. "When I am dealing with Republicans I am a Republican. When I am dealing with Democrats I am a Democrat. When the district is doubtful I am doubtful. And, all the time, I am an Erie Railroad man." He did not know what amount he had spent on "extra legal services." "It has been so extensive that I have no details now to refresh my mind. You might as well go back and ask me how many cars of freight were moved in a single day." Yet Giovanni Morosini admits that "when Tweed was in the Senate members of the Legislature were bought like cattle."

Samuel Bowles, an editor who too vehemently denounced the alliance of Erie and Tammany, was abducted and illegally flung into jail. Another valiant protestor, Dorman B. Eaton, was left for dead on the streets of New York. When at last the shareholders, led by General John A. Dix, were able to elect a board of directors which was in no sense "coördinate," Gould was still able to get a last injunction. A platoon of police protected him in the Erie offices, and it took a virtual riot finally to remove him. "The four years of his control of the road had been," says a chronicler, "a devil's dance of lawyers, legislators, judges and politicians, flinging themselves into every attitude of betrayal of trust." It was "smartness" finding its perfect work. The life of the State had not been merely a fountain troubled: it had been a fountain poisoned. All that an optimist can draw from it is that thirty years ago financial conditions were vastly worse, even, than they are at present. "History," says Lieber, "moves along a rising spiral." We are too apt to think of it as a slow-circling, gradually-engulfing whirlpool.



GOULD AND FISK WERE IN THEIR OWN CORNER BEFORE THEY KNEW IT

But there is Black Friday still to speak of. Let us have done with it quickly. In the first place, Gould's freebooter adventuring in Erie may have left the impression that, whatever his mental habits, his activities were at least brazenly out-of-doors. That was only so when it could not be otherwise with him. His face and figure were almost unknown to New Yorkers; when a reporter succeeded in interviewing him his story very frequently began with a description of the man! Even at board meetings with his associate directors he was ever and always reticent. "He didn't look at people; he seemed to be looking at something on the other side of them. You couldn't tell whether he was listening or not; his expression never changed." He would never speak until every other director had spoken. Then he expressed his views with a tentative obliquity: "It might be advisable that such and such a course be taken." Or, "If we could do nothing else it is possible that we might be able to do so and so." And although since early April he had secretly been mining and burrowing toward that dark week in September, 1869, and "by nods and signs directed all," yet he was entirely willing to let the loud-mouthed Fisk be the one publicly to bring off the coup.

Certain nether recesses of the Black Friday operation are of an obscurity that will probably never be illuminated. Get down to the very vaults and catacombs of it, and your foot will yet sound hollowly in places as from other underground passages still further beneath you. But this much is known, that from juggling with railroads until he came to regard them as mere gaming banks to be "broken" to the great gain and glory of the man who could break them, he had got to regard the medium of the country's financial life as no less a sort of bank, as no less a thing to be broken. We know, too, that, again acting with Fisk, he attempted to make President Grant keep his hands off; for if he could be got to promise to give no orders which would throw the gold of the Sub-Treasury upon the market there was nothing the conspirators could not do. And they did actually succeed in getting the assistance of the President's brother-in-law, A. S. Corbin.

Gould was then president of Erie, and he had its whole resources practically at his disposal. He was also principal owner of the Tenth National Bank, and it, too, should be made to serve his purposes. Heath and Company, and the brokers Speyer and Belden, were taken into the ring. They also began to buy gold. By the middle of September Gould alone had options on fifty millions, and, outside of the Sub-Treasury, there was less than fifteen millions actually available in New York! But the price had been advanced only some six or seven points as yet. The manipulators were biding their time. . . . That week the President left for a small village in Pennsylvania, twenty-five miles from any telegraph office. The game was with the ring. They trebled their holdings and sprung the trap.

Thursday alone was such a day as all finance would willingly forget. Gould used the Tenth National as a "manufactory of certified checks" to the extent of twenty-eight millions. The conspirators took everything in sight. Instead of a normal seventy millions, the gold clearing-house was choked by two hundred and thirty-nine millions. The Gold Room, "traditionally the scene of friendly rivalry and humorous give and-take," had already become as if ringed about by the first circle of Dante's Inferno. True, the President had suddenly returned to the White House; but one more day would do it now. The market closed at 150. "And, by ——," bellowed Fisk, "we'll put it up to 200!"

That night A. S. Corbin gave Fisk half a dozen innocent words of private information—which in no way altered the scenes of the following morning. The blood of finance had been stopped, and there was no business which was not affected with a terrible intimacy. For the time the commerce of the whole city went into a kind of gibbering monomania. In the corridors of the great hotels gold dials were set up; their indicators swung back and forth five and ten points at a time; and hundreds of merchants were betting on them like a mob of gamblers. Thousands of others were forcing their way down into Wall Street. It is said that two Brooklyn regiments were held in readiness to move in case rioting should commence. As for the Gold Room now, perhaps one can give the truest conception of it by taking phrases from the mouths of its eye-witnesses. Many were horribly reminded of Hugo's description of the man drowning in quicksand. But to the majority those hours recalled old pictures they had seen of the Last Judgment. There were "hideous demoniacal screams," "wild cries of terror, Mephistophelian chuckles, gnashing of teeth, fiendish joy, raucous croakings." After a thousand centuries of upward climbing, men were suddenly turned back to beasthood again. . . . Then came word that the Sub-Treasury had received notice to put four millions of gold on the market. In thirty seconds it dropped as many points. Gould had known that that message was coming, and throughout that fearful morning, by the mediumship of brokers warned to keep clear of Fisk and Belden and Speyer, he had been steadily selling them out!

But at that time they had heard no first rumor of his treachery. They only knew that they were ruined; and their betrayer, too, had lost millions for all his double play. There is a picture of three of them coming out of the office of Heath and Company, while a hall full of deputy sheriffs kept the hands of the crowd from them. "Gould came creeping out of the back door, looked this way and that"—(another describes his eyes as being as if hypnotized by terror)—"and then slunk off through a rear passage. Presently came Fisk, steaming hot and shouting; then Belden, with hair disordered and red eyes." . . . Later Gould was able to resume relations with Fisk by showing him how to repudiate. "It was every man drag out his own corpse, anyway," admitted the latter.

What a life—what a life for a man endowed with a brain such as is given to not twenty men in a century! And to what did it bring him? He was absolutely without what we think of as the vices, yet he destroyed his capacity for happiness as completely as if he had been the most miserable of debauchees. To those beneath him he was an ideally generous master. He had fully recognized his duty toward his family, and had built up about him a home life almost perfect. Yet he had failed utterly to learn how to live happily with humanity, that greater family which alone can make us brothers. And for every cup of misery he set to the lips of another he drank twain. In 1885 he retired from Wall Street after a last deal in Western Union which netted him nine millions; but it was the final wrecking of his nervous system. He could no longer digest his food; he had to be read or talked to sleep like a child; he put Doctor Munn on his directorate boards because he could not do without him. He sat for his portrait to Hubert Herkomer. It was impossible for him to remain still; he had to have something to hold in his hands, and the painter speaks of the worry and pain always flickering about his mouth.

"There isn't a man living," he said, when he had attained success, "who would do me a good turn to save his life. Every one's hand that I have come in contact with has been against me. . . . I cannot remember ever having had a good turn done to me. . . . Men I have never seen and never heard of have gone about with murder in their hearts, and if they could have found me would have been fools enough to kill me. I have gone for years with men paid to protect me. . . . If I did not hate every man as cordially as every man hates me I should be unhappy—and yet I suppose I am the most miserable devil in the whole world!"

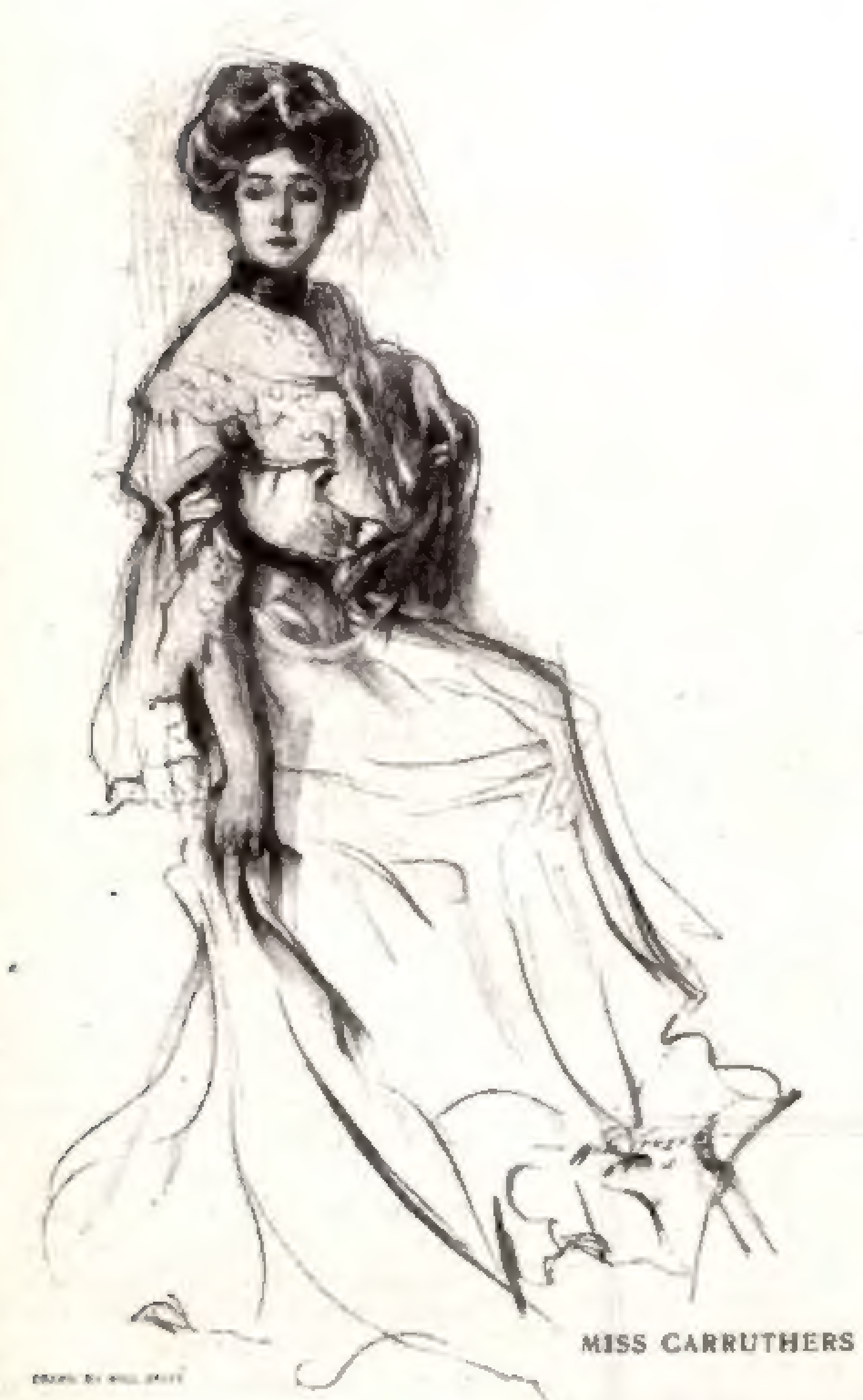
He *was* wholly miserable, racked in body and spirit. For all his seventy-five millions, a thousand times over existence had defeated him. And so, as ever, in the end we must come back to charity. For his life had been simply that which a great many other less noted men are leading at this present hour. They have won the thing they resolved to win, yet they are not happy. The world seems to delight in hatefully mocking them. In their mouths everything turns to ashes and bitterness. And in the night watches they change from this side to that, and ask themselves why. Who shall answer them?

Perhaps their answer is in the life motto of Sarah Bradford, a dear old maiden lady—yet a good deal of a pagan, withal—who died a few years ago in England. Carved into her mantel were the following words: "I shall pass this way but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good I can do to my fellow human beings, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

The Law of Retribution

One of the Rules in the Great Game Where All's Fair

By Anne Elizabeth O'Hare



MISS CARRUTHERS

AS MR. DOOLEY says——" Miss Carruthers was beginning.

"Please!" protested Bobby Drexel plaintively. "Doesn't anybody ever say anything but Mr. Dooley?"

Miss Carruthers smiled. "Well, what is it that you wish to say, Bobby?"

"Why do you make it so obvious?" he groaned. "As if you didn't know!"

"But if I know," admitted Miss Carruthers, "why not let me quote Mr. Dooley? At least, he's novel by comparison. And to utter the obvious is the refuge of the resourceless."

Bobby considered this in silence, regarding his hostess with languid gravity as he held out his cup for replenishment. He did not speak until he had slowly emptied it and placed it with elaborate care upon the table.

"Has it ever struck you," he drawled finally, "that my resourcelessness may be just the reason?"

Miss Carruthers' thoughts had evidently wandered. "The reason?" she inquired.

"The reason," he explained, watching her, "that I keep on telling you—well, the obvious thing!"

"Oh, if you can't think of any other!"

"But what other has the weight of your authority?"

A flicker of light glanced in her eyes. "Perhaps," she suggested, "you've decided to reform?"

"I'm thinking of it."

The flicker lengthened into a gleam of amusement. "In that case, Bobby, I wonder what you *would* find to talk about?"

"I'm thinking," he resumed placidly, "of going into politics."

This time she laughed outright. "Oh, Bobby!" she cried. "That is funnier than Mr. Dooley. I suppose you expect to make use of—of your social graces?"

"Precisely," assented Mr. Drexel, rising lazily. "It has been suggested to me that I am the person best fitted to secure an appropriation of $150,000 to make navigable a turbid stream passing through Muscoda County, Iowa, known familiarly as Mud Creek and in the halls of the National Legislature as the Sagamore River."

Miss Carruthers' mirth was undoubtedly genuine. "You almost interest me, Bobby. I can't imagine your securing any appropriation except german favors."

"You won't be obliged to exert your imagination," he reassured her. "It is simply by my zeal for german favors that I am to subsidize Mud Creek."

"Then you've decided to subsidize it?"

Her mockery failed to disturb him. "Do you happen to know Betty Pomeroy?" he asked.

"Speaking of germans," she queried, "or appropriations?"

"Both," he answered. "You guessed that I should go in for politics on the strength of my social graces. My particular rôle is to make love to Miss Pomeroy."

Miss Carruthers turned her head to look at him. "You are no longer obvious, Bobby," she suggested.

"But consider how I gain in interest!" he retorted.

Miss Carruthers glanced at him again. He was lounging over the back of his chair, looking down upon her with a curious expression in his indolent eyes. The attitude was new, and it struck her that it represented a mental attitude no less unusual.

"Sit down, Bobby," she commanded. "I can't accustom myself to looking up to you."

"So you want to look at me?" he remarked, obeying her. "That's rather unusual, too, isn't it? You might tell me, as the result of your observation, how I can make the best impression on Miss Pomeroy."

"Speaking for myself——" she reflected.

"Please don't speak for yourself," he entreated. "You are inclined to be discouraging."

"Without ever succeeding," she sighed.

He leaned toward her. "Are you so very keen on succeeding?" he asked, his eyes searching hers.

"I'm very keen just now," she evaded him, "in discovering the possible connection between Mud Creek, Iowa, and Miss Betty Pomeroy."

"Senator Pomeroy is from Iowa," he informed her. "To be exact, he is from Millbury, Paducah County, on the banks of the Otter River. Now, the Otter River would also appreciate and profit by an appropriation, and Senator Pomeroy, whose flour mills rise up on its shores, is naturally determined that it shall get it. Moreover, he is a member of the Rivers and Harbors Committee, a circumstance which looks very favorable for the Otter."

"But Mud Creek?"

"Well, Mud Creek, which must always be referred to in public as the Sagamore River, flows through the domain of Senator Larkin, the other gentleman from Iowa, who is not, unfortunately, a member of the committee. But he has a friend who is: Mr. Newton, of Ohio. Newton has farm lands out in Muscoda County, Iowa, and is, therefore, also impressed with the national advantages to be derived from widening the Sagamore River."

"I should think," commented the lady, "the easiest way out of the difficulty would be to make appropriations for both."

"Possibly—if Paducah and Muscoda Counties did not happen to be adjacent. As it is, it must be one or the other. I am to see that it isn't the Otter, which is not so easy a proposition when you consider that Senator Pomeroy has all the advantages on his side, even that of justice."

Miss Carruthers shrugged her shoulders. "That," she observed, "need hardly be mentioned as an advantage."

"And Miss Pomeroy," resumed her guest.

She poured another cup of tea and gave it to him with a smile.

"And Miss Pomeroy?" she repeated.

He drank in the smile before he turned to the tea. "Miss Pomeroy rules the Senator. He runs the flour mills out in Paducah County for her; it is said he won his place in the Senate because she desired it. So if she decides that she doesn't want the mills——"

"Ah!" Miss Carruthers nodded her enlightenment. "You are to persuade Miss Pomeroy, and Miss Pomeroy is to persuade the Senator!"

"That is Larkin's idea. He was good enough to tell me that he hit upon me to carry it out because I couldn't possibly be suspected of meaning business!"

"Poor old Bobby! He means, of course, in the political sense. Doubtless the young lady will take you seriously enough."

"Well," he conceded, "Miss Betty is young, and she has been brought up as far away from Washington as Millbury, Iowa. She is apt to believe what is said to her."

"Not having lived here long enough to learn better, or to know your reputation."

He bowed in acknowledgment. "Yes," he repeated tranquilly, "I think she'll take me seriously."

"Alas, Bobby, that they all do!"

"Except," he sighed, "in the one case in which I am serious."

Miss Carruthers laughed lightly as she rose. "Who shall escape the law of retribution?" She stood a moment observing him. "Am I to take it that you've really decided to try this thing?"

"I think so. You see, I am tired of being tiresome—and obvious."

"And you aren't going to be again?"

His eyes met hers steadily. "Not again," he said, "until you ask me to."

Miss Carruthers laughed and gave him her hand. "You've stayed an incorrigibly long time, Bobby," she said, "and you haven't been dull. If you could keep your resolution"—her eyes expressed her incredulity—"I believe I should always be glad to see you."

"Thank you," he acknowledged. "I wish I were as sure I should always be so glad to come!"

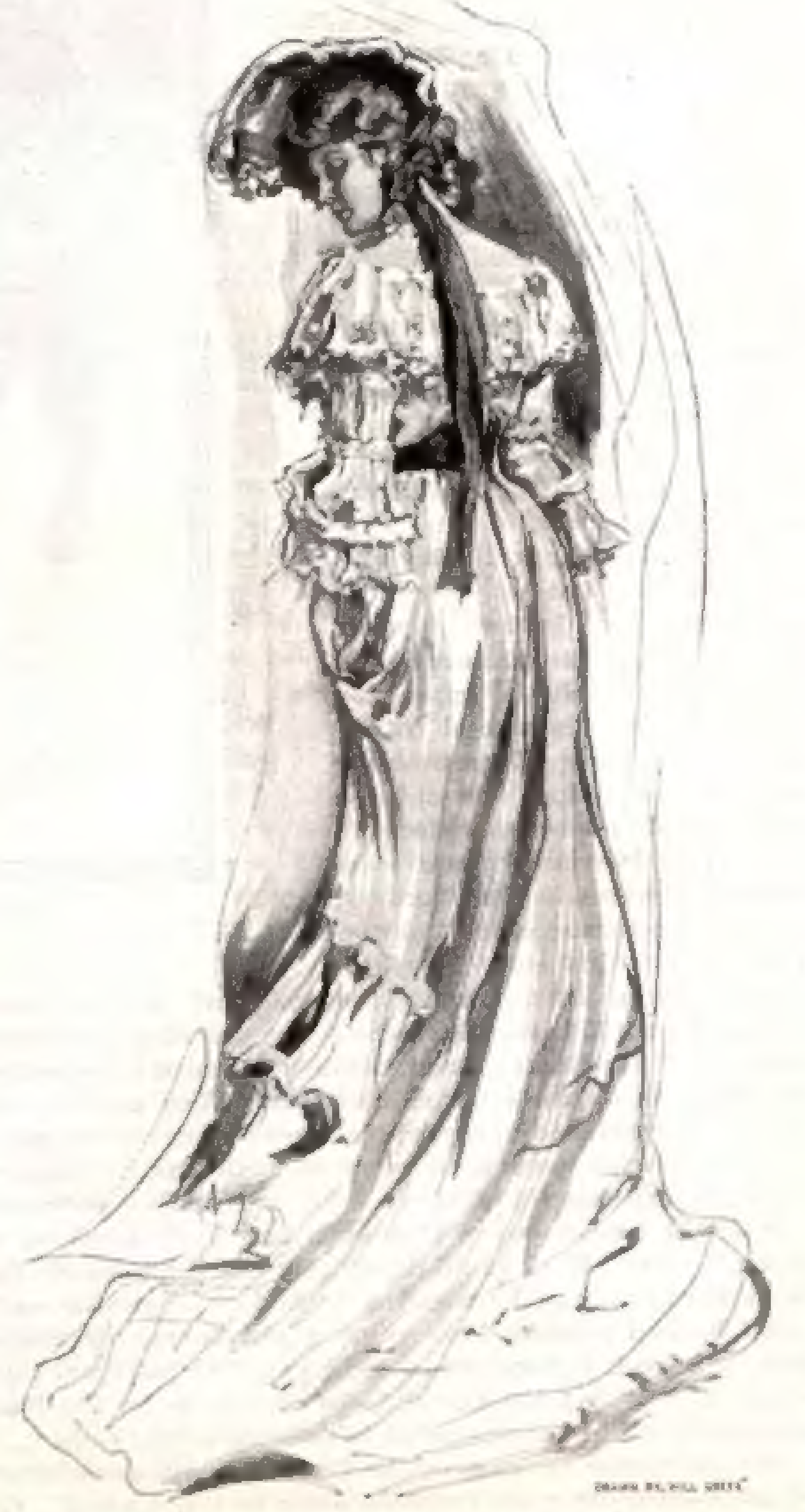
"Oh, at least you'll have Miss Pomeroy!" she consoled him. "Perhaps you'll be taking her seriously. When a man starts playing dangerous games, you know——"

He joined in her confident laugh. "It depends upon his experience. If I didn't live in Washington I might want to go to Congress."

Miss Carruthers smiled after him and watched him from the window for a few moments as he walked up the street. She even went upstairs thinking of him. The idea of Bobby Drexel's doing anything was so novel that it held her interest and absorbed her reflections.

Bobby's own thoughts were upon Miss Betty Pomeroy, and it struck him as a happy coincidence that as he turned into the Dupont Circle he should see just ahead of him a slight, active little figure which, on approaching, he recognized as hers. He hastened to overtake her.

She turned, a little startled, as he reached her side. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Drexel!"



SHE GAVE HIM A MERRY LOOK OVER HER SHOULDER

"I'm lucky, Miss Pomeroy, to be going in your direction. May I walk on with you?"

She hesitated a second, then took him into her perplexity. "Is it quite—quite proper in Washington? You see, I'm always doing things that were all right at home but that are very dreadful here."

"Oh, I assure you——" he laughed.

"Well, then," she said, relieved, "I'm delighted to have some one to share my enthusiasm. I've almost been talking to myself. Isn't Washington lovely in the autumn? Did you ever see anything more beautiful than that?"

They were entering Massachusetts Avenue. It *was* beautiful, the young man saw with a sensation of surprise, white and wide and shining in the clear gold light of the late afternoon. The flaming trees drew vivid lines of color along its edges, and far away there were hints of green spaces, rising and stretching into the open country.

"I'm afraid we're too used to its beauty," he said, "to observe it."

"How could one get used to good things," she asked; "to the sun, for instance, or to life? No, I don't think it's that."

"Then what is it?" he inquired indulgently. "What is the matter with us?"

"Something, surely!" the girl flashed at him with a laugh. "I think you're too wrapped up in yourselves. You're always talking and dining and seeing each other."

"But aren't we, aren't people, as worth while as this?" he ventured, with a glance that swept the prospect.

"When they are themselves, yes!" she agreed. "But you never are. You are all——"

"Yes?" he encouraged her as she paused. "Pray don't spare us on my account."

"I don't know how to express it, but it seems to me you are all saying just what the people you are talking to expect you to say, and they are answering as you expect them to answer—and nobody speaks out himself at all! Oh, I'm very stupid at expressing things——"

"At least you are not slow at it, Miss Pomeroy."

"Oh, forgive me!" she begged penitently.

"I'm enjoying your frankness," he assured her. "To see ourselves as others see us is always interesting, when it isn't too personal."

"And then, of course, you don't care! To you the views of outsiders, of all of us who don't belong here, are often crude and always impertinent."

He smiled down upon her young defiance. "Are we as bad as that? For my part, yours have refreshed me so much that I should like to discuss them again. May I come to see you some time?"

For answer, as they paused at her door, she gave him a mischievous glance out of her bright eyes. "Well, I don't know, Mr. Drexel," she considered. "Aren't you always—bored?"

"Well, I've just come from a lady who says I'm always a bore," he confessed. "But that's different, isn't it?"

"Not so very," she began seriously. "You see—no, I won't preach. Papa says I sometimes talk tracts."

"That really frightens me," he laughed. "But I'll listen to them if you let me come!"

"Then I suppose I ought to let you!" she retorted as she turned up the steps. She gave him a merry look over her shoulder before she opened the door, and Bobby watched her smilingly until it had closed behind her. He was still smiling as he walked on, and the next day he reported progress to Senator Larkin.

"I believe," he added, "that I'm going to enjoy it."

A week later, when he dropped in again for a cup of tea with Miss Carruthers, he found Senator Pomeroy comfortably ensconced on the other side of the tea-table. The lady smiled enigmatically as she gave him her hand.

"I've just been asking the Senator," she informed him, "if they never do anything on the Rivers and Harbors Committee. He is one of the members, you know."

"I've heard," said Bobby, "that you do a good deal of squabbling."

"That's just it," smiled the Senator. "We make so much noise over little things that we pass the big ones without notice. I can assure you we spend a lot of money, and that usually means business, doesn't it?"

"Does it?" Miss Carruthers wondered.

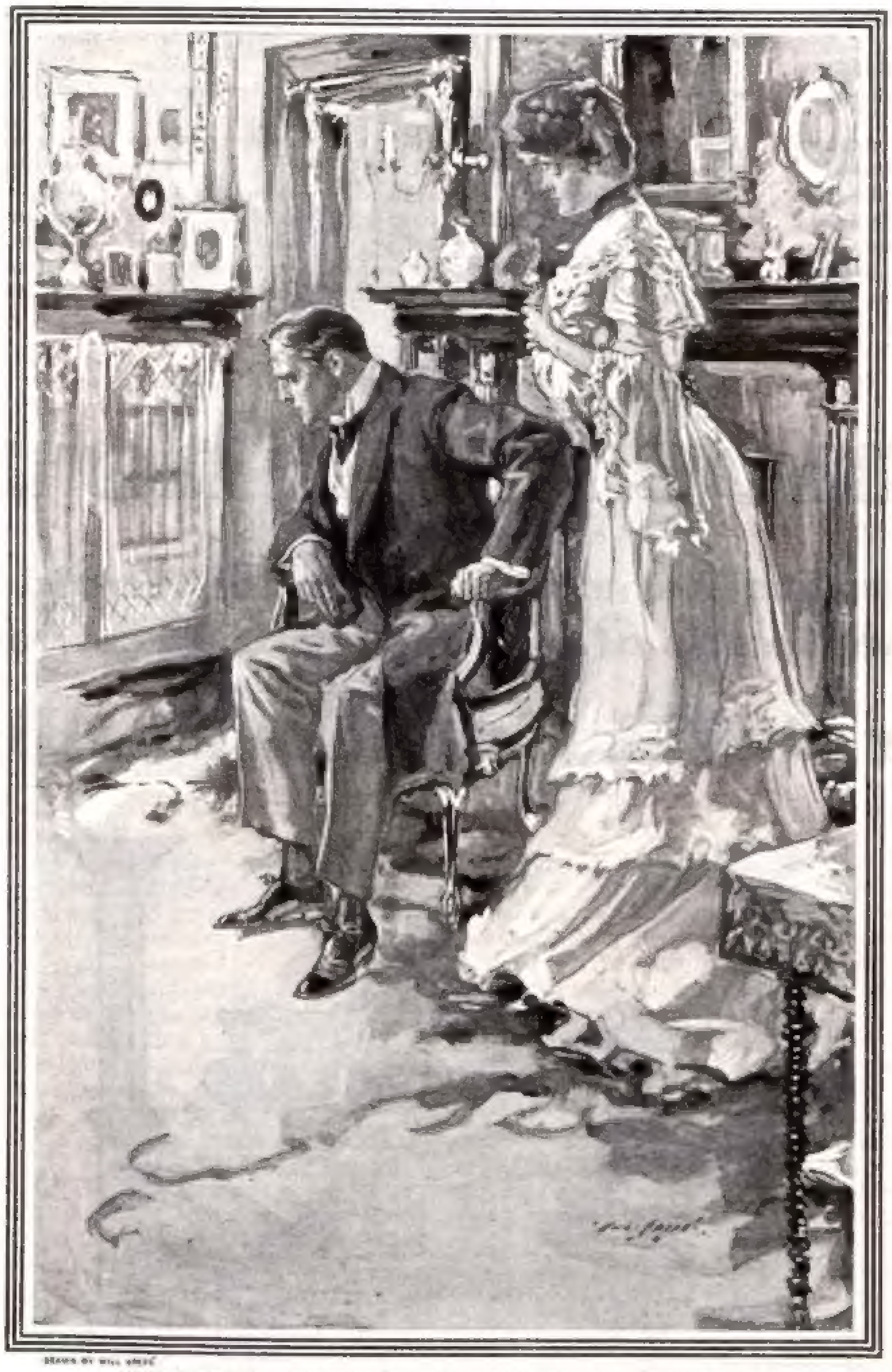
"Anyway, it means that we're working," he amended.

"Without reference to whom or what, I suppose?"

Bobby chuckled, but the Senator looked perplexed. "I sometimes fear," he said seriously, "that we help to mulct the Government. Just a day or two ago, for instance, there came before us a request for an appropriation for a little creek up in my own State which I wouldn't ask Congress to spend money on any more than I'd ask them to build a fountain in my back yard. It's outrageous—pure highway robbery! And it's because I happen to know Mud Creek that I'm indignant in this instance. How do I know that other States are not trying to impose on us in the same way?"

"They probably are," yawned Bobby Drexel. "I don't pretend to follow these things, but it seems to me if other States fleece the country a man may as well see that his own gets some of the spoils."

"It's not going to be fleeced when I know it!" declared the Senator stoutly. "Pardon me," he checked himself, turning to his hostess. "I believe ladies are not interested in politics."



"YOU SEE, I MIGHT NOT HAVE GIVEN UP IF—IF I HAD NOT FALLEN IN LOVE WITH MISS POMEROY"

"Then you don't reckon with Washington women, Senator," she rejoined. "Politics is the breath of life to us! Is it possible you don't know that half the bills that go through Congress are passed by women? Through the men, of course," she added, noting his look of incredulity.

"Lobbyists?" he asked in alarm.

"Not the professional ones," she laughed, brushing aside the unpleasant picture with a gesture. "The women I mean are too clever to do their work at the Capitol. They lobby at dinner-tables and receptions."

The gentleman from Iowa was amused. "I'll have to be on my guard, Miss Carruthers. They may even tackle me."

Her eyes reflected his amusement. "Hardly," she assured him sweetly. "They usually pick out the easy ones."

He expanded under her inference. "I've always held," he said, smiling at her as he rose, "that it's a woman's business to stay at home and say pretty things."

She gave him her hand graciously. When he had gone she turned to Bobby with a laugh. "The dear old man doesn't even know that that's what the most dangerous of them do."

"He'll soon learn if he keeps coming here," the young man observed.

"You've never complained of my saying pretty things, Bobby."

"Lord, no!" he exclaimed. "But may I inquire what you're up to now?"

"You don't put it very nicely, considering that I've been at the pains to ask him here just to discover if he's amenable to your plans."

"Well?" He waited almost eagerly.

"Oh, I'm satisfied as far as he is concerned. He's too innocent to be suspicious. How about the daughter?"

"I'm making progress there. I've seen her three times in a week."

"Once oftener than you've seen me," she commented.

"Well, I don't bore her yet," he explained. "You'll hardly believe that she's afraid of boring me!"

Miss Carruthers looked at him thoughtfully. "Poor little girl!" she said gently, after a pause.

"My dear lady!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean——"

"My dear boy," she returned, "I mean simply that it's a little hard to be played for political purposes, to be used as a pawn for—just what do you expect to get out of it, Bobby?"

"Well, now, I hadn't thought much about that. The interest of it seemed enough—though Larkin implied that success should not go without its reward. You remember I took it up mainly because I was tired of being a bore."

"Then I may believe that it was for my benefit?"

"Rather for your relief. I wonder if you feel relieved?"

"I'll tell you how I feel—if you succeed."

"Do I take it," he asked quietly, "that you are suggesting a reward?"

Another visitor saved Miss Carruthers from committing herself by any reply, and she did not again address him directly until he was leaving. Then she asked him to bring Miss Pomeroy to see her. "I should like to judge of your progress," she said, smiling inscrutably.

Bobby mentioned the invitation to the girl a few days after, and was surprised that she seemed to hesitate.

"I think," she said, "that I'm a little afraid of Miss Carruthers. She is such a personage. And she's so very clever, and very—very sure, isn't she?"

"Yes, she is very sure," assented Bobby with a smile the girl did not fathom.

"You see, Mr. Drexel," she went on, a little timidly, "society people make me feel uncomfortable, all seams and rough edges on the outside and all protest underneath. When I'm with them I'm never either what I am or what I'm pretending to be. I guess it's because I'm off my own ground and not on theirs."

"And what might a rebel's own ground be?" he wanted to know.

"This!" she cried. "Isn't it glorious?"

They were riding on a level stretch of country road, the autumn tang in the air and the autumn tone on all the fields.

"Glorious!" he repeated, with his eyes on the girl's bright color and the graceful rhythm of her movement with her horse's easy canter. "But I'm afraid, Miss Pomeroy, that I am what you call a society person. I hope I don't make you feel uncomfortable?"

"No," she said, "you are not half so formidable as I expected you to be. You haven't an air of weighing me up and finding me wanting."

"Surely they don't find you wanting?" he protested. "I had an idea it was you who found them wanting."

"I do—in the things I look for. And I guess they find I lack altogether the things they look for."

"At that rate, I fear you'll never strike a balance," he laughed. "And I'm really not sorry, because if you refuse to be absorbed by society in general I stand a better chance that you'll be good enough to let me enjoy more of yours."

"You didn't ask me what I look for," she ventured.

"Because I'm rather afraid to find out," he responded.

"The first thing," she challenged him laughingly, "is sincerity!"

"Ah, you relieve me," he retorted. "And perhaps I may be looking for something, too."

"Really? I imagined you had nothing more to look for."

"Well, perhaps you are right. You see, in spite of my being a society person, I find you lacking in nothing, Miss Betty Pomeroy!"

The girl was not experienced in the game of give-and-take which the women of his set played with such skill and enjoyment. He watched the changing color in her cheeks, the quick catching of her breath. But she was mistress of herself in a moment, and when she spoke he noted with the approval of an expert that her tone was as light as his own.

"I told you I didn't like society people!" she said. "I suppose it's because I'm from the West that it seems to me a shameful thing for grown men—men with brains and strength—to waste their lives as you waste yours."

He liked the flash in her eye, the scorn on her lip. He drew his horse a little closer to hers. "I'm going to reform," he said softly, "and I think you're going to like me, Miss Betty. Don't you think so yourself?"

She spurred her horse to a gallop and kept her eyes straight in front of her as she led the way home. She did not speak again until he assisted her to alight at her own door. Then she looked up at him frankly. "I did not answer you," she said, with a child's candor, "because I am never sure how much you mean. Is it quite kind, do you think, to say things just because I do not know how to take them?"

He looked gravely into her clear eyes, then turned his own away. "My dear child," he answered then, "I think it is you who make us feel uncomfortable."

It was on a day in December that Senator Pomeroy and Senator Larkin happened to meet at Miss Carruthers' tea-table. She noticed a constraint in their greeting, and though she at once led the conversation to topics remote and safe, she was aware that the thoughts of the two gentlemen from Iowa were more with each other than with her. Senator Pomeroy at last plunged into a pause with the subject that was uppermost in his mind.

"If I could be sorry that outrageous Mud Creek business was exposed yesterday, Larkin," he said, "it is because I was informed that you were somehow interested in it. I hope my informant was mistaken."

Senator Larkin's smile was not quite pleasant. "Well, considering that my largest holdings are in Muscoda County, it would be somewhat unnatural, wouldn't it, if I weren't a little interested? If it had happened, now, to be the Otter River ——" he suggested.

Senator Pomeroy flushed. "But the Otter is a river," he said.

"And the Sagamore won't be again," remarked the other grimly. "I suppose, though, we may look for the expansion of the Otter?"

"I hope so," responded Senator Pomeroy promptly. "I shall certainly use all my influence to that end. But I didn't feel like doing anything for the Otter until this other miserable business was out of the way. I was ashamed that my State should attempt to work off such a fraud upon the Government."

Senator Larkin turned suavely to his hostess. "Shall we leave the Senator to vent his righteous indignation by himself?" he asked.

Miss Carruthers had been listening with more interest than she manifested.

"It is so refreshing," she replied, "to know that there may be an honest indignation nowadays. I didn't imagine any of us had so much feeling that we could afford to indulge in real wrath. I know I have to hoard mine very carefully to be able to make a decent showing at funerals and to storm at my dressmaker."

"I have sometimes thought it very fortunate that emotional displays are in bad form," Senator Larkin agreed. "If it were otherwise, how should we manage who are bankrupt of emotion?"

"We'd counterfeit, of course," she decided. "I think that's what we are doing most of the time, anyway."

Senator Pomeroy looked at her keenly for a moment after Larkin had taken his departure.

"You seem—pardon me—a little cynical to-day, Miss Carruthers."

She responded to the honest kindliness of his glance. "Can't you imagine, Senator, that I sometimes get tired of being—well, what I am?"

"I can't imagine your being anything but charming," he answered gallantly but vaguely.

"Oh, charming!" She shrugged her shoulders. "That, if you like, but artificial, coining only and eternally the small change of life—smiles and small talk! In the end, as I told Senator Larkin, what is it all but counterfeit?"

The Senator did not in the least understand her, or the depths and subtleties of her discontent. He only felt a pained and helpless surprise that this brilliant and beautiful woman, the most sought-after in Washington, should be, somehow, unhappy. "I'm sorry," he said lamely. "I wish," he added, "that you knew my daughter. She doesn't go out much among the people you know, and you might find her—different."

"I need to be different myself!" she sighed. "But I think, if she'll let me, I'd like to cultivate Miss Pomeroy. Will you

(*Continued on Page 21*)

If a Democrat Should Win

How the Republican Senate Would Tie the Hands of a Democratic President

By David Graham Phillips

THE United States Senate is the Gibraltar of our National Administration. A President whom the majority of the Senate approves may do much though he have an adverse House of Representatives; a House whose majority is in accord with the majority of the Senate may do much though the President be hostile; but let House and President be ever so harmonious, and if the Senate frown their combined efforts will end in nothing. On the other hand, a Senate can and often does compel a bitterly opposing President and House to bow with outward humility to its august will.

At elections the people issue their mandates either to President or to House, never to the Senate. Yet it is the Senate that passes upon those mandates and approves or rejects them with small regard to their urgency, or their merits, or any other quality in them except their attractiveness or lack of attractiveness to the tranquil Senatorial mind.

Next fall we shall be electing a President. Already every one is discussing the election and the preceding conventions, and we hear dire or delightful things predicted if this or that party wins or fails to win the Presidency. Who would suspect that at the same election, by the operation of a wholly different and by no means parallel set of forces, there will be decided the complexion of a Senate which can make the purposes, promises and plans of the President and his party valid or invalid just as it may choose? Obviously, the intelligent voter ought to learn, if possible, what sort of Senate the next President will have as his overlord.

In the Senate as it stands now there are fifty-seven Republicans and thirty-three Democrats—a clear, an overwhelming Republican majority of twenty-four. Every two years one-third of the Senate retires. Of the thirty to retire at the inauguration of the new President next year, one—Senator Dick, of Ohio, Senator Hanna's successor—has already been elected. In next fall's election, of the twenty-nine seats at stake, twenty-two are now occupied by Republicans and seven by Democrats. Of the sixty-one seats that will not be disturbed by that election thirty-five are Republican and twenty-six are Democratic.

To lose their present firm control of the Senate the Republicans must lose in that election eleven seats. To gain control the Democrats must not only retain all that they now have but also must win from the Republicans thirteen seats—that is to say, even if a Democrat should be elected President he could not effect any important changes in the present policy, beyond the things that are purely executive, unless the Republican representation in the Senate be reduced to at least forty-five and the Democratic representation be increased to at least forty-six.

Is this tremendous change in the Senate possible?

Let us see. The twenty-two Republican seats at stake are in the following States—one seat in each:

California
Connecticut
Delaware
Indiana
Maine
Maryland
Massachusetts
Michigan
Minnesota
Nebraska
Nevada
New Jersey
New York
North Dakota
Pennsylvania
Rhode Island
Utah
Vermont
Washington
West Virginia
Wisconsin
Wyoming

How many of these seats are secure in advance to the Republicans beyond the reach of any but a political convulsion which may be with entire safety set down as impossible?

Not even the rosiest Democratic dreamer has the faintest hope of carrying the Legislature or anything else in any of these following States from that list:

Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Vermont.

Here, then, are, at the first glance, five seats securely Republican, no matter what may happen. This reduces the number of Republican seats actually at stake to seventeen, and the number of seats the Republicans must secure if they are to retain control is reduced to six.

There are five States in which some Democrats entertain rather faint hopes of a Democratic majority for President; but in none of them does any Democrat have the slightest hope of carrying the Legislature—and it is the Legislature that elects the Senator. These States are:

Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

No Democrat will dispute a calculation that adds these States to the first five as securely Republican next fall so far as their Legislatures, their Senators, are concerned. But, as we have seen, the Republicans have thirty-four hold-over Senators, and the decided Ohio seat makes thirty-five. Now, add the ten "as good as decided" and we get forty-five—*within one of a majority of the Senate.*

And here is the list of States in any one of which the election of a Republican Legislature would insure a continuance of Republican control upon the Senate and therefore upon practically the whole National Administration:

California
Delaware
Indiana
Maryland
Nebraska
Nevada
New Jersey
New York
North Dakota
Utah
Washington
West Virginia

In some of those States the Democrats have, in certain circumstances, a chance to reverse Republican majorities so far as the Presidency is concerned. In a few they have even a chance to upset the present big Republican legislative majorities. In two—Delaware and Maryland—they are almost certain to get complete control. But nothing short of an impossible political cataclysm could wrench *all* those seats away from the Republicans. Yet all must be wrenched away if the Democrats are to gain control of the Senate.

Clearly, no matter what may be the result of the balloting for President, the Republican policies as to the tariff, the corporations and so forth are certain to be continued for at least three years more. Indeed, it could be shown that in all probability a Democratic President would have an adverse majority to restrain and to forbid and to invalidate him throughout his term.

What, then, is at stake in the next national election?

The Presidency alone. The kind of man who shall sit in the White House, who shall direct the spirit—not the results, but only the spirit—of our dealings with foreign nations, who shall exercise the appointing power—"by and with the advice and consent of" a Republican Senate—and shall in general stamp his character upon the public service and set an example before the youth and the influenceable grown-up people of the nation.

And, finally and most important, the spirit of Executive obedience to the Constitution, the spirit of Executive enforcement of the laws.

That is the whole stake. And a huge stake it is—but not such a huge stake as if a change in the Presidency meant a change in such matters as tariffs and business legislation generally.

A Senator of Two Republics

By G. G. VEST

Ex-Senator from Missouri

Justin S. Morrill

THE results of every man's public service must determine whether he deserves the lasting gratitude of his countrymen. Ephemeral notoriety can be manufactured or come from accident, but legislation that improves the social and material conditions of a people or of mankind entitles the author to permanent fame.

The character and work of the late Senator Morrill are not known and justly appreciated by the general public. He had no ambition except to perform his official duties honestly and faithfully—his modesty and self-respect forbidding any resort to the ordinary methods adopted by those whose highest ambition is to remain in office. It was my good fortune to enjoy the confidence and friendship of Mr. Morrill during the twenty years I served with him in the Senate, and what I write about his life and achievements is based upon official records and personal knowledge.

He was an entirely self-made man, and his career illustrates the possibilities of success under our free institutions for every one, no matter how humble or poor, who possesses self-control and patient industry.

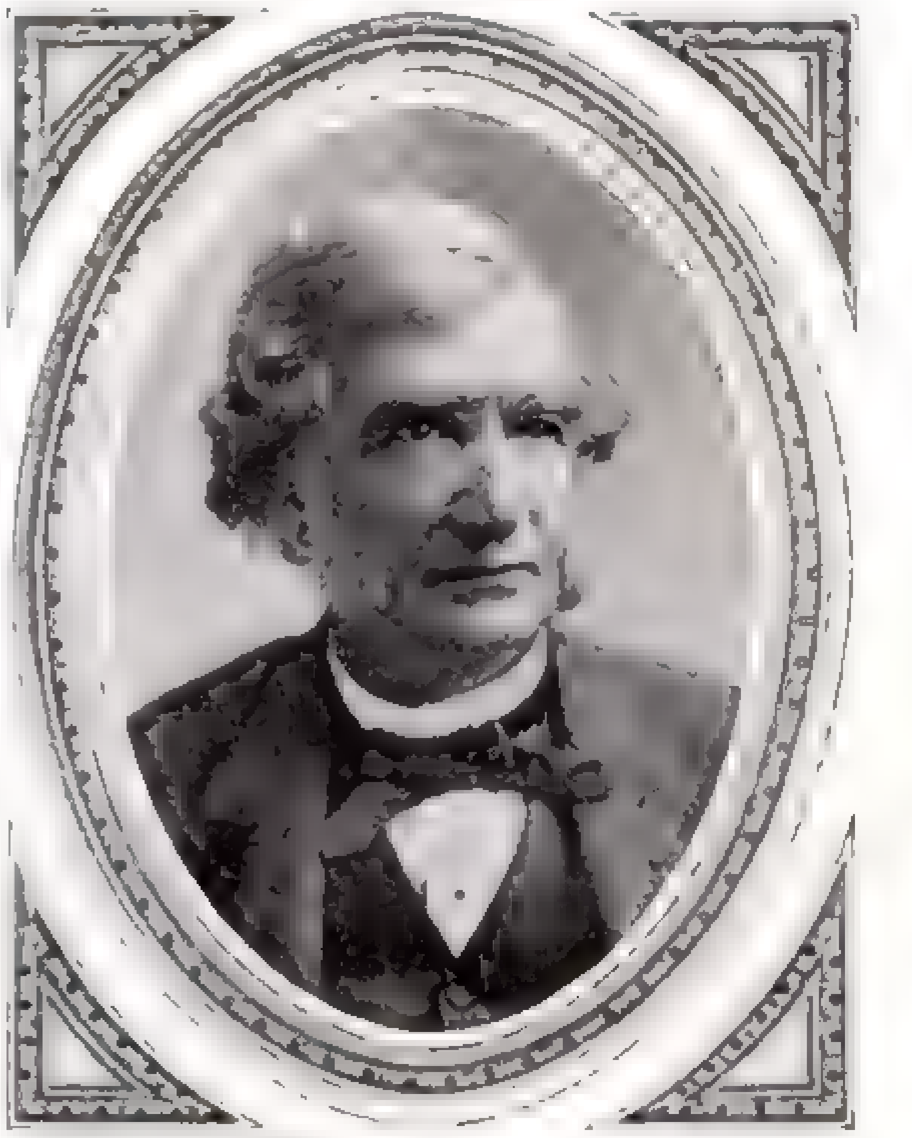
Mr. Morrill was born in April, 1810, at Strafford, a small mountain town in the northeastern part of Vermont. His father was the village blacksmith, upon whose daily labor at the forge and anvil his large and growing family were dependent. After receiving a limited education in reading, writing and arithmetic at the district school and village academy young Morrill, then fourteen years old, was placed by his father with Mr. Harris, the proprietor of a country store, for two years, at the munificent salary of thirty dollars for the first year and forty dollars for the second At the end of two years he worked as a bookkeeper and salesman in a store at Portland and then returned to Strafford, where he became a partner with his former employer, Mr. Harris, the latter furnishing the requisite capital while Mr. Morrill managed the business. This partnership lasted fifteen years and was reasonably profitable, so that when the business was disposed of Mr. Morrill was able to purchase a small farm near Strafford, where he engaged in agriculture for the next seven years

In 1855 he was elected to the National House of Representatives as a Freesoil Whig, and his first vote in that body was for Nathaniel P. Banks, the anti-slavery candidate for Speaker. The passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill in 1854 and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise caused the organization of the Republican party, of which Mr. Morrill became a member. He never wavered in his determined opposition to the extension of slavery, but he was not an extremist and never indulged in vituperation nor invectives toward the Southern people. In 1856 he delivered his first speech on the bill admitting Kansas into the Union as a free State, and the following extract will fully show his conservative and kindly treatment of the exciting issue then pending and which resulted in civil war:

> The South has its sins quite the color of scarlet, but ought not to be made to bear these and the sins of the North also, which are not altogether white as wool. The South says—and, I believe, truly—that if they have slaves Northern traders greatly aided in their introduction. The race of Northern traders is not yet extinct. If the slave power has increased it is because Northern traders have largely contributed to that result.

Like President Lincoln, Mr. Morrill recognized the fact that the South was not alone responsible for the institution of slavery, but that it originated with the greed and avarice of Northern and English merchants and shipowners who persisted in carrying on the African slave trade against the remonstrance of Virginia and after slavery had ceased to exist in the Northern States because the soil and climate made it unprofitable in that region. Though opposed to the admission of any more slave States into the Union, Mr Morrill never encouraged an attack upon the institution of slavery in the States where it already existed, and, above everything else, he wished to avert civil war, which he knew must result unless a peaceable solution of the slavery question could be adopted

When Mr. Morrill entered the National House of Representatives he was in the prime of life, strong both in body and mind, and fully equipped for his official duties—his practical experience in business having especially qualified him for the treatment of all financial and economic legislation. At the beginning of his second term in the House he was made a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, and, finding that all attempts to avert war between the North and South were unavailing, he devoted himself to the preparation of a bill which should furnish sufficient revenue to the Government in the exigency that all intelligent men apprehended. In 1860 he prepared and submitted to the Ways and Means Committee a tariff bill increasing import duties and establishing a system of internal taxation, which passed both Houses and was approved by President Buchanan forty-eight hours before he retired from office. This measure is known in our political history as the Morrill Tariff Act of 1861, and became a model for all the tariff laws which have been subsequently enacted, except the Wilson-Gorman act of 1894. In this law specific and ad valorem duties on the same article were for the first time inserted, and Mr. Morrill had the satisfaction of knowing that the protective system of taxation he adopted in the act of '61 has apparently become the settled policy of our Government, and the advocacy of which made McKinley President. No one can foresee the political future, but, unless some great change comes as to the question of protection to American products by tariff taxation, the system, although modified hereafter, will continue to exist.



SENATOR JUSTIN S. MORRILL

When it became evident, in 1862, that the Morrill Act did not furnish enough revenue under existing conditions, Mr Morrill prepared amendments to the law that largely increased the amount collected from tariff and internal taxation; but, the war still continuing, it was necessary to make a further increase, and in 1864 he again prepared amendments which raised $600,000,000 annually; and after hostilities had ceased between the Northern and Southern States he prepared an act decreasing taxes so as to avoid an unnecessary burden on the taxpayer.

Although not chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, Mr. Morrill was recognized as the leader of the House in all legislation on revenue and finance, and to him, more than any one else, must be given the distinction of having provided the money necessary to carry on the war.

In his third term as a member of the House Mr. Morrill framed and introduced a bill giving to each State and Territory a portion of the public lands, or the proceeds arising from their sale, apportioned according to the representation of each State in the House of Representatives, for the purpose of establishing in each State and Territory an agricultural college in which should be taught the scientific knowledge of agriculture—the interest most important to our national welfare. This bill passed both Houses and was vetoed by President Buchanan, but in 1862 Mr. Morrill again introduced it in the House and it became a law, being approved by President Lincoln. Under its wise and beneficent provisions sixty-four agricultural colleges have been established in the States and Territories, the amount appropriated by the Federal Government being twenty-five and one half millions and the number of teachers employed being 1522, with 25,069 students.

There will always be a wide difference of opinion in regard to the protective system established by the Morrill Tariff Act of '61, but among intelligent and patriotic citizens there can exist no doubt as to the wisdom and valuable results of the Agricultural College Act, which will remain an enduring monument to the efforts of Senator Morrill in behalf of agriculture and the scientific processes that increase its products.

In 1867 Mr. Morrill was elected to the United States Senate and served in that body thirty-two years, less two months and four days, his continuous service in both Houses of Congress amounting in all to within a fraction of forty-four years, the longest continuous service of any one since the formation of the Government. He played a most important part and made a lasting impression upon our country's history during an era of unexampled progress and expansion. He lived to see the United States increase its geographical area from about one million square miles to more than three million square miles and its population increase from about seven million to nearly eighty million. During his life the number of States in the Union increased from seventeen to forty-five, and he knew some of the survivors of the Revolutionary War, and was two years old when war was declared in 1812 between Great Britain and the United States. The Mexican War was waged when he was in the prime of life and the Civil War came when he was fifty years old, while the war with Spain occurred in the last part of his eventful career.

When he became a member of the Senate Mr. Morrill was placed on the Finance Committee, of which Senator Sherman was chairman. In 1877 Mr. Sherman left the Senate to become Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of President Hayes, and Senator Morrill was then made chairman of the committee, which position he held until his death, with the exception of four years, when the Democrats had a majority in the Senate.

He was one of the most attentive and industrious members of the Senate and never neglected any official duty so long as his health permitted him to perform it. He was not an orator and had a great aversion to anything spectacular or sensational. He was patient and courteous but firm in his opinions and not afraid to defend them against any odds. He often differed with his Republican colleagues as to legislation, and never watched the smoke from the political kitchen chimney to find in what direction the wind was blowing

He was the avowed foe to all lobbying and scheming or selfish interests, and I remember his graphic description of a night session in the Senate when Mr. Thomas Scott, the great railroad magnate, pressed certain bills through Congress giving special privileges in Washington City to the railroad company of which he was president, while the lobbyists, male and female, filled the corridors and committee-rooms and champagne flowed like water. Mr. Morrill told me that, after resisting in vain the legislation proposed in the interest of the railroad company, he arose, when there was a temporary lull in the proceedings, and said, "Mr. President, if Mr. Scott has no other business for the Senate I move that we now adjourn."

Mr. Morrill's success as a legislator was due to his practical common-sense and conservatism. He had that rare mental equilibrium that always enabled him to deal justly and wisely with public questions. He was devoted to painting, sculpture and especially to architecture. I served with him for twenty years on the Public Buildings and Grounds Committee, and, though we differed upon political questions, we agreed upon the necessity for the ownership by the Government of all buildings necessary for the transaction of its business. We did not believe that the United States should pay rent while there was a large surplus in the Treasury and real estate was advancing continually in value. We both favored the purchase of sites and the erection of suitable buildings thereon in every town and city where public buildings were necessary. Mr. Morrill was very active in securing the erection of the War, State and Navy Department building, and he labored earnestly for the bill providing for the Washington Monument and also for all appropriations to the Smithsonian Institution. To the Congressional Library, however, he devoted all his energies, and lived to see that building the most beautiful of its kind in the world.

There was no limit to the reverence and affection of his constituents for their venerable Senator I asked him once if he knew of having any enemy in the world, and he answered that he did not, but that the few Democrats in Vermont would, of course, prefer one of their own party to represent them in the Senate.

There was found in his private memorandum-book, after he had passed away, these words, written with a pencil by his own hand, the last two lines correctly describing the final scene in his useful and illustrious life:

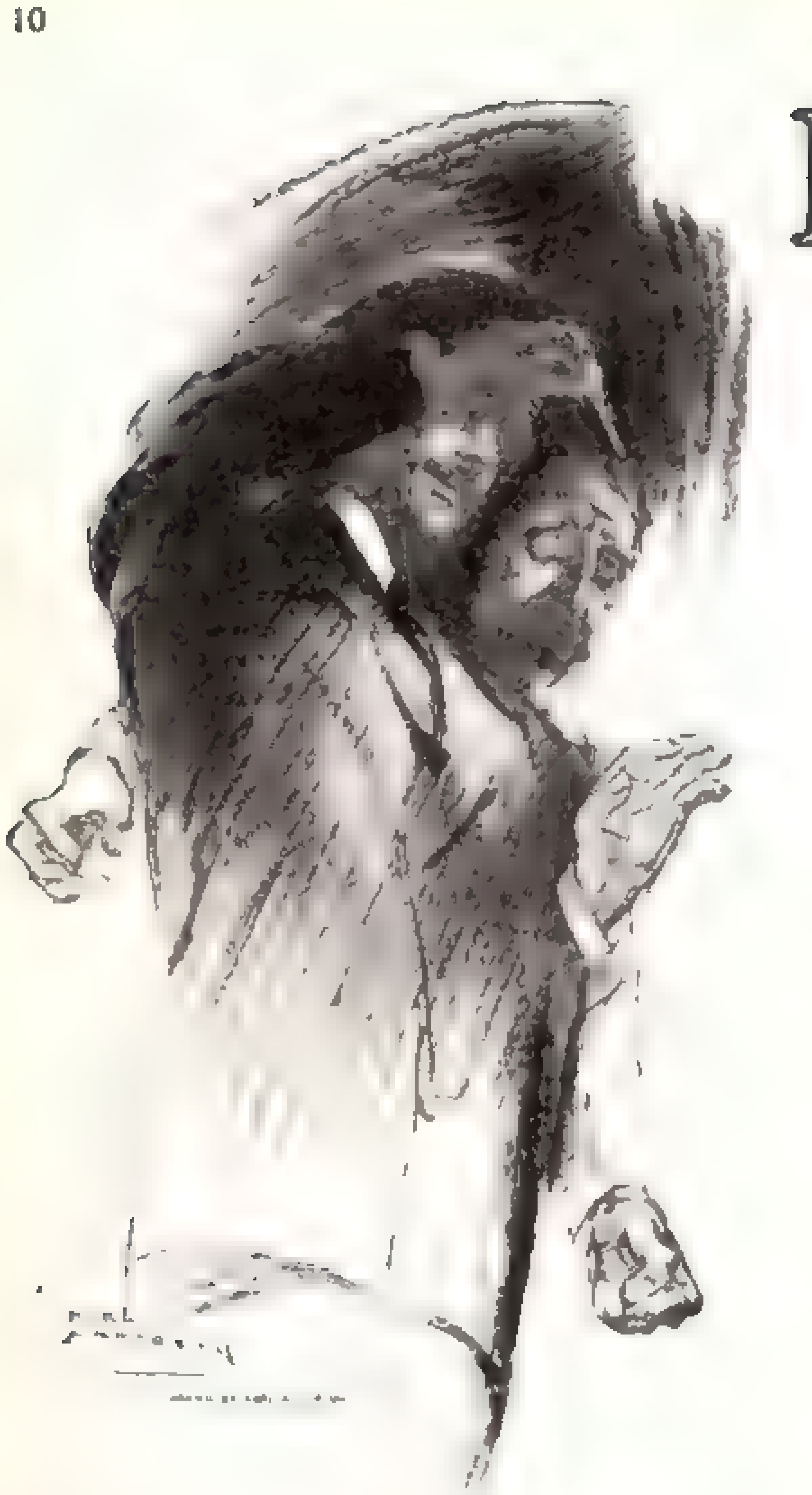
Thee, on thy mother's knees, a new-born child,
In tears we saw, when all around thee smiled.
So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Smiles may be thine, when all around thee weep.

Editor's Note—This is the thirteenth in the series of Senator Vest's personal recollections.

Hurricane Island

By H. B. Marriott Watson

Copyright, 1904, by H. B. Marriott Watson



THE TEMPERATURE WAS STILL HIGH—TOO HIGH TO ALLOW OF THE PLACID SLEEP

CHAPTER V—THE WOUNDED MAN

WELL, the whole affair had been a considerable farce, in which I had played the most humiliating part. Indeed, but for the interposition of Barraclough I must have come out of it the butt of all shafts. As it was, I was sensitive in regard to my position, and more than once was tempted to see myself as I must have appeared to others. But, after all, they had not gone through the scene with Holgate, and were not witnesses to his astounding perfidy. I was angry with every one, with myself, with the captain, and, above all, with little Pye. In the universal surprise that came of the discovery of Mr. Morland's identity, my shame, so to speak, was covered, but I felt myself the mark of ridicule, from Holgate's cynical smile to the captain's open neglect of me. I turned on the lawyer's clerk in my frenzy, and gave him some home truths about solicitors and their ways; to which, however, he listened unabashed.

"Doctor," said he, "do you suppose a man in my position is his own master? You are welcome to know what you will about my own affairs, but I have my professional secrets to guard. What would be thought of me had I come aboard blabbing of my firm's clients fore and aft? It would have been a betrayal of confidence."

There was, of course, something in this, but the argument did not allay my irritation; it merely directed it elsewhere, so that I began upon the third mate. He heard me quietly.

"Mr. Holgate can answer for himself," he replied; "but it seems to me, if I may say so without offense, Doctor, that you are misinterpreting a somewhat elaborate joke. Mr. Holgate's explanation is reasonable enough, and besides, the only other explanation is monstrous—inconceivable!"

"I agree with you," I said shortly, "and so I say no more."

He cast a shrewd glance at me but made no comment.

Now, it was quite conceivable that Holgate should have made me a derisive object in the ship, but, on the contrary, he did nothing of the sort. The charge I had made against him did not leak out at the mess table. Day, Holgate and Pye were aware of it, and, so far as I know, it went no farther. This somewhat astonished me until I had some light thrown upon it later. But, in the mean time, I wondered, and insensibly that significant silence began to modify my attitude. Had he known me in the fullness of my disposition he would probably have spoken; but as it was he had other plans to follow. One of these seemed to include a reconciliation with myself. His quizzical smile disappeared, and he shook his head at me solemnly at table.

"Doctor," said he, "that Scotchman's head!"

"I am not a Scotchman," I retorted impatiently.

"Well," he breathed heavily, "I will admit it was a very bad joke."

I was on the point of replying that it was not a joke at all when I recovered my temper. After all, it is trying to the temper to sit opposite to a man whom you know to be a prime ruffian, however impotent his aspirations may be. Since I had unveiled his plot, even though no credence was given it, still Holgate was harmless. But, as I have already said, I am a man of precautions, and I held my tongue. I think he had taken me only for a man of impulse.

"I must confess I do not see the joke," I answered.

"Now you come to insist on it, and shed the cold light of reason on it, no more do I," he said with a laugh. "Jokes are very well behind the footlights."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Think what a fool I look!" I said coldly.

His friendliness increased. "My dear fellow," he said, bending over me, "I give you my word I've held my tongue. I thought of that. I didn't know you'd take it so seriously."

"Your profession should have been the stage," I answered.

He nodded. "Low comedian. I wish I had. They make good salaries, I believe, instead of beggarly ——"

"Oh, you have the Prince's boodle," I said lightly.

He laughed. "So I have."

"And I'll be hanged if I apologize," I said. "I have suffered enough from the mistake."

"Quite right, Doctor," said he gravely. "I would not apologize to a bishop, let alone a third officer."

With that apparent advance to an understanding we parted, and I did not set eyes on him again until the abrupt events that brought about the conference in the cabin.

If my personal appearance on the matter did not get out, at least the tale of the Prince's identity passed swiftly from mouth to mouth. The whole ship's company was agog with interest, an interest which increased during the next two days. Sir John Barraclough expressed to me his opinion of Day's behavior very roundly, for the captain had icily withdrawn into himself, and spoke as little as possible to his first officer.

"The man's a fool to take it this way, Phillimore," he said. "Does he suppose it was my doing? I happened to know, but, of course, it was not my secret."

This, too, was Pye's excuse for silence, and it was obviously adequate. But as the baronet's evidence of friendliness was thus betrayed in his confidence to me, I ventured on a question which was not really inquisitive.

"Oh, well, you see I've known the Prince off and on some time. He and I yachted together before I lost my money, and he gave me this chance. He's a good sort." With which bluff indifference he terminated the conversation.

I think that the mysterious aloofness of our passengers served to keep the interest warm. Had Mr. Morland and his party descended and been on show, so to say, before the company it is probable that the bloom of surprise would have worn off with the contact. But they kept to themselves and the hurricane deck. Every morning and afternoon the Prince and his sister took a prolonged walk together, and at times they were joined by my patient, who, however, in the better weather we were enjoying, reclined in her chair and took the sun. On these occasions Mr. Morland and his sister ceased their promenade and sat with their guest. Sometimes the full voice of Mlle. Châteray, or Trébizond, would come to us below, and occasionally her light laughter was heard, very musical to the ears.

Speculations, it is not necessary to say, were rife among us. It was known we were set for Buenos Ayres, and it was taken for granted that there the Prince was to effect his morganatic marriage. But what was to happen afterward? We were chartered for twelve months. That bespoke a cruise, and guesses flew about the ship. Lane, the purser, was the most in evidence in these discussions. He was an excitable man with a passion for talk, and he offered to lay me a certain sum that we should pull up in Yokohama.

"As like as not paid off there. We've no contracts against it," he said in a fume.

It was the attitude of McCrae, the chief engineer, that interested me, in view of his professed opinions. He unfolded his mind to me one evening when we had been out some ten days.

"It's like this, Doctor. The man's sheer sick of courts and barbarisms, and he's in search of a healthy, independent life, which he needs, I'm thinking. That's to his credit altogether. But it's a wonderful thing, when you come to think of it, that one man like that should upset the politics of Europe, and a man that does not achieve it, mind you, but gets it by mere birth and chance. The paper said he had a million of his own. A fool could be independent on that, aye, and live healthy, too, if he weren't too much of a fool. But what r-right has a man with wealth like that, I ask you? As Mr. Holgate was saying yesterday, it's an insult to decent, hard-working men like you and me."

"So that's Mr. Holgate's idea, is it?" said I, and mused. The engineer was proceeding in this strain when I saw the face of the boatswain jump suddenly into the dimness of the engine-room. It was a thin-lipped, gaunt face, lacking eyebrows, which added to the gauntness, and the general complexion was red to the shade of crimson. When his jaw was in repose it appeared as if the lower part of his face had been sucked up into the upper like a lid into its box. But now his jaw was open, disclosing a plentiful lack of teeth.

"You're wanted, Doctor," he said in his abrupt voice. "There's been an accident forward."

I left at once and followed him, asking some necessary questions.

"I don't know exactly how it occurred," he said in answer. "One of the men, Adams, fell on something, and it's drilled a hole in him."

When we reached the man's berth he was surrounded by a number of the crew, whom I ordered off.

"If I've got anything to do I don't want to be hampered," I said, "so clear out and leave Adams to me and the boatswain."

When the place was clear I made an examination, and found a wound under the shoulder-blade. It was not dangerous, but might well have been so. I sent for my bag and dressed it, the boatswain looking on. All the time I made no comment, but when I had finished I turned and met the boatswain's eyes.

"That's a knife wound," I said shortly.

"Is it, sir?" he replied, and stared at Adams. "How did it come about, Adams?" he inquired authoritatively.

"I was larking along with Gray and ran up agen him," said the man in a sullen voice. "I didn't see what he 'ad in his 'and."

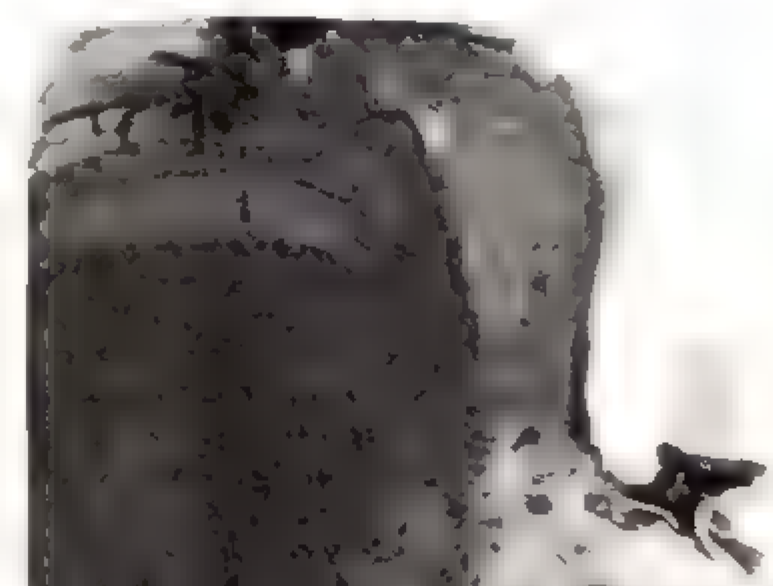
"More fool you!" said the boatswain angrily. "D'ye think I can go short of men for a lot of horseplay? All right, Doctor? Nothing serious?"

"No," said I, deliberating. "If the knife was clean there's not much harm done except that you go short of a man, as you say, for some days."

The boatswain swore as politely as an oath can be managed.

"I'll come in again later," I said. "Meanwhile, keep him in bed."

But on my next visit it was manifest that the wound was not such a simple affair, for the man's temperature had risen



MY DANGER NOW WAS THE SCREW, AND I COULD HEAR THE THUMPING OF THE STEEL FLANGES BELOW and he was wandering. He gave tongue to a profusion of oaths, which seemed to be directed, in the main, against Gray, but also included the boatswain, raised himself on his arm, and shook his fist in my face, muttering "my share," and something about "blowing the gaff."

It was with difficulty that I completed my ministrations, but I did so, and gave the boatswain a dose to be given to the wounded man at once and another four hours later. I said nothing of returning.

Nevertheless, I did return only two hours later, and just before midnight. I had had the man removed to a disused cabin, and when I got there the door was locked. Angrily I went on deck and found the boatswain.

"Pierce," I said, "the door of the sick-room is locked. What on earth does this mean? I want to see my patient"

"Oh, he's all right, sir. He went to sleep quite easy. I asked one of the hands to keep an eye on him, and I suppose he's shut the door. But it isn't locked"

"But it is," I said angrily.

"The blockhead!" said the boatswain. "I'll get the key for you, sir, if you'll wait a minute"

But I was not going to wait. I was making for the hatchway when I was hailed through the darkness by a voice:

"Doctor Phillimore!"

I turned, and little Pye emerged from the blackness. "I've been trying to get to sleep, but I've got the most infernal neuralgia. I wish you'd give me something for it," said he.

"In a moment," I said "I've got to see one of the hands, and then——"

"Oh, come, Doctor, give us a chance," said Pye. "If you tell me what I'll get it myself. Look here, would a dose of chloral do any good?"

"My dear sir," said I dryly. "Every man in these days seems to be his own doctor. Try it, and if it's only satisfactory enough we'll have a beautiful post-mortem to-morrow."

"Well," said little Pye, with a return of his native repartee, "it's precisely because I don't want to be my own doctor that I've come to you."

That naturally was unanswerable, and I acknowledged the hit by prescribing for him. Then I went on my way.

The door was open and the boatswain was waiting. He covered a yawn as I approached.

"It was that fool, Reilly, sir," he explained. "He mucked my instructions"

I nodded, and proceeded to examine my patient. The boatswain seemed to have spoken the truth, for the man was as quiet as a log, save for the movement of the clothes when he respired. But it was that very respiration that arrested my attention. I felt his pulse and I took the temperature. As I moved to examine the glass Pierce's thin, crimson face, peering over my shoulder, almost struck into me. The jaw was sucked into its socket. The temperature was still high: too high to allow of that placid sleep. I contemplated the thermometer meditatively. The port was shut, and the only sounds that broke the night were the dull beating of the screw and the duller wash of the waves against the side of the Sea Queen. The boatswain stood behind me.

"You are right," I said slowly. "He has gone off pretty comfortably, but I should like to see his temperature lower. However, the sleep will do him good, and I've no doubt I'll find him all right in the morning."

As I spoke I turned away with a nod and passed out of the cabin. Once on deck I paused to consider what I should do. Two things I knew for certain: firstly, that the knife wound was no accident, for no mere horseplay could have resulted in such a deep cut; secondly, that Adams was under the influence of a narcotic. Who had administered it, and why? I recalled the man's delirium and his wandering statements, to which at the time I had paid little heed, and I thought I began to get the clew. I looked at my watch and found it half-past twelve. Every one, save those on duty, was abed, and the steamer plowed steadily through the trough, a column of smoke swept abaft by the wind and black against the starlight. I sought my cabin and sat down to smoke and think.

At two bells I roused myself and went on deck. How singularly still was the progress of the vessel! I heard the feet of the officer on the bridge, and no other sound in all that floating house. A figure like a statue stood out in the dimness by the chart-house, and I came to a pause. It turned, and I thought I made out my friend the quartermaster.

"That you, Ellison?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I want to look at that man Adams," I said. "Please accompany me, as I may need your assistance."

I descended the ladder and went forward till I reached the cabin which I had used as a hospital, and turned the handle of the door. It opened, but the darkness was profound, and Ellison struck a match and lit the lamp. Adams lay in his bunk groaning faintly. I turned up his sleeve and examined him. The wound was inflamed, as I had expected, and it was not that which arrested me, but a mark on the arm above the elbow. It was the prick of the hypodermic syringe. My doubts were now certainties

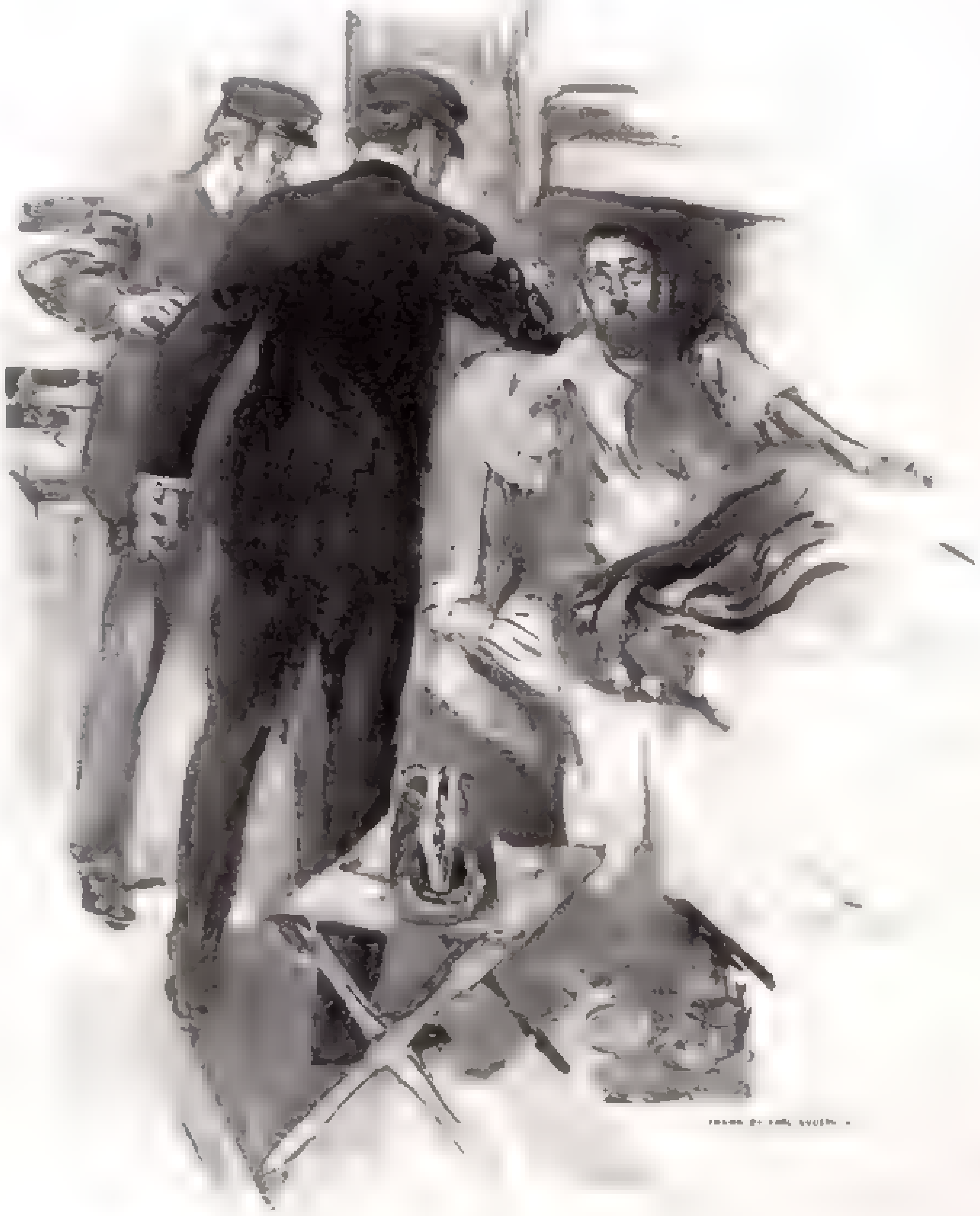
As we stood there Adams opened his eyes and struggled into a sitting posture.

"No, my man," said I, "you must keep to your back."

He stared at me, but allowed me to force him backward, and continued to stare.

"Adams, can you understand?" said I firmly "Gray struck you with a knife?"

"Between the shoulders," he growled sulkily. "Doctor, my head's bad—give me something to drink"



"ADAMS, CAN YOU UNDERSTAND?" SAID I FIRMLY. "GRAY STRUCK YOU WITH A KNIFE?"

I had come prepared, and I did so, and he fell back with a sigh, showing more signs of alertness.

"You quarreled?" I suggested, but he made no answer. "Look you here, my man," I went on sternly, "I know a good deal about this, and what you quarreled over. It would be wiser, believe me, to be candid. Pierce had a hand in this."

Still he was silent. I pulled from my pocket a syringe and showed it to him.

"Do you know what that is?" I asked.

He shook his head, staring.

"Well," said I, "it came pretty near finishing you off. You have had a heavy dose. I want to know who did it." I caught up his arm and thrust the puncture under his nose He still stared

"You were talking pretty wildly in your delirium, and had to be silenced. That was how it was done. If they can't silence you one way they will another. How much was your share to be?"

The man's face worked in an ugly fashion, and he was at any time a repulsive creature. The glitter in his eyes spoke of fever.

"Blame 'em," he said hoarsely. "They wanted to cheat me, and I said I'd split—Pierce and Gray and all!"

"So you were going for the Prince's cashbox, were you?" I said equably.

"It's more than that," said he. "There's the treasure in the strong-room; that's their game."

"Now I see you are sensible," I said, "and I can undertake to make you well and sound and happy provided you tell the truth."

"Doctor, it burns like fire," he groaned.

"I will see to that," I said. "What is the plot?"

"I have cried off. That's why I got the knife," he said faintly. "But swear to God no harm'll come to me"

"I promise you that," I said, nodding.

"It's the boatswain's plot," he whispered, "and he has more'n half the men. They are going to rise ere ever we get to Buenos Ayres. But I was no party to their plans," he continued feverishly, and as if anxious to convince me, "that's why I've this knife—because I'm an honest man."

I had more than my doubts of that, but I nodded again.

"You have only done your duty in telling me, Adams," said I, "and I'll keep my promise, provided you hold your tongue about this. They have given you a dose of morphia, and it's lucky it wasn't bigger. If you do what I tell you we'll have you right in a couple of days."

I made him drink a draft I had brought with me, and, closing the door, left him. A passage led from here to the men's quarters, and as I came out I signed to Ellison to be noiseless and put out the light. Then we moved toward the hatchway. When we reached it I happened to glance round at Ellison, and through that brooding darkness, lightened only by a dim, swinging lamp, I thought I saw a flitting shadow. But the next swing of the boat threw the light clear into the corner, and there was nothing. We emerged on the lower deck, and thence regained the quarterdeck. There was a bright light in the chart-room, and I led the way thither. I closed the door and turned on the quartermaster. His face was gray, and his hand trembled

"You heard?" said I.

"Yes, sir," he replied, and hesitated; "but he's wandering, sir, ain't he?"

"My man," said I, "I'm a doctor—leave that much to me. I only want to know if you heard. That is all your part. No, there is one thing more: What about the hands?"

"They're a pretty mixed lot, sir; not exactly what I would call yacht hands; but——"

"Were you engaged with them?" I interrupted sharply.

"No, sir; Sir John he got me on. I've sailed with him before."

"Thank the Lord for that," I said heartily, for I had begun to suspect every one. The voyage was a nightmare, I thought.

"Who is the officer in charge?" I asked.

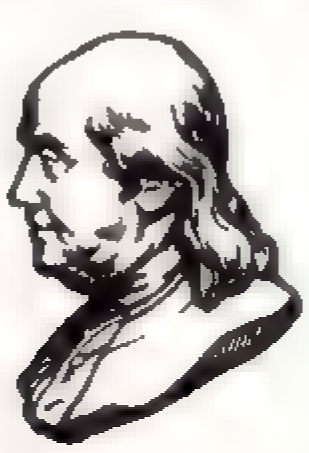
"Mr. Legrand, sir," said Ellison.

The second mate and I had had few exchanges. He was a reserved man, and devoted to his duty. Besides, as navigating officer he had his full share of responsibility for the safety of the ship. I moved out of the chart-house, leaving the quartermaster in a maze of bewilderment and, I think, incredulity. The stars illumined the figure of the second officer on the bridge, and I stood in a little gust of doubt which shook me. Should I sleep over the new discovery? I had Ellison, a Didymus, for witness, but I was still sore from the reception of my previous news. I took the length of the deck, and looked over the poop where a faint trail of light spumed in the wake of the ship. Suddenly I was seized from behind, lifted by a powerful arm, and thrown violently upon the taffrail. It struck me heavily upon the thighs, and I plunged with my hands desperately in the air, lost my balance, and pitched over head foremost toward the bubbling water.

As I fell my shoulder struck the bulge of the iron carcass of the vessel, and I cannoned off into the void, but by the merest chance my clutching hands in that instant caught in the hitch of a rope which had strayed overboard. The loop ran out with my wrist in it, and I hit the water. Its roar was in my ears, but nothing else, and when I rose to the surface the ship was thirty yards away. But the rope was still over my arm, and as soon as I recovered breath I began to haul myself slowly and painfully in. As it was I was being torn through the water at the rate of from twelve to fourteen knots an hour, and in a very few minutes the chill

(*Continued on Page 24*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A. D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

¶ When we notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once, in order not to miss a number, using the special blank inclosed for that purpose. New subscriptions which are received by us on, or before, Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of the next week following. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal, bankers' or express money orders. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶A good way to idleize a boy is to idolize him.

¶A prodigy is a girl who can say no—just once.

¶A modern philosopher is a calm man with a stubborn automobile

¶If the summer girls were to form a trust perhaps the summer men would come in.

¶Making business of exercise is just about as joyful as making love by mathematics.

¶An ordinary man is adjudged innocent until proved guilty, but a politician is not an ordinary man.

¶Hitching a wagon to a star is slightly different from hitching an automobile to a member of the chorus.

¶The self-made man never struck for shorter hours or shut down because the walking delegate told him to.

¶A woman who can do better than a man sometimes does it by marrying the man and making him do better.

Are College Men Barbarians?

ON THE whole, despite apparent exceptions, college men were never more intellectual, never more eager in their pursuit of culture, and never more moral in practice than they are to-day. But in making this general statement certain discriminations are also to be made. More men are going to college than ever before. The proportion of college students to the whole population has vastly increased in the last fifty years. Courses of study are more numerous. The field of scholarship is wider. Scholarly experts are occupying teachers' chairs. The result is, first, that the best men in college classes are better than the best men of the earlier time. The result is, secondly, that the poorest men are poorer in scholarship and ability than the poorest men of the earlier times. The result is, thirdly, that the ordinary college man is now more scholarly than was his father twenty-five or thirty years ago. He is, on the whole, a better scholar; but he is not a better thinker. He has gained in scholarship; he has lost in thoughtfulness.

To say, as is sometimes done, that college students are barbarians is to speak in extreme terms. College men do at times give that impression. The newspaper reports of their actions often add color to such an opinion. But the reports are essentially false. The facts are not put in just proportion and perspective. The actions of college men that give the impression of barbarism are not characteristic. This conduct is accidental, incidental, not essential. It represents the bubbling over of animal spirits. Marching, cheering, singing represent the outpourings of vigorous, healthy life

Essentially the college man respects the dignity and fitness of things. He is more devoted to books than to pranks He respects scholarship more than ignorance. He honors courtesy. He despises boorishness and abominates the boor. He has regard for historic results, forces, conditions His fun is without malice, and his sport has no evil intent.

Castles in Spain

IN HIS autobiography Herbert Spencer has a good word to say of castle-building, that favorite pastime of the young. He thinks his castle-building was of great benefit to him, and suggests that it stimulates the imagination.

Perhaps he does not lay enough stress upon the fact that he built his castles upon solid ground. It is a question whether vague day-dreaming, mere buildings of nothings upon nothing, ever did anybody any good at any age. There is no more valuable faculty of the mind than imagination, and none more neglected in our systems of education—perhaps because the routine of teaching makes most teachers dull and prosy. But, like every other faculty, the imagination must be trained by and for the conditions of life.

The theory that first play and afterward education must be wholly abstracted from the things practical dies hard, but it is dying. And Herbert Spencer was about the last man to help it to a lease of life.

Strenuous Simplicity

THOSE superior beings who browse apart from the herd have found a wide variety of choice in two methods of living that have been offered them. The Simple Life has its followers no less than The Strenuous Life. You pay your money and you take your choice. A man has as much right to live in Philadelphia as another has to elect Chicago as an abiding place.

Yet there are those commonplace ones, not of the elect, who, with a fairly intelligent grasp of the meaning of strenuosity, get vague answers to the simple question, What is The Simple Life? Meanwhile, they keep on living the sort of lives they have been used to living, becoming a bit strenuous now and then, or doddering along as opportunity offers.

It may be a humdrum life, involving commutation tickets, coal bills, or intimate relations with a colicky baby; but in this it may ring all the changes on strenuosity and simplicity—only it doesn't call these things names.

Mr. Carnegie and Heroes

MR. CARNEGIE'S fund for the widows and orphans of heroes is the concrete expression of a noble thought. But is it not, on closer examination, another illustration of the extreme difficulty, if not impossibility, of doing good by gifts of mere money?

Beyond question the man who gives his life for his fellowman has earned consideration for those who were dependent upon him and whom he is no longer there to protect. But a private pension from one for whom the dead man did nothing is hardly distinguishable from alms. To a people such as the Americans are, a people regarding work as a dignity and a blessing, the greatest hardship in the death of the husband and father of a family of workers is not the loss of the mere chief breadwinner. It is a loss which no money can in the least repair. Thanks to our multi-millionaires and other promoters of socialism and class distinctions, instead of getting farther and farther away from the false notion that work is a curse, we seem to be getting more and more under that baneful spell

A pension is a means of support which a self-respecting American can accept only with the greatest reluctance, even when it has been directly and obviously earned. And who is this Mr. Carnegie that he should expect his fellow-beings to take money from him?

Now, if the Carnegies and Rockefellers really wish to do good, why should they not from time to time tear up and obliterate so many millions of their water-saturated securities the payment of the interest upon which is an enormous and, in many cases, an unjust charge upon our industries, a preventive of raises of wages and lowerings of prices?

Instead of charity, real philanthropy. Instead of smug condescension, repentance and its wholesome works.

Penalties for Bachelors

FADS, fashions and newspaper humors have the cycle habit. They come around every few years, wearing new trimmings, but essentially the same as before. The tax on bachelors is one of them. Some of the colonies taxed bachelors. The practical lawmakers of those practical days looked upon the man who did not marry as one shirking a manifest responsibility, and a revenue burden was placed on his unwilling shoulders. The scheme is attractive. Bachelors are increasing, and the governments—city, state and national—all need money. The bachelor is supposed to have money. He centres his efforts and his finances largely upon himself, and on the face of things he offers an opportunity

But, of course, there will be no direct tax on bachelors. It might be unconstitutional, or class legislation, or something to bother the Supreme Court. Therefore, suggestions. Let the bachelor be compelled to play a more important part in the problems that afflict society. Miss Clark, secretary of the State Charities Aid Association of New York, comes forward with a new idea. She explained it at a public meeting Unmarried persons of both sexes should adopt children, she said. Bachelors are too selfish, they become soured; they need more joy, more employment, more light and laughter, a child in the house or in the flat will supply this. No longer will the bachelor brood on the gray future if he has a youngster with well-developed lung power to fill his time and apartments with multitudinous demands.

The other sex is included in the scheme, for in these days, when old maids are out of fashion, there are no old maids—only bachelor girls. And the bachelor girl has her isolation Often she gets weary of making things out of Sunday supplements. The work palls. She can, of course, take a cracker-box, a flour-barrel and four yards of material, and manufacture a Turkish corner at a cost of eighty-seven cents, not including arnica and court-plaster. But what does it amount to if no Romeo sits on the nails she forgets to hammer down? A child would pleasantly interrupt the monotony of that corner, would investigate its geography—and the bachelor girl would not be lonesome

But, as usual, there is an obstacle. Adopting children requires courage. Bachelors and bachelor girls are not brave. If they were they would get married.

The Battleship and the Torpedo

MANY say that the sensational work of the Japanese torpedoes is bringing on a revolution in naval warfare. A revolution from what? Naturally, from the reign of the battleship that now dominates the naval world. But has it occurred to the prophets that the battleship itself is not only revolutionary but purely experimental?

The first armored vessel went into service half a century ago. The modern battleship is a development of the past thirty years. It is practically an untried type in war. Its great fleet actions have been described in eloquent detail by scientific romancers, and worked out in war games, but never actually fought at sea. There has never been a pitched battle between two fleets of modern battleships, and we do not know that there ever will be. The old naval types had their Salamis, their Actium, their Lepanto, their Trafalgar, but the huge steel clad monsters of to-day, two of which would pay for Nelson's whole fleet, have been developed almost entirely on paper. The Chinese had a couple of battleships at the Yalu, and they were beaten by unarmored cruisers. We had three at Santiago, but a pair of cruisers like the Brooklyn would have done all the work there was to do. Both sides in the present war have battleships, but the great fleet action anticipated by the naval strategists has not materialized, and the Russian ships have been picked off one by one by Japanese torpedoes.

When the land soldier ceased to carry body armor that was, indeed, a revolution in warfare. The soldier had been metal-plated since the beginning of military history. The "well-greaved Achæans" wore armor at the siege of Troy, just as the English wore it at Crécy, twenty-five hundred years later. It might well have seemed that the armored soldier was part of the order of nature—yet he disappeared because it was found that his defenses were useless against improved weapons of attack. If the armored battleship should disappear for the same reason it would leave behind it no such record of achievement. It would be remembered by antiquarians as a brief and enormously expensive experiment, a mere passing episode in naval history, and probably the average reader of tales of the sea would hardly realize that it had ever existed.

Toasting the Sovereign

IN EUROPE the custom is to toast the sovereign first at the beginning of any sort of formal dinner. And we, borrowing this along with a lot of other similar European customs, have fallen into the habit of toasting first "the President of the United States."

A harmless enough custom, a cheerful look in the direction of the much-beset fellow-citizen who happens to be performing the duties of chief public servant. But it gives foreigners a rather false notion of the relations of things in this country. Perhaps it might have been less confusing had we adopted the European custom correctly and given the first toast to the sovereign of this country—the sovereign people, free, unruled, governed only by laws of its own making or permitting, served by the President and the rest of the officials, big and little, who have been appointed to keep each man to his own lot and off his neighbor's

Sequil, or Things Whitch Aint Finished in the First

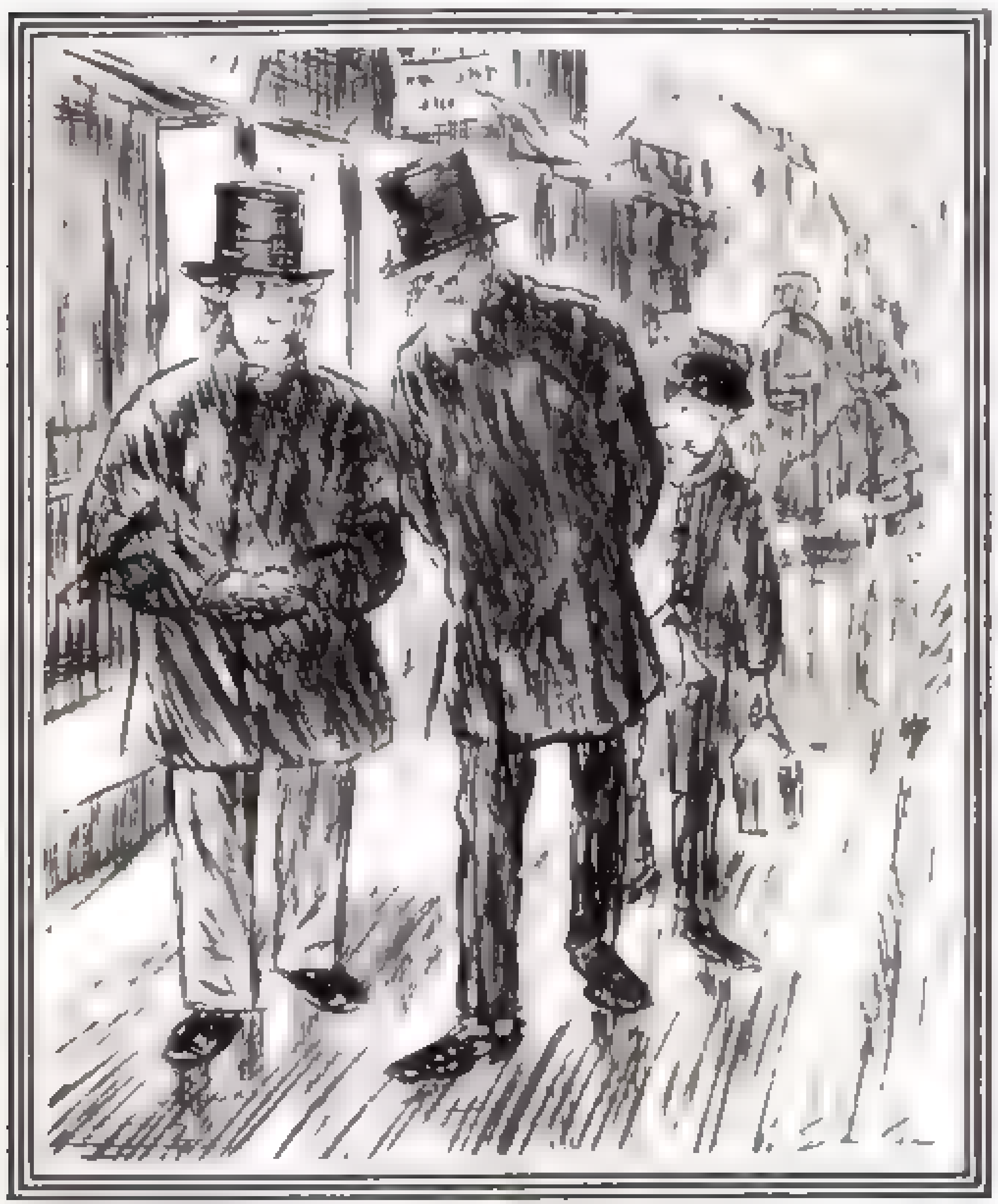
By Henry A. Shute

Author of The Real Diary of a Real Boy

[illegible] by Henry A. Shute

FEB. 11, 186— this afternoon me and Fatty Melcher and Potter Goram went hunting we had our arrow rifles and Fatty had a ax and Potter a hachet in his belt and i had a nife. we had a buly time we went up to the eddy and then went across the river on Gilmans side we saw 2 patriges and 1 rabbit and some blewgays we coodent hit them but we came prety near them. then we bilt a fire and et our donnuts and then we tracked a rabbit into a pile of bushes when we turned over a log we scart out a field mouse and killed it. tonite Potter came down to the house and we read young yagers

FEB. 12, 186— it raned hard all day Keene and Cele had to go to church and so i had to go two they wasent many there. it ranes now



OLD FRANCIS WAS GOING DOWN TOWN WITH PERRY MOLTON

FEB. 13, 186— it raned hard all nite. i cood hear it agenst the window and hear the wind blow it is comferttble to be in bed and hear the rane. only i forgot my kindlings and i had to get up before six o'clock this morning

FEB. 14, 186— Beany nearly got killed today. he was spliting wood with his new ax and he was standing rite under a closeline. Beany feels prety big about his new ax and he had got so that he can grunt jest like men who chop wood all the time. so Beany he swung the ax over his head and it bit the closeline and bounced rite up in the air and came rite down on Beanys head and he fell down whack and laid there till his father came out and lugged him into the house. they thought he was ded but he wasent. i went over today to see him, he was setting in a rocking chair by the stove with his head rapped up in a towel. i sent Beany a valentine today. he dident send me one but i gess it was because he was sick

FEB. 15, 186— brite and fair. Beany is better today. i went over and split his kindlings for him.

FEB. 16, 186— brite and fair and buly snowballing Gimmy Watson, Beanys brother said if Beanys head hadent been jest like the choping block it wood have killed him. Gimmy is mad becaus Beany calls him Gami. He can lick Beany alone and can lick me alone but me and Beany together can lick him

FEB. 17, 186— they was a fire down on franklin street today and Bob Carter got all squirted over and his close frose to the ladder he was on

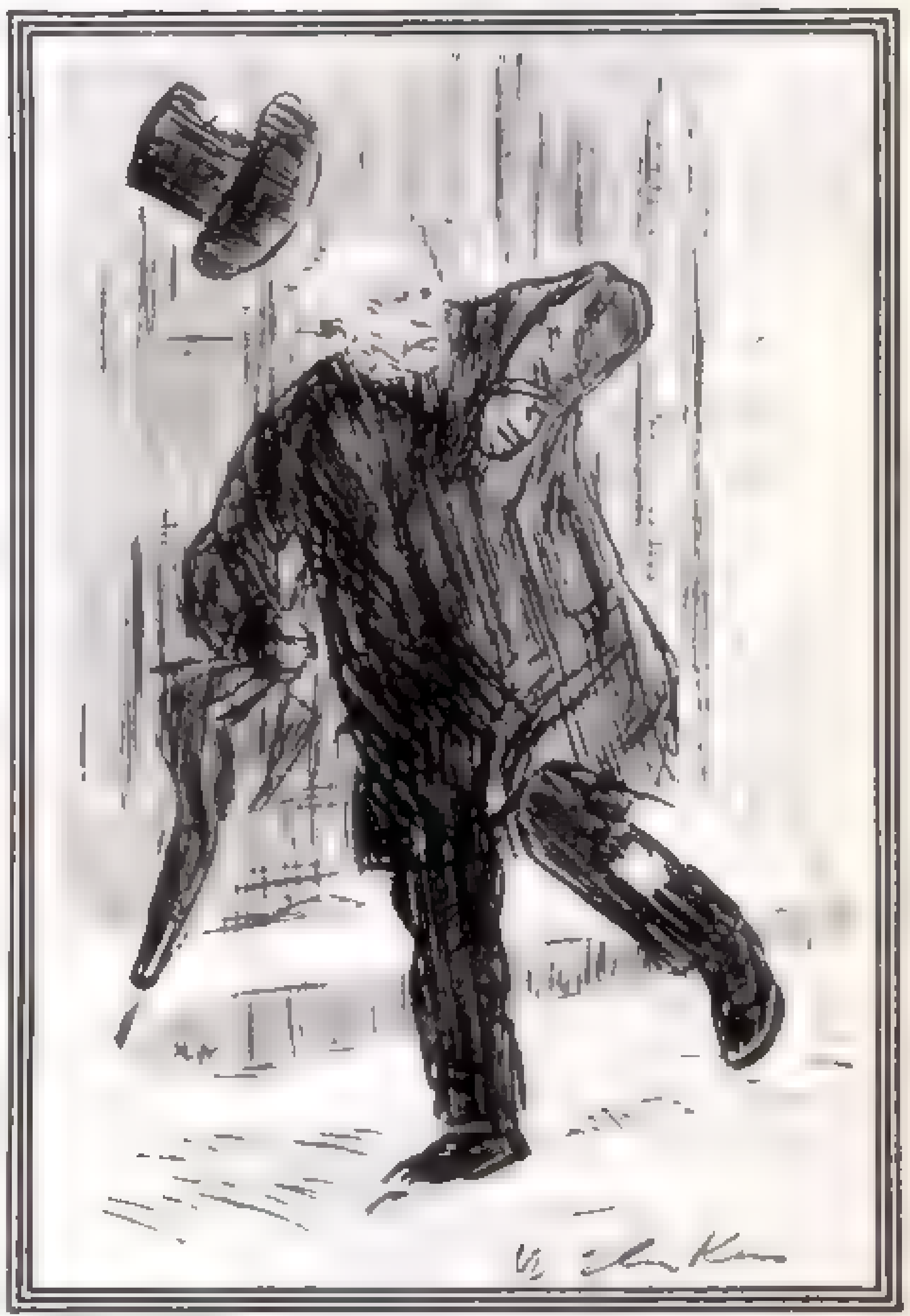
FEB. 18, 186— it snowed today, and then it raned

FEB. 19, 186— we have vacation in about 2 weeks

FEB. 20, 186— i shall be glad when spring comes i wet my feet most every day.

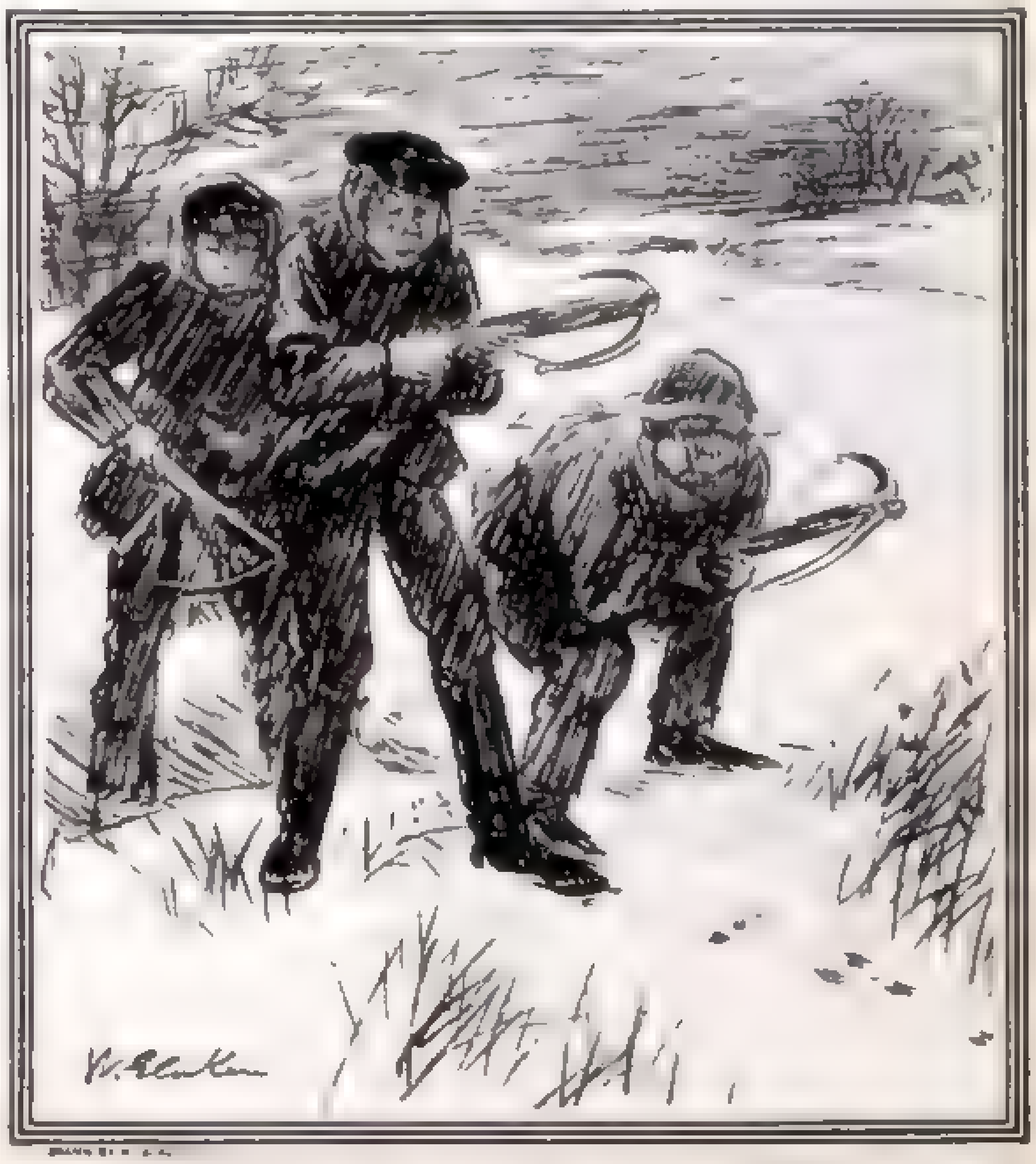
FEB. 21, 186— we are going to have a school xibition at the end of this tirm and old Francis says he is going to give prises to the best scholars. Nipper and Pricilla and all the other good boys are studying hard so as to get the prises. i woodent take one of their prises if they wood give me one. i woodent give 2 cents for their old prises

FEB. 22, 186— today is Washington's berthday and we can ring the town bell at 1 o'clock and at 5 for a hour. i went down both times and Ed Derbon let us take turns in ringing the bell. only 2 can ring at a time. when me and Fatty Melcher was ringing the bell went over and it pulled us way up to the ceeling. most of the fellers staid out in frunt of the church and pluged snowballs. bimeby some stewdcats came along and we pluged and hit a stewdcat named Lee rite in the back of his head and he said we have stood enuf from these townies and he and Stone and Clifford and Winsor, who was our sunday school teacher until he saw the rooster fite, and Belmont came over the fence and charged us and we pluged as hard as we cood and they pluged two and we ran behind the church and they followed us and jest lammed us and washed Beanys face and rolled Pewt in the wet snow, and jest then Boog and Whack and Pus and Zee Smith came piling in and paisted time out of them and then the stewdcats charged them and throwed Whack in a drift, and Zee got one in the back that made him lay down and grunt before he cood get his breth, and then all the stewdcats from Toles house piled out and piched in and they was giving us time when Bozzaris Wadly see the fite and jumped of a load of wood and Pacer and Stuby Gooch and Scotty Briggam and Kibo Marston and Skinny Bruce and Frank Elliott herd us hollering give it to the stewdcats and came running over and then we had jest a buly fite and i tell you the snowballs jest flew and Fatty Gilman got one rite in the eye and Pheby Tator got one rite in the mouth jest as he was hollering stewdcat and it filled his mouth with snow and old Woodbridge Odlin was coming out of the bank and he got one in the leg and one in his old plug hat and it nocked it of and he went over to the hotel and i gess he told old Brown becaus he and Swane and Potsy Dirgin the puliseman came over and made us stop. it was the best snow ball fite i ever saw. we are going to lay for the stewdcats next saterday at the libary. old Bozzaris Wadly was the best fiter we had and nobody knowed he cood fite. when the stewdcats wood charge us he wood not run a bit but wood jest stand and plug, and once when Clifford tride to put him over he coodent do it. it was a buly fite



HE GOT ONE IN THE LEG AND ONE IN HIS OLD PLUG HAT

FEB. 23, 186— Brite and fair. Gosh what do you think i am going to get a prise in school. last nite i had to go down to old Tom Conners store to get some carosene and old Francis was going down town with Perry Molton and they



WE TRACKED A RABBIT INTO A PILE OF BUSHES

To
THE LAND
OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

"Select Cruises"

TO

NORWAY AND
SPITZBERGEN

also to Norway, Sweden, Russia, Denmark and Germany and to the principal Seaside Resorts of Europe during

June, July and August

By Palatial Twin-Screw Steamers. Superb service. Unsurpassed accommodation. Cruises begin at Hamburg. Duration 14-24 days.

Cost, $62.50 and upward

Send for Programs

ALSO

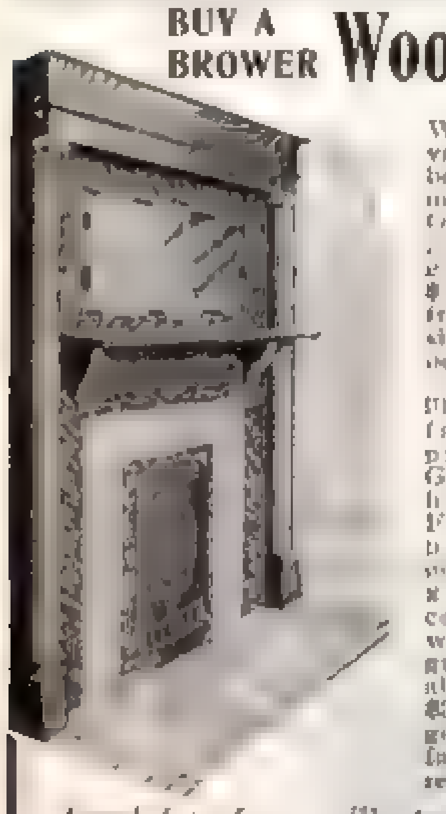
AROUND THE WORLD

First Cruise, Sept. 15, 1904
Second Cruise, Jan. 24, 1905

Duration 4½ months, cost $1,500 and up. Success assured. Ports of call not affected by hostilities in the East

Hamburg American Line

New York Chicago Philadelphia
St. Louis Boston



BUY A BROWER Wood Mantel

We have the largest variety and give the best value for the money. Beautiful Oak Mantels complete with tile and grate $13.50 to $150.00. Delivered free East of Mississippi River. Points beyond pro rata.

No. 948, as here illustrated, gives a fair idea of our prices. Beautiful Golden Oak, 7 feet high, 5 feet wide, French beveled mirror, 18 x 36 ins., complete with best tiles and grate, delivered as above, on receipt of $30.00. Absolute guarantee of satisfaction, or money refunded.

$30.00

Send for 56-page illustrated catalogue, showing 50 new and exclusive mantels. It's free

C. F. BROWER & CO., Lexington, Kentucky

"The Mail Order Mantel House."

BALES 15 TONS A DAY HAY

We want to send you our catalogue of baling presses. It contains information that will be of value to any one contemplating the purchase of a machine. We give pointers about Press construction and operation that are worth dollars to you. Our 37 years' experience and patents covering every point make the Ertel and Victor presses strongest and lightest, most durable and easily operated and least expensive. Let us send the book. A postal card request is sufficient

GEO. ERTEL CO., Quincy, Ill.

was talking about who was the best fellers in school and who they was going to give the prises. i lissened and old Francis said Potter and Nipper and Pricilla was going to have prises, only he dident call them Potter and Nipper and Pricilla, but Arthur and Jonny and Charlie, then he said they is one boy who is smart as enny of them only he dont study much and i had to shake him up laitly and he is doing better now, then Perry he said who is it, and old Francis said i gess i wont tell you his name for he may disapoint me, but he lives on Court Street. i tell you it made me feel all trembly. it coodent be Pewt or Beany becaus they miss there lesons most every day and they aint enny other fellers living on Court Street so it must be me, becaus old Francis shook me and Medo Thirsten up day before yesterday and Medo lives on South Street. Gosh wont father be sirprized. i nearly got a prise once when Fliperty Flannygan marked my words all rite and I wood have got it if it hadent been for Gimmy Fitsgerald. but this time i am going to get it. i bet the folks will think i am quite a feller

FEB 24 186— Brite and fair. i dident miss in school today tonite i staid in and studied. Pewt and Beany come round and were mad becaus i woodent come out

FEB. 25, 186 - Rany. i got 9 xamples rite today out of 10, but i missed in speling it aint often i miss in speling

FEB. 26 186 — i took a book today to church and studied

FEB. 27, 186— Rany again. i dident miss in ennything today. i told mother today that i was going to get a prise if i dident disapoint him. so she told father tonite and he said he dident beleive it. he said he had nearly a buchel of prises he got in school and he give them to the fellers to ware in a torchlite percession and they kept them. he said he give all his prise books to the sunday school. he said when he put on all his meddles and walked out they gingled jest like slaybells and glitered so they scart horses aunt Sarah laffed and said the only prises he wore were black and blew ruler marks that old mister Ellis give him and he got enuf of them to, and she said tell Harry what you left the Academy for, and he said the teachers were down on him becaus he lerned faster than they cood teech, and aunt Sarah said Doctor Sole wood tell a diferent story, and father said that Doctor Sole was a wirthy man but he dident forgive ennyone which was smarter than he was. then father said you talk very strangly Sarah for one of your years and i shall ask the Coart to apoint me as gardeen over you as a person of unsound mind. then father said he had never told ennyone why he left the Academy so suddin, but it was becaus he broak his jaw in 3 places talking Greke to Doctor Sole well he kept us laffing all the evening and when i went to bed he give me 10 cents so i gess he feels prety good about my prise

FEB. 28, 186— clowdy but no rane. i only missed in Geogerfy today. Aunt Sarah is going to exibision day to see me get my prise. Keene and Cele are going two. i dont dass to tell Beany he come over tonite to get me to come out and see him set his dog onto Mister Heads cat and was mad when i told him i had got to study. Beany he says i will get so i cant fite or have enny fun i am geting so good. Beany will get a good punch if he says much

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Whiling Away Time

By William Mathews

"NEVER be unemployed," says that Herculean worker, John Wesley; "never be triflingly employed, never while away time." Such advice, wise or unwise, is just what one might expect from a man of whom Doctor Johnson complained: "John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure; he is always obliged to go at a certain hour." The law of compensation applies to the advantage of saving time as to everything else; one has to pay a tax for it. The apostle of work, who is a miser of minutes, works incessantly, and grudges every period, however brief, of enforced leisure, forgets that leisure, rest or relaxation is just as needful, just as essential to the doing of effective work as activity. The arm that always smites, the hand that writes, paints or sculptures without pause for too many hours, will drop paralyzed. The brain that is kept on the stretch day after day, without intervals of rest, will break down suddenly, and lucky will be its possessor if he does not find a compulsory rest in the hospital or the grave

But what is "whiling away time"? When the boy James Watt sat in the chimney-corner, observing the steam from the hot water forcing up the cover of the tea-kettle, his parents were angry. They thought he was wasting time; but he was studying the principle of the steam-engine, which, after years of toil in manhood, he practically invented. To Sir Walter Scott, Mungo Park, the traveler—whom he found one day by the banks of the Yarrow, earnestly employed in casting stones into the stream and watching the bubbles that followed their descent—may have appeared to be uselessly "whiling away time." "I was thinking," said Park, "how often I had thus tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating the time that elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface"

What an idler—what a waster of time—is that man yonder, fishing in that stream hour after hour! What a melancholy spectacle—"a line with a worm at one end and a fool at the other!" But have patience, inexorable moralist! That seeming time-waster is, perhaps, an eminent statesman, exhausted by care and overwork, or a great lawyer with a crowd of clients, who has escaped from the council chamber or from the janglings of the senate or the courtroom to recruit his weary brain in the pure air of the country and in the company of the heron and the kingfisher. What shrewd diplomacy, what wise legislation, what persuasive eloquence shall we not owe to these hours of idleness! Those whom the world calls idle are often doing the most and best work. As Dr. J. W. Alexander has well said, where there is an active, inquiring mind, something is always brewing. There is no such thing as idleness. "If he is not eating he is ruminating. If he is not gathering the raw material he is elaborating unconsciously that which has been gathered. Our best trains of thought come and go without our bidding The mind is capricious in its workings; in its highest actings it abhors task-work and shakes off the yoke."

The harder a man toils the more urgently he needs at times to rest from toiling. The bow that is always bent loses its spring and elasticity. No time is spent more usefully than that which is passed in amusements that recreate the exhausted energies. Persons who live by rule and divide their time into portions with a pair of compasses, allowing one to this employment and one to that, seldom profit by such compulsory schedules. The best work of an author is not done pen in hand. When he is browsing in his library, peeping now into this book, then into that, now musing, now pacing the room, scribbling on a bit of paper, humming a tune, reciting favorite snatches of verse, he is often utilizing his time in the most profitable way.

Sainte-Beuve, the great French critic, understood this fully. Though the busiest of workers, he recognized the value of idleness. He knew perfectly well that much of our best knowledge is acquired in hours which unresting plodders, who do things by square, rule and compass, consider as lost—that, in a certain sense, as Claude Tillier says, *Le temps le mieux employé est celui qu'on perd*—"the best employed time is that which one loses." "I have arrived at the conclusion," he said, "that whatever I do or do not, working in the study at continuous labor, scattering myself in articles, spreading myself about in society, giving my time away to troublesome callers, to poor people, to rendezvous in the street, no matter to whom and to what, I cease not to do one and the same thing, to read one and the same book, the infinite book of the world and of life, that no one ever finishes, in which the wisest read farthest."

Mr. Hamerton, in his admirable work on The Intellectual Life, well observes that people who have a morbid habit of being

The Florsheim SHOE

Style No. 1871

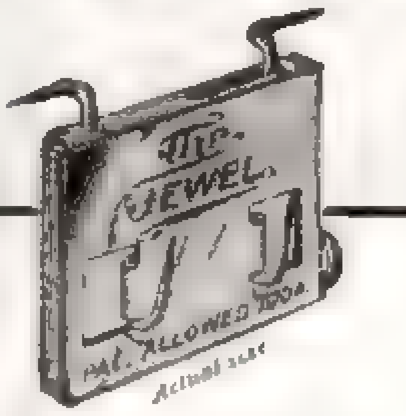
Bench Made

In the making of the "Florsheim" Oxford the needs of the individual foot is the first consideration. Made over foot form lasts. Most styles sell for $5.00.

"A shoe just like your custom shoemaker used to make."

FREE—Send today for our booklet "The Florsheim Way of Foot Fitting." Shoe facts of interest to every shoe wearer. Also full information where you can buy the "Florsheim" Bench Made Shoe.

FLORSHEIM & COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.



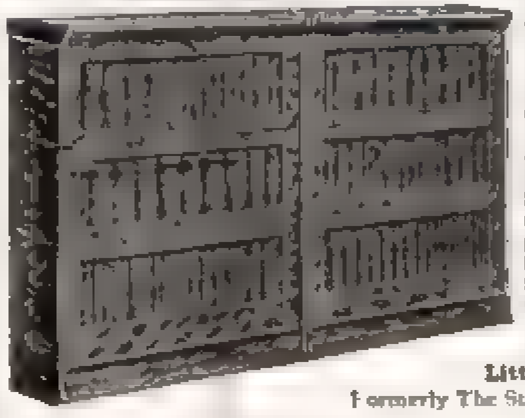
The Jewel Waist and Skirt Holder

The only device that positively holds both waist and skirt and is absolutely invisible in use. Flat and small; no larger than a button; attached to any waist quicker than a safetypin; requires no further adjustment—no sewing. Need only be removed for washing or cleaning waist; cannot rust, will not tear or injure the most delicate fabric.

FOR ALL WAISTS
AND ALL WOMEN

Price 25c. per set of three complete holders. Sent postpaid upon receipt of price. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

A. L. MILLS MFG. CO.
113 North 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



The "Lundstrom" Sectional Bookcase

Pronounced the best by thousands of users. [illegible] solid Golden Oak. [illegible] Sent on approval, freight prepaid, direct from factory. Send for Catalogue [illegible]

The C. J. Lundstrom Co., Little Falls, N. Y.
Formerly The Standard Mfg. Co

STARK TREES Largest Nursery SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL
Fruit Book Free. Result of 78 years' experience
STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.; Etc

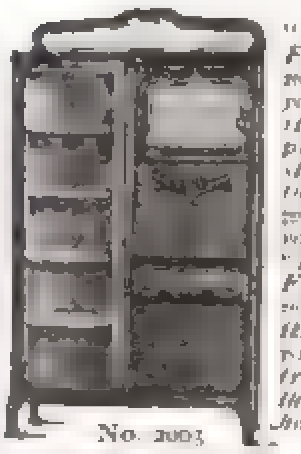
Bishop Furniture Co. Grand Rapids Mich.

Ship Anywhere "On Approval," allowing furniture in your home five days, to be returned at our expense and your money refunded if not perfectly satisfactory and all you expected.

No. 26 Dressing Table

We Prepay the Freight to all points east of the Miss. River and north of Tenn. line, allowing freight that far toward points beyond.

These patterns represent a few of over 1000 designs shown in our FREE CATALOG.

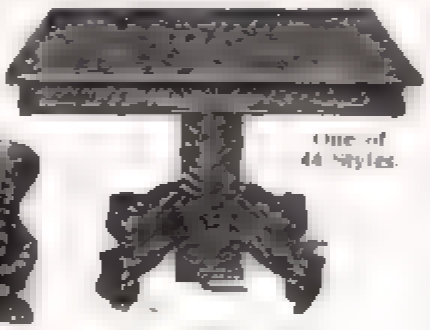

No. 2003 Combination Book Case and Writing Desk Price $22.50. *Worth $50.*

Many others $12 to $70 fully described in Catalog

"BISHOP" Furniture will satisfy you in quality and please you in style. Any furniture will furnish your home. "BISHOP" Furniture will adorn it, besides you save from one third to one half in cost

No. 2072 Chiffonier Quartered Oak, Bird's Eye Maple or Mahogany

No. 2203 Turkish Leather Rocker Only $30. Worth $50


One of 44 Styles.

No. 1104 Pedestal Dining Table

FREE catalog showing over 1000 pieces of high-grade fashionable furniture. Write for it to-day

Bishop Furniture Co. 19 31 Ionia Street Grand Rapids, Mich.

Need no "Breaking In."

Ralston HEALTH Shoes $4.

No man has made a shoe sure to follow the curves of the foot-sole before — it is the exclusive RALSTON idea.

RALSTON shoes are not the *only* stylish shoes as they are the only anatomical. But they combine the latest and highest styles with comfort. As good a shoe is not made for the price and cannot be sold for less.

Send for our Catalogue

mailed *free*. Send for name of nearest dealer. Where there is no agent we sell by mail (25c. extra for delivery) and guarantee satisfaction or refund money

Ralston Health Shoemakers

983 Main St. Campello, Mass.

[illegible] Patent [illegible] New Shoe. Ours are made of the genuine CORONA brand)

Union Made

Ascertain the secret for the popularity of the

STEVENS

By trying our products

We manufacture

Rifles, Pistols, Shotguns

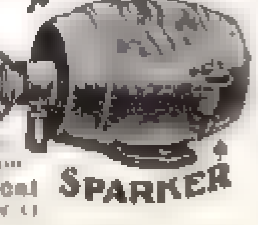
Ask your Dealer, and [illegible] the STEVENS

Send stamps for Illustrated Catalog relative to entire line. Send four cents in stamps and make Bull's-eyes with our clever little Rifle Puzzle.

J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.
165 Main Street Chicopee Falls, Mass.

The Apple AUTOMATIC SPARKER

For Gas Engines, Automobiles, Launches, etc. Has Features Found on No Other. [illegible] mutator troubles. Entirely enclosed, making it [illegible] proof. Easily attached. Send for complete description of this and other ignition apparatus. The Dayton Electrical Mfg. Co., 123 Kellogg Bldg., DAYTON, O.



busy are often terrible time-wasters. He adds that the advantages of drill are generally recognized, but not so those of intellectual *flânerie*. "Yet, in reading any book that has much vitality, you are sure to meet with many allusions and illustrations which the author hit upon not when he was in harness but when out at grass. The truth is, we need both the discipline of the harness and the abundant nourishment of the free pasture. Yet may not our liberty be the profitless, choiceless liberty of a grain of desert sand, carried hither and thither by the wind, but rather the liberty of the wild bee, whose coming and going are ordered by no master, nor fixed by any premeditated regulation, yet which misses no opportunity of increase, and comes home laden in the twilight. Who knows where he has wandered, who can tell over what banks and streams the hum of his wings has sounded? . . . Would he do his work better if tiny harness were ingeniously contrived for him?"

Of all the kinds of "idle time not idly spent," none, perhaps, is more profitable than that which is passed with some hobby which carries us out of and away from the ruts of our ordinary life. Socrates understood this, and, for refreshment, rode a wooden horse, alternating this with playing on the lyre. Plato sought recreation in all the Greek exercises. When Diocletian was urged to resume the imperial purple which he had resigned, he replied: "You would not have asked such a thing of me if you had seen the fine melons I have now ripening, and the plantations about my villa that I have made." The idle time of those delightful poets, Horace, Virgil, Cowley and Cowper, and of the stately, sagacious Bacon, was spent, not idly, but wisely for their literary production, in gardening. The great railway engineer, Stephenson, who has enabled millions to economize time in travel, spent similarly his odd hours. Being troubled at one time by his cucumbers, which persisted in growing crooked, he outwitted them by having glass jars constructed, into which he inserted the growing fruit, saying with a chuckle, "I think I have bothered them noo," and thenceforth they grew straight.

Boileau, the French Pope, and Martin Luther delighted in skittles as a recreation. The great reformer spent his idle time most profitably also in cracking jokes with Lord Kate, as he playfully called his wife, in talking with his cat, in patting the head of his dog, whom he petted for sixteen years, in playing on the guitar and the flute, and in laughing at the caricatures of the Pope that hung upon his study wall. Spinoza, when tired of spinning metaphysical cobwebs, found refreshment in his favorite diversion of seeing spiders fight.

Not a few celebrated men have delighted, when mentally weary, or troubled with ennui, to "while away time" in felling trees. Sir Walter Scott wielded the ax dexterously, and challenged his men at Abbotsford to compete with him in bringing a sturdy tree to the ground. The wood rang with laughter as their blows fell thick and fast on the tough old trunk. Pitt, Wilberforce, Archbishop Whately and Gladstone sought relief from the monotony of their regular tasks and bodily refreshment in the same exercise. Some good people inferred that the Archbishop must be a very cruel and exacting employer when they saw, one piercingly cold and snowy day, a scantily-clothed old man cutting wood on his grounds. They were greatly surprised when told that it was Whately himself, and that when he required a change of employment, or an escape from "carking care," he was wont to seize his ax and rush out-of-doors to hew away at a monarch of the forest.

No rigid, absolute rule can be laid down about "wasting time." It is a thing purely relative. It has been well said that a person whose calling subjects him to much excitement and agitation should contrive, if possible, to give his nervous system time to recover itself between the shocks. To sum up — if one is following a useful calling, perhaps the best definition of "wasting time" is doing whatever hinders or prevents him from doing, and doing in the best manner, his work in life.

RUSSIAN RAILWAYS

By Sigmund Krausz

THERE is almost as radical a difference in the railway system and the conditions of railway travel in the empire of the Czar, when compared to other railroads, as there is between its social conditions, business methods and general affairs and those of its neighbors to the west. To start with, Russia is, besides Spain, the only civilized country whose rolling stock runs on a broader railway gauge than that of the states with which it is connected by the iron paths of the locomotive.

The wider tracks have been adopted mainly for strategic reasons, looking toward the prevention of a foreign military invasion by rail; but though they may be considered an unqualified success for that purpose, they are a decided obstacle in the free development of the commercial relations between the Muscovite Empire and its neighbors along its entire western frontier. The latter statement, however, does not refer to passenger trains, since Russian sleepers, day coaches and locomotives designed for that frontier service are constructed with a changeable gear which allows them to run on foreign tracks. On the other hand, freight cars cannot be transferred to foreign rails, and all goods going to and from Russia by railway must, therefore, be transshipped at the frontier stations, which, naturally, involves increased expense and loss of time.

The railroads, as in many European countries, are owned by the Government, but here again is a pronounced difference, for, as opposed to the limitations of a constitutional government, the autocratic power of the Czar makes them, under certain conditions, practically his private property. Such a condition may, for example, arise in case of war between Russia and a foreign state, when it would be within the power of the Emperor to appropriate as much of the rolling stock of the country as he sees fit for the transportation of troops and war material, without regard for the necessities of ordinary passenger and freight traffic. Mr. Henry Norman, in his book, Greater Russia, amusingly illustrates this power of the Czar in the story of a conversation that he had with a high Russian official regarding the possibility of transporting large numbers of soldiers and military stores over the Trans-Siberian road, and in the course of which this official declared that there was nothing to prevent the Czar from ordering every railway car in the country to the Pacific Ocean and to dump them in there if it pleased him to do so.

The tariff rate for passengers on the Russian railways is not fixed according to the distance in versts (a verst is 3500 feet) between points of travel, but is regulated by zones or imaginary concentric rings starting from a centre and being of equal distance from each other. I am not exactly acquainted with the extent of the zones, but whether they are drawn in hundred or two hundred verst rings, the price of transportation from the centre to any point within a certain zone or from any station of a zone to whatever place within another one remains the same. The scale is a sliding one, and the farther your objective point of travel the cheaper is the proportionate fare. Thus I paid, for example, for a first-class ticket from Ungheni, a Russian station on the Roumanian border, to Moscow the trifle of twenty-nine rubles and some odd copecks (about fifteen dollars). To traverse the distance in the only possible, roundabout way, via Kishenev and Rasdelnaja, near Odessa, took fully three days, with numerous car changes at all hours of the day and night, and I confess that for once I got more for my money than I had bargained for.

The zone system is an invention of the former Hungarian Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Baross, and though the Russian arrangement is not an exact copy of the Hungarian one, it is based, at least in its main features, on the same principle. Like the latter it has proved a financial success by encouraging railway travel between the remote points of the country; the passenger traffic, since its introduction, showing a manifold increase and a correspondingly larger income to the administration. Aside from the benefit derived by the state treasury from the zone tariff system, there is a decided commercial and educational value for the native population connected with it, which — as being too obvious — it is not necessary to analyze here.

A Mechanical Accountant

A Twentieth Century Business Assistant

IT WAS the Duke of Wellington who said: "The secret of success in any important undertaking is to avoid the drudgery of details. Get proper assistants and unload the details on them. Keep your own mind free to think."

Every successful modern business is organized on Wellington's plan. From the chief executive down, each official and employe unloads details on the subordinates next below him, or better yet, on a machine.

One of the most widely known of these machine "dumping grounds" is a mechanical accountant made at St. Louis by the American Arithmometer Co. It is called after its inventor, the "Burroughs Adding Machine."

Seventeen thousand banks and business houses have already adopted it.

The Burroughs Adding Machine

automatically lists and adds a column of figures in a fraction of the time required by the human mind. It does as much work in a single day as six experts can do in the old way. It will list and add 100 items in a minute and 6000 in an hour. It saves time, work, worry and money. Book Keepers, Clerks, Treasurers, Cashiers, Accountants and Paymasters are among the chief classes of business men benefited by its use.

THE OLD WAY

The machine is about the size of a typewriter, but unlike that machine, it requires no long course of training to fit a man to operate it.

The Burroughs Adding Machine, therefore, fills a vital need. It insures absolute accuracy — never makes a mistake. It takes away the uncertainties, doubts and fears so often left over from a day's business to be carried home and brought back the next morning.

The operation of the machine is very simple. All that is necessary is to touch the keys and move a lever. The machine does all the rest. It matters not how quickly this lever is pulled — the action of the working parts in printing and adding is always smooth.

All the moving parts turn on pivots as in a watch. This insures both speed and ease of operation, and the greatest endurance. In fact, the machine has all of the scientific accuracy in the construction of a watch.

THE NEW WAY

The American Arithmometer Company will place this machine in any responsible business house on thirty days' trial. Actual use demonstrates its worth. If, however, after thirty days' trial the business house using the machine does not desire to keep it, the company will remove it. The trial will not put the user under any obligations to purchase, nor will it cost anything.

Cut this off and send to

American Arithmometer Co.
Block 5, St. Louis, Mo.

Please send your booklet fully describing the Burroughs Adding Machine to

Name

Firm Name

Address

Reduced Price Sale
SUITS and SKIRTS

Made to Your Order
Nothing Ready Made
We Guarantee to Fit You

$10.00	SUITS	now	$ 7.50
20.00	"	"	15.00
30.00	"	"	22.50
40.00	"	"	30.00
$ 5.00	SKIRTS	now	$ 3.75
8.00	"	"	6.00
12.00	"	"	9.00
20.00	"	"	15.00

Prices also Reduced on Jackets, Traveling Suits, Rain-coats, etc

We Prepay Express Charges to Any Part of the United States

As we wish to reduce our stock of Summer materials we will make to order, **for a few weeks only,** any of our Suits, Skirts and Jackets from any of our materials at **one-fourth** less than Catalogue prices.

This is an exceptional opportunity to secure a well made and well finished garment at a greatly reduced price, but you must act quickly if you wish to take advantage of this sale.

SAMPLES AND CATALOGUE FREE

Our stock contains all the new light-weight materials particularly adapted for Summer Wear, such as [illegible], Brilliantines, Sicilliennes, Etamines, Voiles, Tweeds, mannish mixtures, etc., as well as firmer [illegible] for traveling dresses and walking suits.

We send clear and explicit directions for taking your measurements, and we guarantee to fit you.

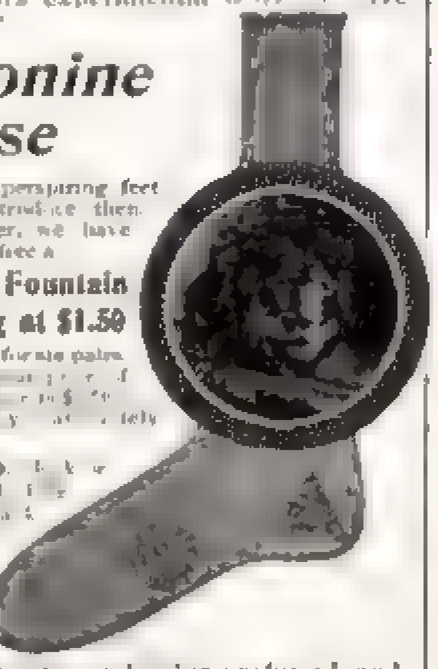
YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED.

One Customer Writes:
"My suit is satisfactory in every detail. There is not the slightest alteration necessary and I can put it on [illegible]"

If you are contemplating the purchase of a garment, write to-day for **samples of materials** and **Catalogue No. 51** — sent **FREE** by return mail to any part of the [illegible] as this will enable us to send samples of exactly what you wish.

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d St., New York City
Mail Orders Only. No Branches or Agents

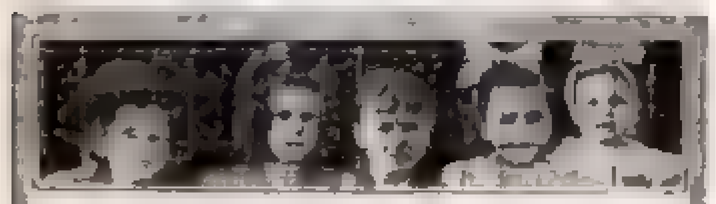
Something for nothing



After 10 years' experimental work we have perfected our
Leonine Hose
for tender and perspiring feet. In order to introduce them direct to wearer, we have decided to give free a
Well-known Fountain Pen retailing at $1.50
with every order for six pairs [illegible]
Men's Half hose [illegible]
Ladies' Hose [illegible]
Infants' Half hose, [illegible]
Enclose $1.50, state size and color preferred, and we will send six pairs of hosiery and the Pen, charges paid. Money back if not satisfactory.
MONARCH HOSIERY CO., Philadelphia

Show Your Loyalty by Wearing the
Class Pin or Badge
(HUNDREDS OF DESIGNS FREE)

[illegible] straight from the factory. Either [illegible] colors of enamel [illegible] any three letters or any two figures
In Silver Plate $1.00 a doz. Sample 10c
In Sterling Silver $2.50 a doz. Sample 25c
Beautiful catalog showing hundreds of designs free. Satisfaction guaranteed. Will gladly make a special design and estimate free
BASTIAN BROS., 21 L, Mt. Hope Ave ROCHESTER, N. Y.



Protect Your Children
You can do it while you are alive. But — afterward? Write us and learn how you can save money and at the same time protect yourself against old age and your children against the consequences of your death. **We insure by mail.**
PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

The speed of Russian passenger trains, however, leaves much to desire, and with the exception of the St Petersburg Berlin, Moscow Vienna, and one or two other main lines to foreign capitals and between large interstate centres, it conforms to the general native habit of *si tshass*, a phrase which corresponds admirably with the Spanish *mañana*. Especially on the side lines in the eastern and southern part of the empire the slowness of railway travel becomes a strain on the nerves, and—there being no sleepers—would be almost intolerable were it not for the fairly comfortable arrangement of the first-class day cars, which compare favorably with those of other European and American lines

Sleeping-Car and Dining-Car Service

Sleeping-cars are run only on the main lines mentioned above and with the trains of the Trans Siberian road, the latter of which, on account of the tremendous distance and the scarcity of stations, is the only Russian line that also maintains a dining-car service The sleepers are vastly superior in their interior arrangements to the ordinary Pullman cars, being divided into roomy compartments which, according to whether first or second class, contain two or four berths The first-class compartment contains also a lavatory, and a collapsible table, very convenient for reading, writing or card playing Strongly contrasting with these comforts is the antiquated method of lighting, which is done by thick stearin candles placed in lanterns above the doors, and an extra supply of which for reading purposes, may be purchased on the train. From the trainmen one can also get a glass of hot tea (this is never served in cups) at any time, but your true Russian carries his own brand with him and prepares the beverage himself with hot water which is sold at every station

A decided nuisance of Russian night travel is the habit of the conductors, accompanied by one or two train hands, of repeatedly disturbing your slumber for the alleged purpose of revising the tickets—unless you have learned by experience to prevent these night visits by the judicious use of a fifty-copeck piece. This waking you up at early hours is, by the way, a favorite trick of Russian letter-carriers, who insist on bringing mail to your hotel room at a time when they are sure to meet you, in order to exact a tip

The price for berths in the sleeping-cars does not correspond with the cheapness of the ordinary fare, and these cars are used only by foreign travelers and the wealthier class of natives. The great majority of the better traveling public ride second class, and on the side lines one generally finds the coaches of the first class empty. In lieu of sleepers the plush seats of the latter are so arranged that they can be extended to the average length of a man. Sheets and blankets cannot be had, but a pillow may be occasionally hired from an enterprising conductor who is awake to the possibilities of such an extra income

I remember having been the sole occupant of such a car for days at a time, when traveling in Eastern and Southern Russia, while the second and third class were overcrowded The cars of the latter are furnished with plain wooden benches and show a degree of filth only exceeded by those of the fourth class, patronized by moujiks and beggars, the sight of which is sufficient to cause you an itching In one of these cars I saw once a peasant woman entering who, besides her bundles, carried over her shoulder a strapping boy of about twelve in an attempt to evade the purchase of a half ticket, which is demanded for all children not in arms. After a little altercation the good-natured conductor allowed her to remain, but she was compelled to keep the boy in her lap during her whole journey

Travelers unacquainted with the language and ways of Russia ought to exercise some care in the purchase of tickets and the checking of their baggage on the less frequented railroads, as the officials have the habit of overcharging strangers, and though trunks in transit are not broken open and robbed by the train crews, as in Italy, it is not advisable to leave hand baggage in the cars while taking a walk on a station platform during stops without intrusting it directly to the care of a train hand

Contrary to custom in America, where railways accord to smokers only the scantiest privileges, the latter enjoy absolute freedom on Russian cars. One may see an occasional sign, prohibiting smoking, on the door of a compartment, but these signs are reversible and are willingly turned by the conductor at

The Ford
Price with Tonneau $900
Modelled by the Master Hand of America's Foremost Automobile Designer.
THE FORD MOTOR CO.
Detroit, Mich

CAUTION

The following Manufacturers and Importers are licensed under the pioneer patent Number 549,160, granted to George B. Selden, dated November 5th, 1895, on

Gasolene Automobiles.

In view of their license agreement they and their agents will not sell, keep on deal in or [illegible] or deal in directly or indirectly any unlicensed [illegible] vehicles, infringing said Selden patent.

MANUFACTURERS:

Electric Vehicle Co.
Winton Motor Carriage Co.
Packard Motor Car Co.
Olds Motor Works
Knox Automobile Co.
The Haynes-Apperson Co.
The Autocar Co.
The George N. Pierce Co.
Apperson Bros. Automobile Co.
Locomobile Co. of America
The Peerless Motor Car Co.
Standard Motor Construction Co.
Waltham Manufacturing Co.
J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.
H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co.
Pope Motor Car Co.
Smith & Mabley, Inc.
The Commercial Motor Co.
Berg Automobile Co.
Cadillac Automobile Co.
Northern Manufacturing Co.
Pope-Robinson Co.
The Kirk Manufacturing Co.
Elmore Manufacturing Co.
E. R. Thomas Motor Co.
Buffalo Gasolene Motor Co.
The F. B. Stearns Co.
Pope Manufacturing Co.
Sandusky Automobile Co.
Crest Manufacturing Co.

IMPORTERS:

Smith & Mabley, Inc.
Central Automobile Co.
Alexander Fischer
Hollander & Tangeman
Standard Automobile Co.
E. B. Gallaher
Auto Import Co.
F. A. LaRoche Co.
Sidney B. Bowman Automobile Co.

Both the basic Selden patent and more than 400 other patents owned by members of this Association will be enforced against infringers. Manufacturers, Importers, Dealers and Agents, also users of unlicensed machines are liable.

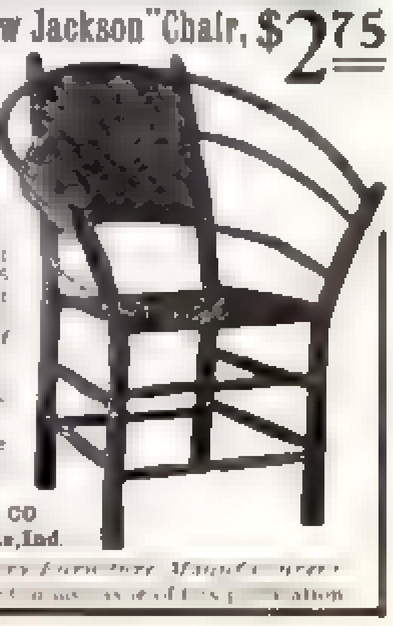
ASSOCIATION OF LICENSED AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS
No. 7 EAST 42d STREET, NEW YORK

MAKE YOUR SHOES LOOK NEW
AMERICAN Adjustable SHOE TREES
For Well Dressed MEN and WOMEN

Patented
Note the new adjustment [illegible]

Retails 50 Cts. Per Pair, at all Leading Shoe Stores
ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS
Sent prepaid to any address, 60c per pair, or two pair, $1.00. Send for Booklet
American Hardware Mfg. Co. Dept. D Ottawa, Ill

"Old Hickory" "Andrew Jackson" Chair, $2.75
This splendid comfortable chair [illegible] Made [illegible] with back [illegible] Eighty other styles of [illegible] ranging from $[illegible] to $[illegible]
Ask your dealer. If he will not supply you, we will Remit direct to us. 48-page illustrated catalogue FREE
Write
OLD HICKORY CHAIR CO
365 Cherry St. Martinsville, Ind.
"*The Original Old Hickory Furniture Manufacturers*"
[illegible]



A Summer Day and a CADILLAC

Model A Tonneau, - $850
Without Tonneau, $750
Model B Touring Car, $900
Without Tonneau, $800

For a delightful spin in the country; for business or pleasure; for quick and pleasant transit over long distances or short, there's nothing equals a *reliable* automobile.

No *reliable* automobile is so easy to buy, to operate, or to maintain, as a Cadillac.

No automobile at double the money is so strongly constructed, so speedy on good roads, so dependable on bad, so capable in the matter of hill climbing, as the Cadillac.

Model A Tonneau (shown above) will carry four people safely and comfortably at 30 miles per hour on the level stretches, and will go up a 45 per cent. grade.

Model B Touring car is identical in accomplishment, but has larger wheels, longer wheel-base, more roomy body. Both Models are equipped with Goodrich 3-inch detachable tires

Full appreciation of Cadillac superiority in design, construction and performance is possible only by inspection and trial

Will be glad to send you booklet O for the asking. It explains and illustrates all Cadillac models in detail, and gives address of agency nearest you where they may be seen and tried

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO.,
Detroit, Mich.

Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

AN OFFERING TO PURITY.

Just choicest Concord grapes unchanged in the step from the luscious cluster to the bottle. No antiseptic is used This is

Welch's
Grape Juice

This fruit nutrition in fluid form is most delicious and refreshing; it goes right to the thirsty spot and satisfies.

Try Welch's Grape Juice with chipped ice, add water if you wish Try it in lemonade Use it on the table. Ask for Welch's at the soda fountain

At druggists and grocers, or trial dozen pints $3 00, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet with recipes free. 3 oz. bottle by mail 10c.

Welch Grape Juice Co.
WESTFIELD, N. Y.

the request of a passenger, thus removing the restriction. Even in the compartments specially reserved for women travelers the blue smoke of dainty cigarettes may be seen circling in the air, for though a Russian woman be no smoker herself, she is used to the fumes of tobacco, and raises no objection to the smoking of her sister travelers.

Though the Russian railway administration accords such liberal privileges to its smoking patrons it does not show the same solicitude for its passengers in regard to the comforts of the table, for, as said before, only the Trans-Siberian road carries dining-cars Meals, when traveling on other trains, must be either provided in the shape of a lunch basket before starting on a journey, or taken at any of the stations where the time-table designates a stop of sufficient length for the purpose. It must be said, however, that nearly all Russian railway stations contain splendid buffets and restaurants, and the food and drink furnished by them is not only excellent in quality but moderate in price Nevertheless, there are several drawbacks in this arrangement, aside from the discomfort of leaving the train in all kinds of weather and being limited to from five to fifteen minutes for the hasty swallowing of a dinner which is generally served so hot that more time is consumed in the effort to cool it than to eat it

Once, when I had a waiter bring me some food into the car, the plate was literally pulled from my hands before I had fairly begun to enjoy it, because the train was about to start again. And I had paid for it in advance! At another station, where the time table showed a stop of fifteen minutes, I hurried into the dining-room and ordered a portion of *shtshee*, a national soup with a large piece of beef in it. The steaming broth which was put before me was so hot, however, that I had hardly swallowed two spoonfuls when, after a stop of only five minutes, the third departure bell rang, and I had to leave my meal again

The Rule and the Exception

As a rule, the Russian of the better class is exceedingly polite to foreigners traveling in his country, and the higher his social status the more apt is he to show this gentlemanly quality.

General Prince Galitzyn, whom I met on a journey from St. Petersburg to Riga, was one of these men, and, although traveling in full uniform, he entered into a pleasant conversation with me and pointed out all objects of interest on the road, an intimacy which in Germany or Austria would be unheard of between an officer of such high rank and a simple civilian traveler.

These Chesterfieldian manners toward foreign travelers are not, however, always shown in the intercourse with persons of lower social status of their own nationality, especially not by officials to civilians of lower rank, and I witnessed once, in a Southern Russian station, an incident that thoroughly characterizes the utter indifference of railway officials to consideration and justice when it concerns a moujik or a poor Jew

My train was about to leave Yekaterinoslav when a tall Russian rushed on the platform and, running several times along the cars, shouted wildly and repeatedly for a Mr. Tsherinski or some such name. An inquisitive little Jew stuck his head out of a second-class compartment window and, when the tall man passed, asked him: "What is the matter? Have you lost anything?" Whereat the excited Russian, reaching out with his long arm, planted a resounding slap on the cheek of the querist and continued his run.

At this moment the train started.

The vociferous laughter of the travelers who witnessed the scene, possibly more painful than the physical injury, made the little Hebrew so angry that he shook his fist from the window at the man, whom he could not reach, and swore like a trooper. At the first station where the train stopped he jumped out of the car to lodge a complaint with the station-master. He demanded that a telegram be sent to Yekaterinoslav for the purpose of ascertaining the identity of the man who had assaulted him

After having, with many excited gestures, made his complaint, the official very calmly asked him whether he was the Mr. Tsherinski sought by the unknown individual. "No," the Hebrew replied, still rubbing his cheek, "my name is Feigenbaum."

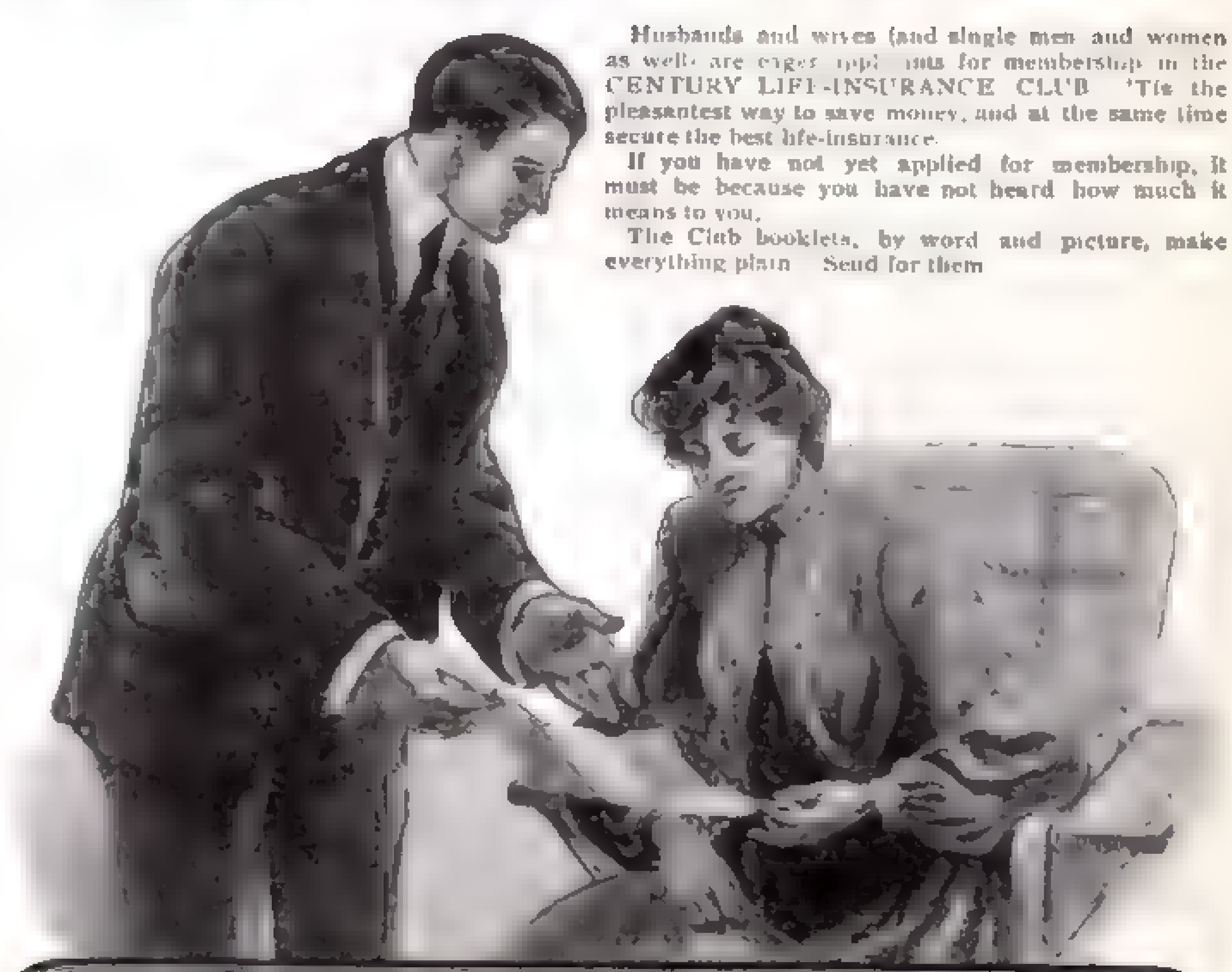
"Well," said the station-master calmly, as he gave the sign for the departure bell, "then the whole matter does not concern you at all"

Building a Fortune Together

Husbands and wives (and single men and women as well) are eager applicants for membership in the CENTURY LIFE-INSURANCE CLUB 'Tis the pleasantest way to save money, and at the same time secure the best life-insurance.

If you have not yet applied for membership, it must be because you have not heard how much it means to you.

The Club booklets, by word and picture, make everything plain Send for them



Club Features

The best policies in one of the strong and dependable old-line insurance companies on *small monthly instalments*, instead of all cash down

Club rooms in New York for the use of resident and visiting members

Policies handsomely encased in seal leather and appropriately inscribed

Club emblems in enamel and gold

An opportunity for all accepted members to make some extra dollars for themselves

Interesting instruction in life-insurance for all who desire to know how to choose wisely and avoid mistakes

These things make insurance easy, delightful and profitable The memberships for men, women and young people are being rapidly taken.

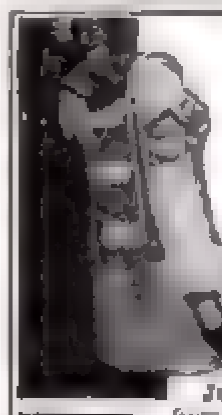
HOW TO JOIN

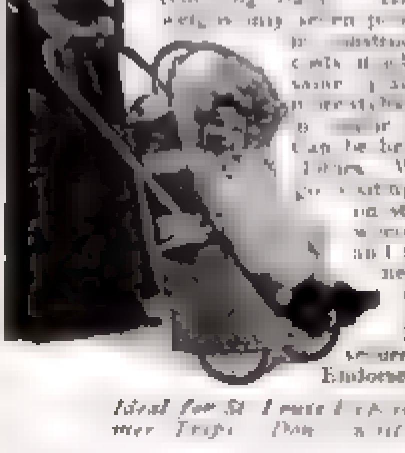
Write at once for particulars, which will be promptly *mailed you*. In order that you may receive complete and personal information concerning the exceptional advantages afforded by the CLUB plan please *do not fail to answer* the two following questions *in your first letter*

1st. What is your occupation?
2d. What is the exact date of your birth?

This will enable the CLUB to make you a very definite proposition Otherwise it can't. Address

CENTURY LIFE-INSURANCE CLUB, Section X
5, 7 and 9 East 42nd Street, New York,
RICHARD WIGHTMAN, Secretary





ORIOLE
Go-Basket
The Baby Hansom

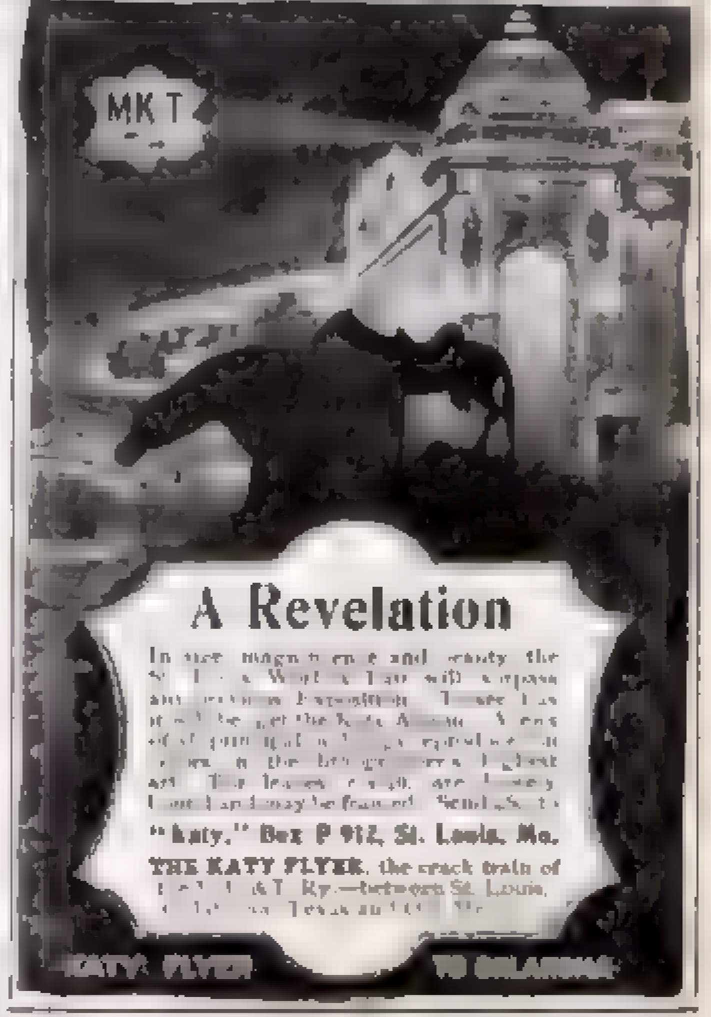
Useful Winter and Summer
Can be Wheeled or Carried

A boon to mother — a delight to Baby **Takes the place of Carriage, Go-Cart, Jumper and High Chair.** May be changed from one to the other in three seconds without removing Baby. Has rubber-tired wheels, weighs only seven pounds, simple and perfect in construction. Easier to wheel [illegible] than [illegible] cart of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] carry baby [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] shopping on street cars, elevators, [illegible] [illegible] and their clothes are always neat and clean. When carried the wheels are invisible. Used either way baby is always perfectly secure [illegible] Endorsed by leading physicians

Ideal for St. Louis Exposition and Summer Trips [illegible]

Booklet Free Tells how to secure an Oriole Go-Basket C. O. D. with privilege of examination

WITHROW MFG. CO., 51 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.



A Revelation

In size, magnificence and beauty the St. Louis World's Fair will surpass [illegible] Exposition. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] highest art. [illegible] [illegible] and may be framed. Send [illegible]

"Katy," Box P 912, St. Louis, Mo.

THE KATY FLYER, the crack train of the M. K. & T. Ry.—between St. Louis, [illegible] Texas [illegible]

PATENT SECURED

Or Fee Returned. FREE opinion as to patentability Send for Guide Book and What to Invent, finest publications issued for free distribution Patents secured by us advertised free in Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 687 F St., Washington, D. C.

The hygienic influence and correction of carriage acquired through wearing O'Sullivan Rubber Heels receives the recognition of the medical fraternity When you need a lift on your heels ask your dealer to put O'Sullivan Rubber Heels on. 35 cents and small sum for attaching. All dealers, or O'Sullivan Rubber Co., Lowell, Mass.

Just A Case of When

An American humorist once stood up at a dinner and said:

"My friends, a hundred years from now we shall all be dead, *I trust!*"

The diners laughed

But the end of the hundred years will see the realization of the humorist's hope. Some of those diners are already missing from the visible universe. The others will follow duly —'tis the way of humanity.

The *fact* of our departure is beyond dispute.

The *hour* of it is not so evident.

The *certainty of the FACT and the doubt about the HOUR* are the cornerstones of life insurance

A *RELIANCE* policy will make you ready for the *fact* and take the worry out of the *doubt*.

Get one.

We make the getting pleasant.

To find out how it is done, just send us the coupon shown below.

Reliance Life Insurance Company

James H. Reed,
President,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

SEND COUPON FOR INFORMATION

I would be glad to learn the advantages of a Reliance Policy without obligating myself to further action.

For

Name

Address

Occupation

Age Dept. 18

A SWING of STEEL SPRINGS

ROOM FOR ALL

Luxurious rattan seats, rich canopy, cushioned rawhide roller bearings. The only noiseless swing ever built. Like riding upon air. **FIRST ONE AT WHOLESALE** in each town. Write to-day

D. H. BAUSMAN, Swing Specialist
10 POST STREET, BAUSMAN, LANCASTER CO., PA.

A EUROPEAN TOUR OF 87 DAYS

Limited to 20 congenial lovers of the camera, led by a scientific photographer, scholarly and cultured, and covering a delightful route especially rich in photo. value, will be given

FREE FOR THE BEST SERIES OF PHOTOS

submitted at the summer's end. **Affiliated with "University Travel."** *Write for details.*

THE PHOTO ERA, 170 Summer Street, Boston

WEDDING INVITATIONS and Announcements printed and engraved. Up-to-date styles. Finest work and material. 100 Stylish Visiting Cards, 75c. Samples and valuable booklet, "Wedding Etiquette," FREE.

J. W. COCKRUM, 527 Main Street, Oakland City, Ind.

Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

THE DIVINE GIFT OF HUMOR — What it will do when combined with sympathy and quick perceptions.

¶ Miss Anne O'Hagan was born in Washington, and was educated in that city and at Boston University. She began her career, as so many successful writers have done, by work on the New York daily newspapers, and found the training there of great value. Her journalistic experience was largely concerned with what is called "heart interest," and she was often sent out to write up the emotional or sensational "stories" desired by the newspapers by which she was employed. The principal effect of this has been to enlarge the experiences on which she draws for her material; her style has remained untouched. At one time she lived in one of the settlement houses in New York. She still retains her interest in that form of social philanthropy.

Recently Miss O'Hagan spent two or three summers in Colorado and New Mexico, and the influence of this may be seen in some of her stories, but otherwise she deals with life in the East, as she knows it best; generally some phase of life in New York.

Miss O'Hagan's work is marked by a steady improvement in finish and style, plain to those who have followed it from the beginning. She shares the great endowment of her race in manifest sympathy and perception, joined to the divine gift of humor. When these qualities are united to a skill in expression the result leaves little to be desired.

TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD — Prison from the inside and the out by a reformer and by a thief.

¶ "Picking up an English book on the prisons of the Old World I read the following sentence: 'The Governor of Portland convict prison said to me one day, "I have known only two cases of real reformation in thirty-five years."' What a ghastly confession of unfitness for duty! What are our prisons for if not for reform?"—So Mrs. Ballington Booth in After Prison What? *(Fleming H. Revell Company)*

Indeed what *are* our prisons for if not for reform? Prison reform — after prison what? — is the most serious social question we have to face. It has a large special literature of its own and of late it has received an increasing share of attention in the world of fiction. Victor Hugo's Jean Valjean is, of course, the heroic exemplar. But within the twelvemonth there have been, to choose only from a limited acquaintance: Mr. Reginald Kauffman's The Things That Are Cæsar's; The Autobiography of a Thief, edited by Mr. Hutchins Hapgood *(Fox, Duffield & Co.)*; three short stories by F. Hopkinson Smith in his collection The Under Dog; two by John Luther Long in his Sixty Jane, and one by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell in his Little Stories.

Mrs. Booth is not literary, psychological or scientific. Her work here, as elsewhere, is evangelistic. She tells what she has seen, what she has done, and what she hopes to do, with letters of prisoners and wardens, in gratitude, praise and encouragement, for proof and confirmation. It is a book of explanation and entreaty. It would be unfair to criticise it by æsthetic standards, or even to weigh it by comparison for "documentary" value, but it is most interesting to note that the chapter on prison reform, a chapter packed with practical suggestion, is indorsed in almost every particular by Mr. Hapgood's thief — who abounds in documentary value. No better service can be done her book and her cause than to quote briefly from the chapter mentioned:

"Do you know what the lockstep is and does? . . . The arms of one man rest on the shoulders of the one in front of him, and they walk with the feet interlocked, so that each step must be a sliding shuffle. Let a man walk thus during the years of his imprisonment and there is not a detective or police officer who could not pick him out in the city throng, however well he might be dressed." The argument is that society has no right to brand a man.

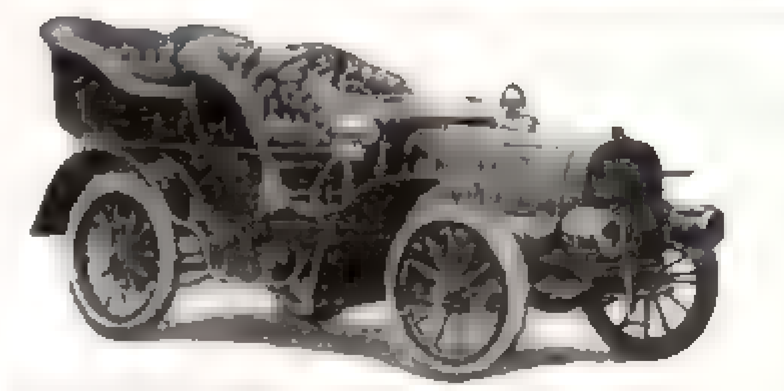
"The greatest blessing to the man in prison is work." Idleness is directly responsible for insanity, and insanity becomes a large item of expense to the State . . .

"Good libraries and the night schools are most important aids in reformatory influence. . . . Many a man who writes to me

The World's Record

FOR RELIABILITY AND SPEED
HELD BY
Pope-Toledo Touring CARS

ON THE occasion of the racing meet of the Automobile Club of California, November, last, a **regular stock model Pope-Toledo Touring Car** not only made the fastest time ever accomplished by a non racing machine, but won the 24 horsepower class race [illegible] California owned cars — **irrespective of weight or power** defeating three specially built racing machines and one imported 40 horsepower car. Pope-Toledo also won the five mile race and, finally the Pursuit Race, defeating five special racers and two 40 horsepower imported cars, one costing $21,000. Some miles in this race were made in [illegible]. In October, 1903, Pope-Toledo touring car secured the **highest honors** and the **best record** in the great New York-Pittsburg Endurance Run, losing only 8 minutes in 797 miles, beating nearest competitor by over 75 points.



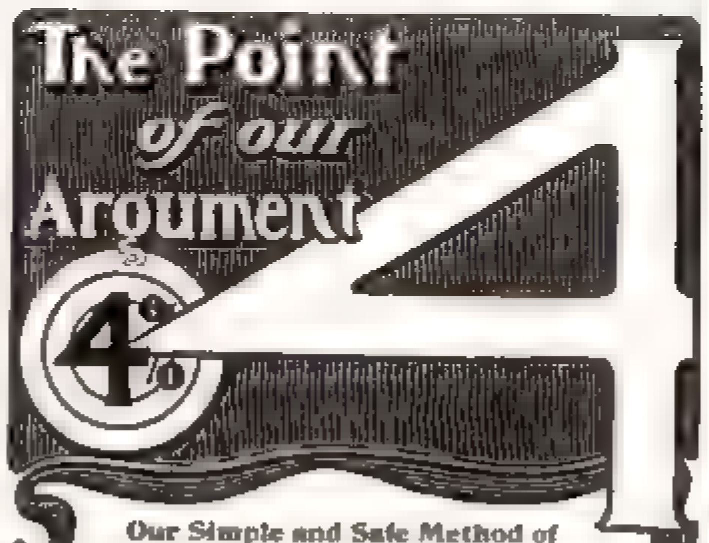
Cut at the head of [illegible] model 24 horse power 4 cylinder Pope-Toledo [illegible]

PRICE, fully equipped	$3,500
14 horsepower car, 2 cylinders	2,000

Complete details of these contests with our 1904 catalogue and name of our agent nearest you on request

POPE MOTOR CAR CO., 3058 Central Avenue, TOLEDO, OHIO

Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers


The Point of our Argument

Our Simple and Safe Method of

BANKING BY MAIL

Pays **4%** *interest compounded every six months*

On checking accounts we pay 2 per cent.

Capital, Surplus, Undivided Profits
$6,000,000.00

Total Deposits
$9,000,000.00

[illegible]
BOOKLET No. 4 SENT FREE

PITTSBURG TRUST CO.
Pittsburg, Pa.

JAPSTICK

IS GUARANTEED TO DRIVE AWAY

Buffalo Bugs
Moths
Mosquitoes
and Black Flies

Each Stick Burns an Hour
Full box sent postpaid for 50 cents

The Culecide Co., 168 Summer St., Boston

STAMPS — 56 diff. rare Costa Rica, [illegible] China, Columbia, etc., and **Album**, only 5c. 105 diff. Hawaii, Panama, etc., only **10c.** Agents wanted. 50% to 75% com. New 80-p. list and $1.00 worth Coupons **FREE!** We buy stamps.

STANDARD STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.

How to Get **MUSIC LESSONS FREE**

For Beginners or Advanced Pupils

YOU DO NOT HAVE

to Leave Your Home to Secure Free a Full Course for Either Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Guitar, Cornet or Mandolin

A representative is wanted in every locality in this country. It is the opportunity of a lifetime. Any boy, girl, man or woman can learn to play their favorite instrument by note in a few weeks, by using the spare moments at their disposal, and if you only knew how simple the method and how easily acquired, you would write at once. A child can learn to play the piano or organ by note with both hands in [illegible] weeks. It reads like a fairy tale, but it's true, every word of it, and we'll prove it to your entire satisfaction by actual demonstration and testimonials from hundreds of grateful and delighted pupils. We will give, free, for advertising purposes, the first term of **48** music lessons for beginners or advanced pupils, on **Piano, Organ, Banjo, Guitar, Violin, Cornet or Mandolin** (your expense for which will only be the cost of the music you use and postage which is small). We teach by mail only, and guarantee success. Hundreds write: "Wish I had known of your school before." MISS ANNA CLARK, of Merkel, Texas, who did not know a note when she began with us, writes: I understand fully, everything, can play all my exercises at sight, and with a little practice any new piece of music. I have been giving music lessons since taking your first term and earning my own expenses and must teach awhile before taking up the third term (she is now a pupil). I have recommended your school to all my friends and cannot say too much in your favor. MR. J. J. SILBAUGH, Bethany, Mo., writes: Our daughter, who is but fourteen, is making fine progress. She has been made organist in the Sunday-school and everyone thinks her playing splendid. H. C. ULVERICH, 810 W. 21st Place, Chicago, writes: Have received the lessons regularly and am much pleased. I learn twice as fast as I did before I began with you. The lessons are admirably adapted to keep one interested for they are very [illegible] and tuneful music is always easiest learned. You can learn by our system in the spare moments at your disposal if you are able to read English. Just as soon as your request is received we will send our booklet, free tuition contract and testimonials, and arrange for you to begin at once. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box F 19 Union Square, New York, N. Y.

BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT BY THE "BROOKS SYSTEM"

16 FT. LONG 4 FT. BEAM PATTERNS $5.
COMBINATION LAUNCH-SAIL & ROW-BOAT

Exact size PATTERNS of every piece. Complete INSTRUCTIONS. Each step plainly ILLUSTRATED. Experience unnecessary. Hundreds have built this boat working spare time, at a total cost of $14.00. Boat Patterns of all kinds and sizes up to [illegible] at prices from $3.00 up. We also build completed boats and knock down frames. PARTICULARS FREE. 25¢ brings 64 p. illustrated catalogue, set of working instructions and illustrations.

BROOKS BOAT MFG. CO. [illegible] BAY CITY, MICH.

CHEESE PUFFS

WITH

Green Salads

Corn Starch Talk

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG

In many receipts Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch may be substituted for flour, by using half the quantity, and a more delicate dish is the result. This Corn Starch may be relied upon for uniformity, and will always suit the most critical taste. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical that Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch is a valuable and economical article of food, while the simplicity with which it may be prepared appeals alike to the unskilled cook and the experienced chef.

With a little thought given to the subject quite a variety of salads may be served from day to day. Wafers are sometimes served with these salads, but a more acceptable accompaniment is suggested below. These puffs are easy to make, and are more delicate than most, owing to the substitution of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch for a part of the flour.

CHEESE PUFFS

Place half a cup of water and one-fourth cup of butter in a granite sauce pan over the fire and when this is boiling add two rounding tablespoons of flour and one of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, which have been sifted together. Beat thoroughly while cooking for several minutes, remove from the fire and stir in half a cup of fresh grated cheese. Season with salt and paprika and beat in two eggs, singly. Press the mixture through pastry bag on a well greased baking sheet, making balls less than two inches across. Bake in very moderate oven about twenty-five minutes, until light and firm. These may be served warm or split open when cold and filled with whipped cream to which has been added salt, pepper and a little Parmesan cheese.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

regularly has told me that all he knows of writing and reading has been learned in prison.

"I believe I speak not from my own experience only, which has been limited to seven years, but from that of many of our oldest wardens, when I raise my voice against long sentences and in favor of a parole system. The long, weary years in prison unnerve, unman, and often break a man down physically and mentally, and there is no compensating good to be gained. The shame of detection — the disgrace of his trial and sentence, with the humiliation of the first few weeks of imprisonment, constitute the man's greatest punishment. After that, the months and years are ground out one after the other without producing any great change, except on the harmful and degenerating side of the question. Wardens have often said to me in speaking of certain men, 'All that prison can do for that man is done. He is as safe to-day to go at large as he ever will be,' and yet in the cases spoken of there were long years yet to be served."

When Johnson was engaged upon his life of Doctor Watts he told his friends that he should not be able to say much for the Doctor's poetical performance, but that he meant to give his worthy intention every praise. So it must be said of Mrs. Booth, that she should not be measured by literary and scientific standards when her intent is moral and quickening. And let it be repeated that Mr. Hapgood's thief, who *is* so measured and presented, makes a valuable corrective to Mrs. Booth's occasional sentimentalism.

THE MINUTE MARVELS OF NATURE — A wonder book of illustrative interest to nature lovers.

¶ A frank preface is the busy reader's best aid. "The purpose of this little volume," writes Mr. John Ward in his Minute Marvels of Nature *(T. Y. Crowell & Co.)*, "is not to offer even an elementary textbook on microscopy, but rather to present a readable and popular description of some of the innumerable minute wonders that abound in Nature.

"To those who possess and use a microscope I trust that my work may increase their interest in the fascinating study; while for those who do not, the large number of illustrations will to some extent enable them to realize what the microscope reveals, and may, perhaps, create in them the desire to use it for themselves. And then, if this volume is soon laid aside for work more advanced, it will indeed have done good service."

The text is, indeed, of very limited interest, and the author's desire to stimulate the reader's curiosity would be better served if some effort were shown to give his intelligence direction.

GENIAL SATIRE — Brand Whitlock writes of woman, and shows that age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety.

¶ Those who read merely for the story will not be satisfied with the conclusion of Brand Whitlock's new book, Her Infinite Variety *(Bobbs-Merrill Company)*. We suspect, however, that Mr. Whitlock was less concerned with pleasing the constant novel reader than amusing himself with the agreeable avocation of novel writing, which, like virtue, often is its own reward.

If you quarrel with him because his Amelia has too much femininity and Mrs. Hodge-Lathrop not enough, or if you accuse him of permitting Miss Green to take herself far too seriously, he urges the title of his book as the obvious retort.

After all, the satire is of an amusing and genial sort, and humor has its compensations, especially the kind that needs no bush.

A dozen illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy will add to the salability of the book.

A BOOK FOR ATHLETES — It covers all branches of field and track events and contains a lot of information in a little space.

¶ Practical Track and Field Athletics *(Fox Duffield & Co.)* is the joint work of John Graham, athletic instructor at Harvard University, and Ellery H. Clark, all-around amateur champion of the United States. To say that the book is all that its title maintains is to recommend it to those interested in athletics; for not all books on this subject are practical. It has the added (or are they the included?) virtues of comprehensiveness and brevity.

The youth who wants the essentials of athletic instruction tersely set forth should add this volume to his favorite books on sports. It is very completely illustrated from photographs of noted athletes in action.

TRY Kugler's DELICIOUS
MILK CHOCOLATE
(FOR EATING ONLY.)

QUALITY & FLAVOR UNEQUALLED!!
ABSOLUTELY THE BEST.
Put up in CAKES, STICKS, CROQUETTES AND TIN MINIATURE MILK CANS AND PAILS
FOR SALE AT OUR STORES
Sales Agencies and by First Class Druggists and Grocers Everywhere

TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL

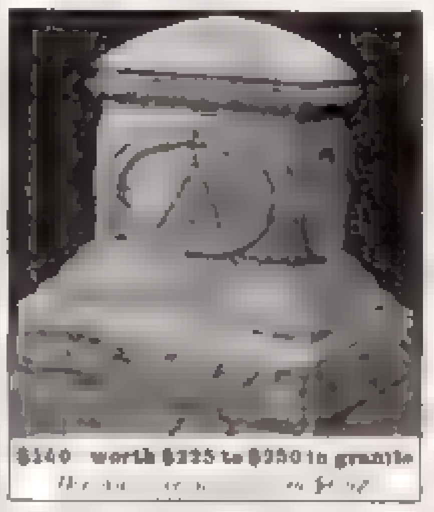
allowed on all our bicycles. We SHIP ON APPROVAL without [illegible]
Highest grade 1904 Models $8.75 to $17
[illegible] $7 to $12
500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS
All makes and Models good as new $3 to $8
Great Factory Clearing Sale at half factory cost. Rider Agents Wanted [illegible] to take orders from sample [illegible] big profits. Write [illegible] Special Offer. AUTOMOBILES, TIRES, Sewing Machines, Sundries, etc., half usual prices.
MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Dept. 54-G, CHICAGO

Roof/Leak?
ELLIOTT
Elliott's Durable Asphalt Coating
is about the best investment the owner of a roof can make. Will add ten years to the life of a new or an old, leaky shingle, tin or felt roof. Makes rusty tin water-tight and arrests rusting. It is used as a liquid cement on big leaks and stops them absolutely.
¶ Composed of pure Utah Asphalt, prepared Linseed-Oil and Pine Creosote (wood preservative) it prevents decay in new shingles and arrests it in old ones. Prepared also for use as a shingle dip. Highly fireproof.
¶ Will not soften in summer or crack in coldest weather. A boy can apply it. It is not possible to make a more durable liquid coating. Nothing else so good in salt water atmosphere — 200 per cent. more durable than pure oil paint. A perfect coating for iron fences, etc.
¶ Made in Black, Dark Green and Rich Maroon. On a trial order we will send, express prepaid, to your door, one gallon for $1.00. Sufficient for cementing 100 square feet, or painting 200 square feet. One gallon shingle dip covers 400 square feet shingles both sides. The express charges frequently cost us more than $1.00.
¶ Five gallons or more 75 cents per gallon, freight paid east of Denver. Guaranteed to be satisfactory or returnable at our expense. Please write for interesting booklet, "History of Asphalt," together with liquid samples free.
ELLIOTT VARNISH CO., NEW YORK, 271 Pearl St. CHICAGO, 153-157 Fulton St.
TRY
Roof/Leak?
ELLIOTT

Are You Chained To The Wash Tub

We can sever the chain.
FREE TRIAL
Whether a housekeeper does her own washing or not the worry and work connected with "Blue Monday" literally chain her to the wash Tub. Let us send you
The "1900" BALL-BEARING FAMILY WASHER
Freight prepaid. No money or promise of any kind required. Use it for 30 days, then if you do not wish to purchase, return it at our expense. We pay the freight both ways. Unlike all other washers, the "1900" sends the water through the clothes and washes them absolutely clean in six minutes with no wear or tear on the garments or the operator. Perfectly adjusted Ball Bearings do the same for it as for the bicycle — make it work with little effort. IT IS ABSOLUTELY FREE TO YOU FOR 30 DAYS. Write to-day for full information and Catalogue
"1900" Washer Co., 143 E. Henry St., Binghamton, N.Y.

None But the Best
is good enough when you erect memorials.

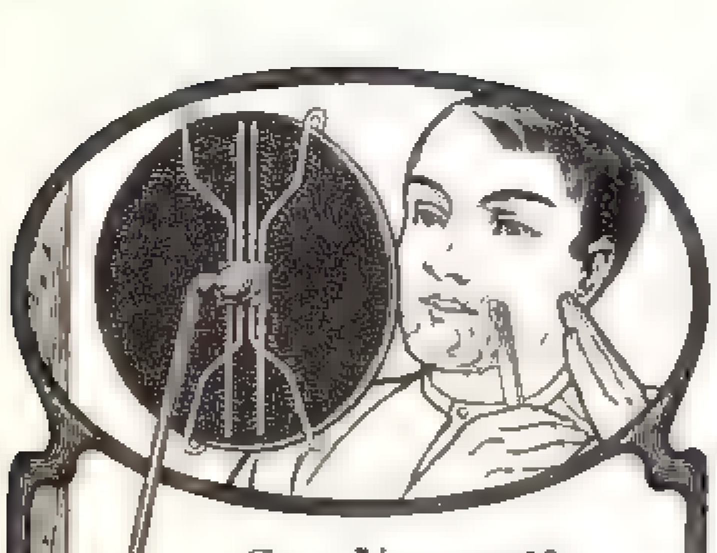


$140 worth $225 to $250 in granite
MARBLE is such a failure [illegible]
GRANITE [illegible] is very expensive
White Bronze is Best
[illegible]
If you want cemetery work of any kind, large or small, write us, stating [illegible] FINE DESIGNS [illegible] everywhere. Write at once.
AGENTS WANTED
THE MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO.
361 Howard Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

LEARN SHORTHAND
By Correspondence from Court Reporters.
We do the largest court reporting business in the [illegible] system we use. We make no fake claims; we teach you the shorthand. Write for "Success Shorthand" and copy of guaranty, sent free. WALTON, JAMES & FORD, Suite 30, 77-79 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Your face tells! If soft and smooth, you use Williams' Shaving Soap.
Williams' Shaving Sticks and Tablets sold everywhere. The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

VARICOSE VEINS, WEAK JOINTS, VARICOSE ULCERS and LEG SWELLINGS Permanently Relieved by OUR PATENT SEAMLESS HEEL
ELASTIC STOCKINGS.
We make all goods to measure of new elastic made by us and send by mail to any part of the world and guarantee a fit. Free Catalogue tells how to measure, gives prices, etc. Send for one. We are the largest weavers of special elastic work in the United States.
CURTIS & SPINDELL CO., 66 Market St., Lynn, Mass.



See Yourself

To the man who shaves himself the Good Light Mirror Holder is almost indispensable. The only device made that gives the proper light to every part of the face. The ball and socket joint at the back allows the mirror to be turned in every direction; the rod can be moved to any desired angle. Adjusts easily — instantly. The

GOOD LIGHT Mirror Holder

can be readily fastened to any window casing, dresser or wall. [illegible] a perfect [illegible] attached to the [illegible] side [illegible] [illegible] nickel finish. Price, either finish, without mirror $1.00, with mirror $1.50. At dealers or sent direct.

The Brainerd Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.
Factory at DESPATCH, N. Y.

$200.00 CASH
For Little Rhymes
CAN YOU WRITE US ONE?

This verse won a $50 prize in our previous contest:

"Her smile is of pearl and of coral,
Her kiss has a nectarine taste,
Her breath is the breath of the laurel —
She uses Hy-Jen Tooth Paste."

We pay liberally for catchy advertising jingles about Hy-Jen Tooth Paste and we want everyone to compete in our $200 contest. [illegible] what we want. It costs you but a few minutes time and a stamp to send them [illegible] from $1 to $50. [illegible] For the best advertisement [illegible] eight lines submitted before July 20th we will give $50 in cash; for the second $25; $10 for the third; $5 each for the next three and $1 each for the next fifty. [illegible] Advertising Agency will act as judges of the contest. We also reserve the right to purchase from those which do not win a prize [illegible] suitable for advertising [illegible] advertising rhymes with which we shall turn the name Hy-Jen Tooth Paste into the mouths of the people. We want to make every one acquainted with the real qualities of Hy-Jen Tooth Paste which is endorsed by dentists everywhere as the best and safest, the daintiest and most agreeable dentifrice [illegible] how easy it is to think of simple little rhymes about it and [illegible] contest [illegible] green box Hy-Jen Tooth Paste [illegible] You may send as many different rhymes as you like [illegible] Address **Adv. Dept., Hy-Jen Chemical Co., 33 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

HY-JEN TOOTH PASTE

The Prophylactic Family
Tooth—Hair—Nail—Military Brushes
Always sold in a Yellow Box

The Prophylactic
Hair Brush

No other brush made like it, or so good. Solid wood back, chemically treated; pure selected bristles triply secured in pure aluminum. Absolutely sanitary —no water or dirt can penetrate it—sterilized by boiling water without injury.

Made to Wear a Lifetime

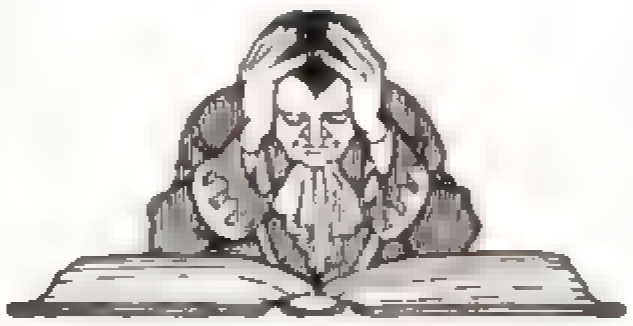
The particular man always insists on his barber keeping one for his personal use.

Price $2.00 at all dealers, or sent by mail—postage free.

Send for Leaflets

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO.
32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

The Reading Table



The Love Sonnets of a Husband

BY MAURICE SMILEY

I Love You Still

You ask me if I love you still, tho' you
And I were wed scarce one short happy year
Agone. How well do I remember, dear,
The day you put your hand in mine, and through
Life's good and ill, tho' skies were gray or blue,
We plighted faith that should not know a fear.
That was the day I kissed away the tear
That trembled on your cheek like morning dew.
Of course I love you—*still.* You're at your best,
Your perihelion, when you're silentest.
I'd love you as I did, dear heart, of yore,
And still a little more, nor ever tire:
Why, I would love you like a house afire
If you were only still a little more

Soul to Soul

I think I loved you first when in your eyes
I saw the glad, rapt answer to the spell
Of Paderewski, when we heard him tell
Life's gentler meaning, Love's sweet sacrifice.
The master caught the rhythm of your sighs
And then, inspired, the story rose and fell
And sang of moonlight in a leafy dell,
Of souls' Arcadias and dreaming skies,
Of hearts and hopes and purposes that blend.
Your bosom heaved beneath the witcheries
That seemed to set a halo on his brow,
And then the message sobbed on to its end.
"That's fine," you murmured, chewing faster; "Please
Ask him if he won't play 'Bedelia' now."

You Said that You Would Die for Me

You said that you would die for me, if e'er
That price would buy me happiness. I dreamed
Not of devotion like to that, that seemed
To joy in sacrifice; that, tenderer
Than selfish Life's small immolations were,
Made Love an altar whereupon it deemed
It naught to offer all; a shrine that gleamed
With utter loyalty's red drops. I ne'er
Believed that you were just quite in your head
In saying Death would prove fidelity.
But when I saw the packages of white and red
Your druggist showed me — he's my chum, you see —
I knew you meant, dear heart, just what you said,
When you declared that you would dye for me.

I Cannot Bear Your Sighs

Your smiles, dear one, have all the glad surprise
The sunshine hath for roses; what the day
Brings to the waiting lark. When you are gay
My spirit sings in tune, and sorrow flies
Away. But, dear, I cannot bear your sighs
When on my knee you nestle and you lay
Your tear-wet face upon my shoulder. Nay,
I cannot help the pain that fills mine eyes.
So, love, whatever cup of Life you drain
I'll stand for. Send the cashier's check to me.
"Smile" all you want to; smile and smile again.
But as you weigh two hundred pounds, you see
Why, when you cuddle down upon my knee,
It is your size, dear heart, that gives me pain.

A Hand I Held

The heartless years have many hopes dispelled.
But they have left me one dear night in June.
They've left the still white splendor of the moon
They've left the mem'ry of a hand I held,
While up thro' all my soul the rapture welled
Of victory. I hear again the croon
Of twilight time, the lullaby that soon

Tattlings of a Retired Politician

Forrest Crissey's New Book

58 Full-page Illustrations by John T. McCutcheon
America's greatest delineator of political types

YOU know Forrest Crissey; all readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST do. This book is in his best vein; letters of ex-Governor Wm. Bradley to a young man just entering politics. He "takes the lid off" in a way to interest insiders and outsiders. Keen satire; homely sense; snappy stories; epigrammatic wisdom. A big book, handsomely bound, with portrait of the author on the cover. Special political edition, $1.75 prepaid. Read a few comments.

WM. JENNINGS BRYAN: "A good deal of philosophy and sound sense. Your politician retired too soon."

GEO. W. PECK, ex-Governor of Wisconsin, author of "Peck's Bad Boy": "Your stuff tickles me wonderfully."

EMERSON HOUGH, author of "The Mississippi Bubble": "A little too lifelike for some on the inside."

AGENTS WANTED! A great book for National campaign year; a money maker for agents.

Special copy of book, and prospectus, to agents, prepaid, special price, **$1.45**; prospectus only, 20 cents.

If you don't canvass, send **$1.75** for a copy.

Clarkson & Cooper, Como Building, Chicago

AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY
For One Person in Every Town

WE have a most interesting proposition on Base Ball, Tennis, Fishing Tackle, Guns and everything in Sporting Goods.

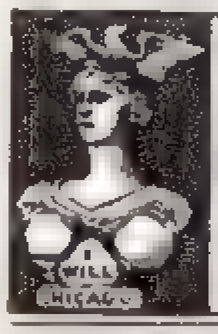
Merchants in any line can increase their income, or we will start ambitious young men and women in a good paying business.

The plan is simple; no capital required. Write today for particulars, and in your letter give one good reference.

Moore & Evans
Wholesale Sporting Goods
Masonic Temple
Chicago

FROM THEBES TO TRONDHJEM

Every part of Europe and the Orient is visited with leisure, comfort and inspiration by our parties of 20 under university-bred leaders — men worth knowing, not couriers or guides.
Special Art and History Tours sail May 21 and 31 and June 14. 90 days. $675 [illegible] leadership.
Special Norway and Sweden Tour June 23. Visits North Cape.
General Vacation Tours sail weekly June and July. $[illegible] $[illegible]
New Orient Tours visit Egypt and Palestine [illegible] — August – September.
The announcement gives details of a new kind of travel. Send a card for it, mentioning THE POST.
Bureau of University Travel, 204 Clarendon Street, Boston



Study LAW High grade instruction by correspondence. Established 12 years. Our
Regular Course
prepares for the bar of any state. Text books used are same as in resident schools. Our
Business Law Course
covers the law met with in every-day commercial life. Write to-day for particulars.
Chicago Correspondence School of Law
Reaper Block, Chicago

"CLINGFAST" Nipple For Nursing Bottle. PURE GUM. [illegible] Shape. Clings tightly. [illegible] At druggists or from us. 50c dozen, postpaid. THE GOTHAM CO., [illegible] Warren St., New York.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$100,000 offered for one invention; $8,500 for another. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attorneys
962 F Street, Washington, D. C.

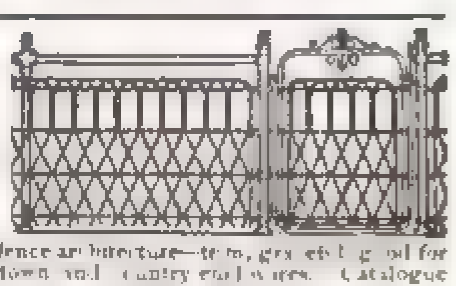
Learn Drawing We give a written guarantee to teach you thoroughly or refund your money. [illegible] Newspaper [illegible] Illustrating [illegible] Designing [illegible] Mechanical [illegible] Engineering Drawing, etc. "The Acme Way" [illegible] It is free; write for it. Tell kind of drawing you wish to learn. **Acme School of Drawing**
517 Masonic Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Increase Your Income

Learn profitable poultry raising. Our success in teaching it has been phenomenal. The [illegible] Tremendous opportunities for those who begin NOW. Few other investments [illegible] large and sure returns. Write today for illustrated [illegible]

COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF POULTRY CULTURE
Box 636, Waterville, N. Y.

DWIGGINS WEAR WELL



Absolute resistance to climatic changes. [illegible] galvanized steel wire [illegible] best examples of intelligent fence architecture—for [illegible] town and country [illegible] Catalogue FREE, shows variety of styles 10 to 50c a foot.

DWIGGINS WIRE FENCE CO., 15 Dwiggins Avenue, ANDERSON, IND.

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz.; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order (serving one squab). There is good money breeding them; a flock makes country life pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH; a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young stock to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. **Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 289 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.**

Folding Canvas Boats. [illegible] No repairs. No leaks. [illegible] Carry by hand. The boat for any use. Send 6c for catalog — 400 testimonials and 100 engravings. King Folding Canvas Boat Co., 672 W. North St., Kalamazoo, Mich., U. S. A.

The FOUNDATION of a FORTUNE

The ROCK of CONSERVATIVE INVESTMENT

There's no use saving money unless you know it is in safe keeping.

THE KEYSTONE BANK OF PITTSBURGH is absolutely safe. It is a state depository. It has total resources of over four [illegible] dollars, no part of which is in stocks or bonds. It pays

4% Per Annum

Compounded every 6 months

There are other reasons why it is wise to put your savings in this bank. Write for [illegible]

KEYSTONE BANK OF PITTSBURGH
PITTSBURGH PA

Advertisement Writer Wanted

One of the largest advertising concerns in the country offers a position of many advantages to a man with really original ideas and the ability to present them in forceful, convincing language.

To secure consideration applicant should give age, qualifications, experience, if any, and all helpful particulars. Address A. G. W., P. O. Box 1592, Philadelphia.

Dearborn Junior Typewriter Table Cabinet

42 in. long
24 in. deep
$12.00
DELIVERED

Guaranteed the most complete and perfect [illegible] $12.00, freight prepaid east of Rocky Mts.

With door to paper cabinet, price $13.00

Made of solid [illegible], beautifully finished.

[illegible]

Illustrated catalog Free.

"Ask about the Dearborn Typewriter Chair $6.00" Dearborn Desk Company
1926 1st Av., Birmingham, Ala.; 819 Williams Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

HOUSES OF CONCRETE STEEL are better in every way, and cheaper than wood. Write for sketch book
F. C. BODINE, Architect and Engineer, Mansfield, Ohio

To all the day's glad music shall have swelled
I hold a hand I never held before,
A hand like which I'll never hold some more.
It was the first time I had ever "called."
'Twas at the club, as we began to leave.
I held five aces, but the dealer balled
The ones that he had planted up his sleeve.

Your Cheek

To feel your hands stray shyly to my head
And flutter down like birds that find their nest,
To see the gentle rise and fall of your dear breast,
To hear again some tender word you said,
To watch the little feet whose dainty tread
Fell light as flowers upon the way they pressed,
To touch again the lips I have caressed —
All these are precious. But your cheek of red
Outlives the mem'ry of all other things.
I'd known you scarce a month, or maybe two;
I had not yet made up my mind to speak,
You trots out Tifny's catalogue of rings;
Says No. 6 (200 yen) will do.
So I remember best of all your cheek

With All Your Faults

You would not stop this side the farthest line
Of Truth, you said, nor hide one little falsity
From my sweet faith that was too kind to see.
You said a keener vision would divine
All failings later, bare each hid design,
Each poor disguise of loving's treachery
That screened its weaknesses from even me.
How oft you said those cherry lips were mine
Alone. The cherries came in little jars,
I learned. Those auburn locks, I found with pain,
Cost forty plunks, according to the bill
I saw. Those pearly teeth were porcelain.
But I forgive you for each fault that mars
With all your false, dear heart, I love you still.

* * *

The Law of Retribution

(Continued from Page 8)

tell her," she asked, resuming her habitual graciousness as she turned to greet a group of new arrivals, "that I'm coming to see her?"

"Ah, Miss Carruthers," gushed one of the newcomers, "here it is always spring! Where else would one find wild flowers in December?"

"And such a December!" shivered another. "No wonder Bobby Drexel has made up his luxurious mind to go to Italy."

"Has he really?" asked the first. "I just heard at Mrs. Newton's that he had secured a berth as attaché at the Legation at Rome, but I couldn't believe it. Imagine Bobby in the diplomatic service!"

"Imagine Bobby deserting the service in which he has achieved his only distinction!"

They turned smilingly to their hostess. She smiled back at them confid[illegible] "I think you have been misinformed," [illegible] remarked. "Bobby is not going to Italy."

"I thought it was preposterous; though he might just as well be in Italy for all we've seen of him for the past month. He wasn't at the Lindsley dinner last week, or at Mrs. Allen-Marsh's cotillon, or even at the ball at the Russian Embassy last night. What's come over him?"

Again they turned to Miss Carruthers, but she was busy pouring tea. "Wasn't it a gorgeous ball?" she asked as she handed each a cup.

She would hardly confess to herself, much less to her guests' curiosity, that Bobby Drexel's devotion had lost persistency in the past month or two. She remembered that she had not even seen him for two weeks. Yet her confidence was genuine enough. She never doubted her power, long established and much tried, and she felt quite secure in the charm that had never yet failed of conquest or known desertion. Nevertheless, she was relieved when Bobby himself came in upon her after the last of her guests had departed.

"It is something to find you alone," he said by way of greeting.

"You haven't made many efforts lately to find me in any company," she reminded him.

BRAIN BROKERS

We are Brain Brokers.

Brains — the high-grade kind — are our stock in trade. We deal in them just as other brokers deal in more tangible commodities.

Are your brains for sale? Through our National Clearing House we can bring them to the attention of hundreds of employers.

Here's the opinion of one man whose ability we marketed

"Through Hapgoods I secured quickly a satisfactory position with The G[illegible] Company of this city. It seems unnecessary to add that I consider my subscription to your service a paying investment."

[illegible]

Write nearest office today for booklets describing our method of supplying brains for positions paying from $1,500 to $[illegible] a year.

HAPGOODS
Incorporated
Suite 509 309 Broadway, New York.

PENNSYLVANIA BLDG. Philadelphia
HARTFORD BLDG. Chicago
CHEMICAL BLDG. St. Louis
COLORADO BLDG. Washington
WILLIAMSON BLDG. Cleveland
PIONEER BLDG. Seattle
LOAN AND TRUST BLDG. Minneapolis
PARK BLDG. Pittsburg

5 Per Cent

5 per cent seems big because you have been getting only 3 per cent, or 4 per cent at the most, on your money. Just as easy for you to get 5 per cent and nothing could be safer

Your money is invested — not simply deposited — and additional sums can be added whenever you like.

Interest is Compounded Semi-Annually

5%

and is mailed to you or added to your original investment

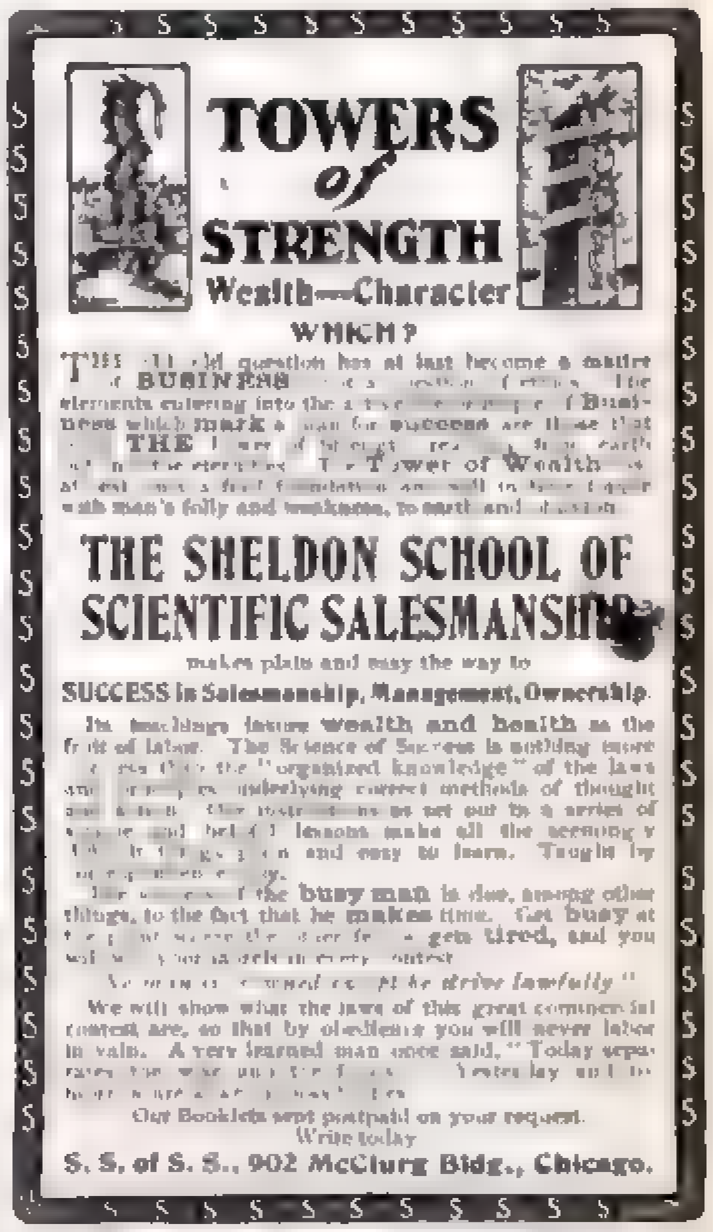
Let us mail you free booklet that will convince you of the reasonableness and safety of our proposition

Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co.
341 North Charles St.
Baltimore, Md.

Pears'

All sorts of people use it, all sorts of stores sell the famous English complexion soap. Established 1789.

Sold all over the world



TOWERS of STRENGTH
Wealth — Character
WHICH?

This [illegible] old question has at last become a matter of BUSINESS [illegible] The elements entering into the [illegible] of Business which mark a man for success are those that [illegible] THE [illegible] Tower of Wealth [illegible] with man's folly and weakness, to earth and [illegible]

THE SHELDON SCHOOL OF SCIENTIFIC SALESMANSHIP

makes plain and easy the way to

SUCCESS in Salesmanship, Management, Ownership.

Its teachings insure wealth and health as the fruit of labor. The Science of Success is nothing more [illegible] than the "organized knowledge" of the laws and principles underlying correct methods of thought and action. The instructions as set out in a series of [illegible] lessons make all the seemingly [illegible] and easy to learn. Taught by [illegible]

The success of the busy man is due, among other things, to the fact that he makes time. Get busy at the point where the other fellow gets tired, and you will [illegible]

"[illegible] except he strive lawfully."

We will show what the laws of this great commercial contest are, so that by obedience you will never labor in vain. A very learned man once said, "Today separates the wise and the fools. Yesterday and to-[illegible]"

Our Booklets sent postpaid on your request.
Write today.
S. S. of S. S., 902 McClurg Bldg., Chicago.

WURLITZER
BRASS BAND
INSTRUMENTS, DRUMS, ETC.
Reduced Prices. Don't buy until you see new 80-pp. Cat. B. MAILED FREE
THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
173 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

OFFICE MEN — BRAIN WORKERS, save their energy by wearing the "Lightweight" President Suspender — 2 ounces.
Any store 50c. and $1.00 or postpaid for choicest patterns.
THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 315, Shirley, Mass.

SOUTHERN MUTUAL INVESTMENT CO.

of Lexington, Kentucky.

A. Smith Bowman Sec. & Gen. Mgr.

UNDER THE SEARCHLIGHT OF STATE SUPERVISION

Through Modern Facilities

Including the Commercial agencies, investigation of opportunities for investment hundreds of miles away may be made as easily as was formerly possible in making local investments. The

Southern Mutual Investment Company

of Lexington, Ky., invites the closest scrutiny of its standing and methods, as such a course can only result in the investment seeker buying its bonds. This Company

Offers Extraordinary Opportunities

To every one with great or small means — the capitalist or wage earner — for profitably investing surplus in either large amounts or in monthly installments.

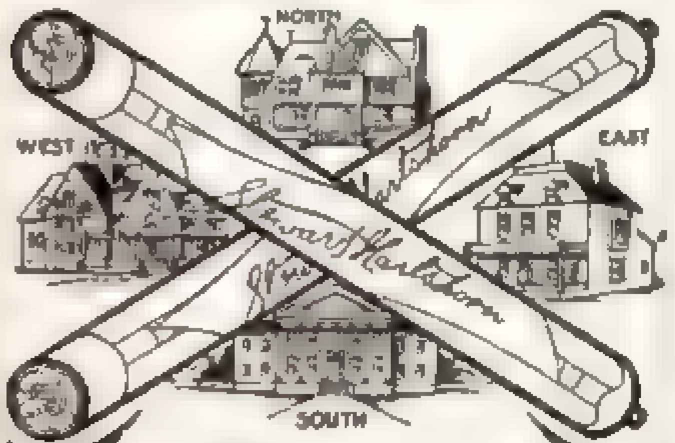
For Investments by Mail

It perhaps makes better provision for paying large profits and protecting the interests of its investors than any other institution.

$100,000 Deposited with Treasurer of Kentucky
$2,400,000 Paid Investors and Held for their Benefit
Ten Years in Business

A post card secures full information.
Agents can be used.

Address, Dept. 14, S. M. I. Co. Block.



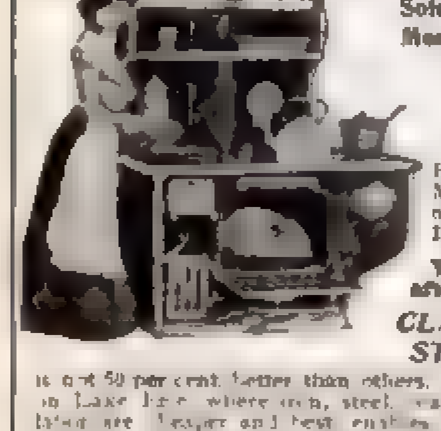
Wherever you go
you find the standard is the

Hartshorn Shade Roller

Accept no shade roller without the script signature of Stewart Hartshorn on the label.

The "Improved" Hartshorn requires no tacks

Tin Rollers **Wood Rollers**



Absolute Range Perfection

Sold for Cash or on Monthly Payments

$10 to $20 Saved

Freight paid east of the Mississippi River and north of the Tennessee Line; equalized beyond.

Your money refunded after six months' trial if

CLAPP'S IDEAL STEEL RANGE

is not 50 per cent. better than others. My superior location on Lake Erie, where iron, steel, coal, freights and skilled labor are cheaper and best, enables me to furnish a TOP NOTCH Steel Range at a clean saving of $10 to $20. Send for free catalogues of all styles and sizes, with or without reservoir, for city, town or country use.

CHESTER D. CLAPP, 637 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio
(Practical Stove and Range Man.)

"If I could imagine that you missed me I might take that as a reproach."

"Well," she smiled, "one grows accustomed to things."

"Even the obvious?"

"Perhaps most of all — the obvious."

He looked at her curiously. "How many years was I obvious and inevitable?" he inquired.

"Pray don't remind me," she begged.

"Perhaps you would rather remember, instead, that it was at your suggestion that I began to find other resources."

"Are you really beginning to do things, Bobby?"

The eagerness in her tone surprised him. "Well, hardly that," he replied. "I am only beginning to find out that I can do things."

"I am so glad," she murmured, "so glad! You were such a useless creature, Bobby. Oh, I can't preach to you, and I'm afraid I helped to make you indolent and trivial and all the frivolous things a woman hates in a man. But I always despised you for taking so easily to the traces!"

She spoke with a passion that was as new to herself as to Bobby Drexel.

"I don't wonder," he said simply at last. "But I wish I had known."

"It doesn't matter much that you haven't succeeded, Bobby," she went on. "I heard to-day that there is no hope for Mud Creek."

"No." He smiled with her.

"Was it that you didn't succeed with Betty Pomeroy, or that she didn't succeed with her father?"

"I don't believe I mentioned it to her."

It was Miss Carruthers' turn to be astonished. "Did you lose interest in your little scheme?" she managed to say, but a hundred unuttered questions glanced in her eyes, beating sharply against the walls of his assumed indifference.

He met them, finally, with an effort. "Don't remind me of my little scheme," he pleaded. "Did it ever strike you how horrible it was — how brutal it was?"

"To the girl?" asked Miss Carruthers.

"Yes, to the girl," he answered. "Think of a man's setting out in cold blood to make love to her to serve the interests of a scheming politician!"

She was considering him in a new light. "I think we become warped," she reflected. They sat for a moment in silence, regarding each other. When she spoke again it was with a strange gentleness.

"And that was the reason you gave it up, Bobby?"

He hesitated. "Well, not exactly," he began, and paused.

She forbore to press him. "It doesn't really matter," she said, smiling into his eyes over the table. "It is enough that you did give it up." Presently she got up and crossed over to the window, burying her face in a box of growing violets that filled the room with their fragrance. She came back to him almost shyly, twisting a blossom in her fingers.

"It was if you succeeded, Bobby," she began, "that I was to tell you ——"

"Don't, Isabel!" he broke in, turning from her look. "You see, I might not have given it up if — if I had not fallen in love with Miss Pomeroy."

Miss Carruthers did not flutter an eyelid. "That I was to tell you," she went on, "that I like you much better since you've ceased to be obvious."

There was admiration mingled with the gratitude in the look he flashed upon her. She was never more the charming Miss Carruthers than as she held out her hand.

"May I congratulate you?" she asked.

He pressed the hand a moment to his lips. "I am very happy," he answered simply.

"Perhaps you are even going to Italy?"

He smiled. "Betty wants to go to Italy," he said.

◆

A Dig in the Ribs

ADAM awoke and missed his rib.

"What a disappointment," he muttered; "if it had been my vermiform appendix I should have been right in style."

And thereupon he grieved to think he had missed the opportunity.

The Gainsborough Hat

GAINSBOROUGH was inventing his favorite hat.

"B — but," faltered a trembling husband, "couldn't you plan one that would cost about $4.98?"

Spurning the suggestion, the great painter forever endeared himself to the feminine heart. *— McLandburgh Wilson.*

SOMERS POINT
GREAT EGG HARBOR BAY
LONGPORT
INLET
PECK'S BAY
OCEAN CITY
ATLANTIC OCEAN
CORSONS INLET

Invest Your Money In

SEASHORE REAL ESTATE

What makes seashore property valuable?
A fine beach, and proximity to a large city. You can get both at

Ocean City, N. J.

NO FINER beach on the New Jersey coast. Only eighty (80) minutes from Philadelphia; 10 trains each way daily. No objectionable features. No liquor sold. Ample facilities for amusement. Great Egg Harbor Bay is a magnificent place for sailing.

Great Opportunity for Investors

A syndicate of Philadelphia business men have bought a large tract of land at Ocean City, and fully developed it. Every lot has been graded, streets and sidewalks made. Electric light, artesian water and trolley service are at your command. The Reading Railroad station (80 minutes from Philadelphia) is right at the property. Pennsylvania Railroad station nearby.

PRICE OF LOTS:

800 feet from the beach, $450	300 feet from the beach, $700
500 feet from the beach, $600	On Ocean front, - $1000

Liberal discount to anyone building during 1904.

Terms of Payment

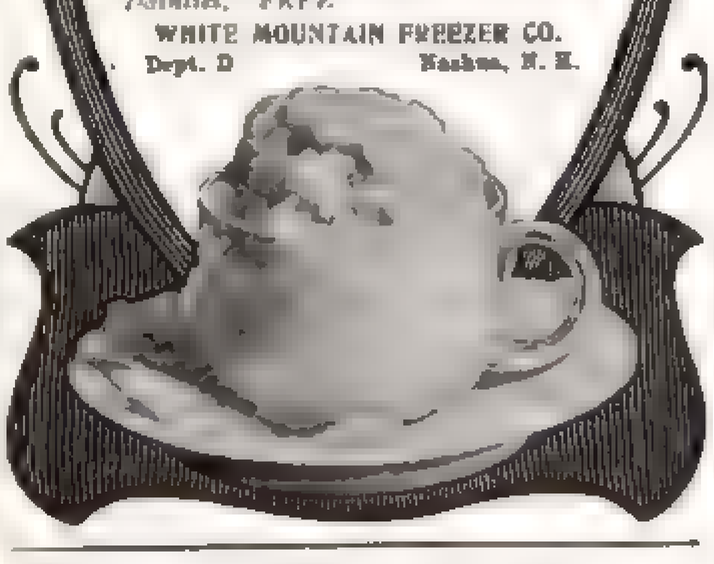
These lots may be purchased for cash, part cash, or on small monthly payments. ℭ No one ever lost a dollar in Ocean City property, and many have made fortunes. The increase in value has been phenomenal.

Only seven miles from Atlantic City. Boats every 15 minutes. The experience of the last twenty years shows that well located seashore property is the most safe and profitable investment that can be made.

References: Central Nat'l Bank, Philadelphia; First Nat'l Bank, Ocean City, N. J.

For illustrated booklet giving full particulars, address

OCEAN CITY DEVELOPMENT COMPANY
610 Drexel Building, Philadelphia



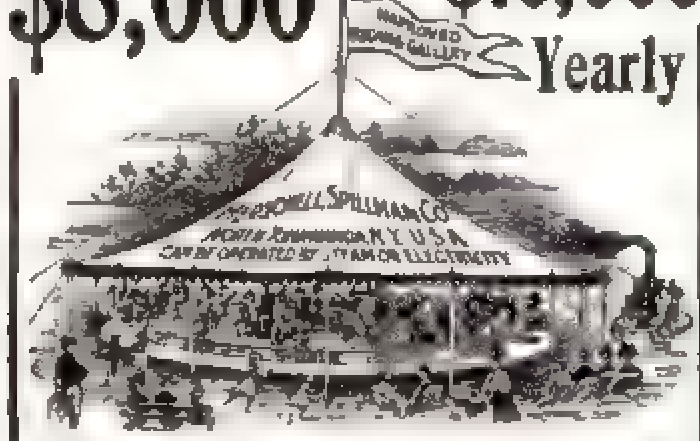
To Make An Ice

Dinners nowadays can scarcely be termed complete without sherbets or ices of some sort, and there is really no reason why your table should lack them. They cost practically nothing to make and may be made in a very few minutes with the

TRIPLE MOTION
WHITE MOUNTAIN
ICE CREAM FREEZER

The quickest and most perfect freezer made. To learn how and gain some idea of the great variety of delicious desserts that can be made with the **White Mountain Freezer**, write for our little book *"Frozen Dainties,"* FREE.

WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.
Dept. D Nashua, N. H.


HERSCHELL SPILLMAN CO.
NORTH TONAWANDA N. Y. U. S. A.
CAN BE OPERATED BY STEAM OR ELECTRICITY

$8,000 TO $10,000 Yearly

This is not a large profit for owners of Merry-Go Rounds. It is a delightful, attractive, big paying, healthy business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work or is not fit for heavy labor. The running expenses are very light.

If your present occupation is not congenial or profitable you should lose no time in investigating the money-making possibilities of this business. Write today for catalog and particulars. Address, Herschell, Spillman Co., 172 Sweeney St., N. Tonawanda, N. Y.

ALABASTINE

Beautiful tints, restful to the eye; recommended by oculists for **SCHOOL HOUSES AND CHURCHES.** Alabastine is a cement base coating, clean, pure, and healthful, which will not absorb and propagate disease germs as do kalsomines which are stuck on with glue.

YOU CAN APPLY IT YOURSELF

To Owners of Gasoline Engines Automobiles, Launches, Etc.

The **Auto-Sparker**

does away entirely with all starting and running batteries, their annoyance and expense. No belt — no switch — no batteries. Can be attached to any engine now using batteries. Fully guaranteed; write for descriptive catalog.

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.
18 Main Street Pendleton, Ind.

Earn This "IDEAL" Steam Cooker

To introduce our new 1904 patterns in every home in America, we will send a family size cooker, round or square, freight prepaid, under the easy conditions of our Plan No. 15. "Ideals" are the only cookers, both round and square, that are absolutely steam and odor tight and that have whistles to warn when water is low, with drawn seamless tops; seamless copper tank bottoms. Fuel bills reduced one-half. 36-page book and free offer if you write today. Agents wanted.

TOLEDO COOKER CO., Desk T, TOLEDO, O.

Uncle Sam Needs You

Do you know that our Government is in constant straits for Stenographers? It's a fact. Civil Service Commissioner will tell you so. Our splendid course (Mail Lessons) in Shorthand & Typewriting qualifies you for appointment. Salary $800 to $1400. Graduates fully prepared and instructed just how to obtain appointment.

MERCANTILE Sten. Inst., 195 Canal, Chicago, Ill.

$10 DINNER SET

Without Cost: $20 Worth for $10

This dinner service is made of the highest grade of vitreous porcelain, and has the appearance of genuine china in richness of color and artistic embossed design. Beautifully decorated in French decalcomania, natural pinks and violets and with gold. Flowers are in dainty shades of celeste, violet and heliotrope on a background of green foliage.

We give this $10 Dinner set as a premium with the $10 assortment of goods shown below — $20 in value for $10.

Combination No. 9

50 Cakes Walker's Soap, Rooster Brand, Ea.	5c.	$2.50
20 " Walker's Floating Wax Soap	5c.	1.00
1 " Refined Pine Tar Soap	15c.	.15
1 carton, 3 cakes, Oatmeal Soap	25c.	.25
1 " " Magnolia Soap	40c.	.40
10 packages Ammoniated Borax Soap Powder	10c.	1.00
10 " Common Sense Scouring Powder	10c.	1.00
1 carton Perfection Bag Blue	5c.	.05
1 can Baking Powder	25c.	.25
1 " Old Gov't Java Coffee, 3 lbs.	1.00	1.00
1 " Formosa Oolong Tea, 1 lb.	80c.	.80
1 Bottle Extract Vanilla	25c.	.25
1 " " Lemon	25c.	.25
1 package Sachet Powder, Violet	10c.	.10
1 tablet Cream Shaving Soap	10c.	.10
1 bottle Antiseptic Tooth Powder	25c.	.25
1 can Borated and Perfumed Talcum Powder	15c.	.15
1 bottle Violet Perfume	50c.	.50
Value of goods		$10.00
Value of Premium		$10.00
Total		$20.00

YOU GET ALL FOR $10.

Or you can send for our *Book L*, choose your premium from over 200 and make your own selection of goods to the necessary amount.

BOOK L tells all about the Walker plan by which we sell direct to the consumer and give the usual dealers' profits to the consumer in the form of a valuable premium; describes and illustrates all our goods and premiums, tells how to form a Walker Club, etc. Send for it to-day.

W. & H. WALKER (Founded 1837), Pittsburg, Pa.

Buttonless Suspender

Best Summer Suspender

Besides doing away with the unsightly suspender buttons, the "**Buttonless**" can be adjusted back so that the suspenders themselves do not show, when you leave off your vest.

The little nickel-plated clasp, in place of both button and buttonhole, holds to the trousers with an unbreakable grip, yet cannot injure the fabric.

50c **at dealers.** Or sample pair sent, post-paid, on receipt of price.

Write for booklet.

Agents wanted.

The Buttonless Suspender Co.
West Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

JOURNALISM
STORY-WRITING
ILLUSTRATING
CARTOONING

taught by mail. Send for either free booklet, "**Writing for Profit**" or "**Commercial Illustrating.**" We sell **MSS.** and **Illustrations on commission** to exclusive publishers and by **Syndicate Sheets**; also, we revise **MSS.** for publication. Founded, 1895.

NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
67 The Baldwin, INDIANAPOLIS

THE UNIVERSITY PREPARATORY SCHOOL

HIGHEST GRADE BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
Ithaca, N. Y.—Prepares for Cornell and All High-Class Colleges. Certificates Accepted Since 1895.

Summer Term opens July 14, for eight weeks. (CIRCULARS.) New Gymnasium and Study Hall ready September, 1904. Fall Term opens September 24. Send for Illustrated Catalogue to

CHARLES A. STILES, 110 Ave. E, Ithaca, N.Y.

Engineering TAUGHT BY CORRESPONDENCE

Our system of training by mail has helped thousands held down in poor positions, to rise to better salaries and situations. It will astonish you to read of the success which many of our students have achieved. Your chance to rise is just as good as others. Write for our free illustrated book, "Can I Become an Electrical Engineer?"

We teach by mail **Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Electric Lighting, Electric Railways.**

Electrical Engineer Inst., Dept. 38, 240 W. 23d St., New York

The Buccaneers

(Continued from Page 2)

knowledge of the automatic machine was confined to the walls of his own factory. He showed his surprise in his face.

"I shall make it my business to call on each of your directors in the next few days," said Livingstone. "I shall also call on as many of your principal stockholders as I have time to reach. To each of them I shall explain the difficulties that lie in your way. I am perfectly certain that you will fail in your attempt to invade our field, and I shall make that point clear to each of them. Mrs. Edmonds, I imagine, will not care to risk any large amount of money in a losing venture."

Mrs. Edmonds was the widow of the former president of the International Corporation. Her husband had been its largest stockholder and she still owned his holdings. She was, notoriously, a half-hysterical and extremely timid woman.

"Of course," went on Livingstone calmly, "you are banking on the meeting of your directors next Thursday afternoon. But I fancy I shall be able to do something between now and then."

Notices for that meeting had been sent out only the day before. The president of the International could not imagine how word of its calling had so soon reached this apparently omniscient person.

"I'll tell you what," said Livingstone, "if you will call a meeting of your directors to meet at our office downtown on Wednesday, the day before your stated meeting, I will promise not to call on any of them or on any of your stockholders before that time. We may as well play fair with each other. If I can show you that we are in a position to make the wireless motor business unprofitable for you I judge you are business man enough to keep out of it."

The president of the International Corporation thought a moment. If this man was to talk to his directors he would prefer that they be all together at the time. It would be easier for him to guide and govern them.

"I'll go you on that proposition," he said.

Wednesday morning came and with it Carlson, the inventor, and his model of the automatic wireless motor. Livingstone met them at the station and escorted them to the office of Jordan, the Wireless Motor agent at Pierson City.

"The directors of the International Corporation meet here at two o'clock this afternoon," he said, "and it's noon now. I want you to get that model set up and running before you do another thing."

In the big back room of the office Carlson set to work. As carefully as if he had been undressing a sleeping baby he took the packing-case off his precious model.

"There," he said with a proud sigh.

"Now let's see you make it work," said Livingstone.

The inventor grasped a certain small lever and pressed it down, a smile of expectancy on his face. Nothing moved. The smile changed to a worried look. He poked around in the cog-wheels and dogs and ratchets which made up the mechanism.

"What's the matter?" said Livingstone.

"She seems to be balled up," said Carlson slowly. He looked up from the table with a scared stare.

"I can't make her run," he said.

Jordan, the Pierson City agent, stuck his head in at the door. "There are some of the International people out here," he said.

"Keep them there a minute," answered Livingstone. Then he sat down in a chair by the table and covered his face with his hands.

"Put your model back in the packing-case," he said finally, without looking up. Carlson obeyed.

"Put it down on the floor. Now, bring me an ax."

Astonishment written on his face, Carlson went over into a corner of the room and brought back an ax. Livingstone got up, swung the ax up over his shoulder, and brought it down with a crash on one corner of the packing-case. The wood broke and splintered. The heavy back of the ax blade went on through into the delicate machinery. Carlson groaned aloud and sprang forward to interfere.

"Don't be alarmed," said Livingstone with a smile on his face. "Lift the whole thing up there on the table and cover it with that velvet cloth. Now, go out to the front office and tell Jordan to show those International people in. I'm ready for them."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

We are sending Regal Shoes to all parts of the world.

MEXICO
CANADA
UNITED STATES
RUSSIA
ITALY
ENGLAND

CUBA
SOUTH AMERICA
JAPAN
INDIA
EGYPT

FRANCE
SWITZERLAND

Faultless Mail=Order System

If you could call at Regal Mail-Order headquarters in Boston you would soon see why we can safely promise to fit you and satisfy you by mail just as well as if you could step into a Regal store every time you needed shoes.

You could follow an order through the busy department and see the admirable system that has made it the greatest organization of its kind in the world.

You would see your order delivered at once to an expert mail order salesman. You would see it first acknowledged and then immediately filled. You would see the salesman carefully select your shoes from a separate Mail-Order stock of over 90,000 pairs. You would see him give his attention to that one order till the shoes were singly packed in a special corrugated shipping case — properly protected, addressed, and **sent.**

Send a postal for the famous Regal Style-Book and let us keep you posted on correct shoe styles and tell you the whole Mail-Order story.

For the convenience of thousands of our mail order customers we have established five sub-stations throughout the United States where Mail Orders may be sent if customers have not sufficient time to wait while sending order to Boston. Customers should send their orders direct to Regal Mail-Order headquarters if possible.

Regal Shoes are delivered, carriage prepaid anywhere in the United States or Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, also Germany and all points covered by the Parcels Post System, on receipt of $3.75 per pair. (The extra 25 cents is for delivery.)

Women's Regal Shoes are made in all the latest styles. Sold only through our mail-order department and in our exclusive women's stores.

22 Regal stores in New York City. 6 Regal stores in Boston. 4 Regal stores in Philadelphia. 72 Regal stores in United States and England.

CAMPUS **Ideal Spring and Summer model for young men** — particularly college and business men who like the "crispness" of university style. Slanting, full toe; wide, "outside" swing and extension sole back to heel.
STYLE A 925 — As illustrated; Oxford, Blucher Style, made of Black New Valvic Calfskin, Heavy Soles.
STYLE B 926 — Oxford, Lace Style (not Blucher); made of Heavy, Imported Enamel Leather.

If you are planning to visit the exposition at St. Louis write for our special map which covers both the city and the exposition grounds and buildings. We have prepared similar maps of every city where there is a Regal store. Any of these maps will be sent free for the asking.

REGAL SHOE CO., Inc., Mail Order Dept., 129 Summer St., Boston, Mass.
Sub-Station A — Cor. Geary and Stockton Sts., San Francisco.
Sub-Station B — 103 Dearborn St., Chicago.
Sub-Station C — 618 Olive St., St. Louis.
Sub-Station D — 631 Canal St., New Orleans.
Sub-Station E — 6 Whitehall St., Viaduct, Atlanta.
LONDON POST DEPOT, 97 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

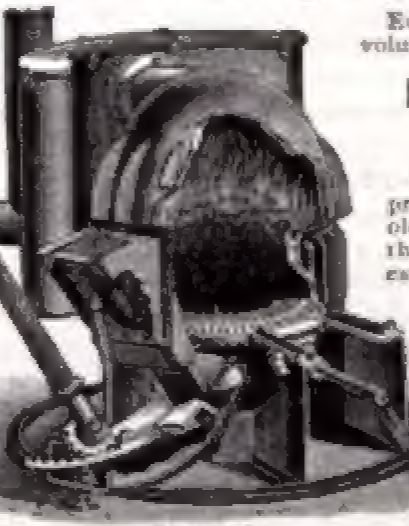
REGAL
THE SHOE THAT PROVES

HEAT

We Have Solved the Problem

Of making a ton of the cheapest grade of coal go as far in producing heat as a ton of the most costly grade

A recent letter from a prominent Manufacturer and Merchant in Belknap, Ills., stated:
"I will be glad to recommend your Underfeed Furnace. I have had fire in the furnace from November 15th to April 12th, using only twelve tons of slack coal which cost me here, put in bin, $1.00 per ton, heating my entire house of 13 good-sized rooms."



Patented

Evidence of this character, and we have abundance of it — all voluntary — makes good our claim that the

Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace
Saves ½ to ⅔ of your Fuel Bills

This result has been accomplished by the application of scientific principles. We have completely reversed old methods and upset old ideas. In the P.-W. Underfeed the fuel is fed from below and the fire is on top — the rational way. The gases and smoke do not escape up the chimney, as they do in ordinary furnaces, but are consumed as they pass up through the fire. Every heat unit in the coal is utilized, with immunity from smoke and dirt, and with less ashes and no clinkers. Simple and strong in construction, and easy to operate.

Let us send you **Free** an interesting book fully explaining scientific points of construction and superiority, and fac-simile voluntary letters proving every claim we make.

Dealers are invited to write for our very attractive proposition

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO. 329 West 5th St. Cincinnati, O.

ARE YOU SHORT?

Gilbert's Heel Cushions

"Worn inside the shoe."

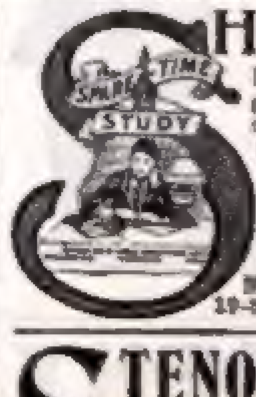
Increase Height, Arch the Instep, Make Better Fitting Shoes, Remove Jar in Walking. Indorsed by physicians. Simply placed in the heel, felt down. Don't require larger shoes. ½ in., 25c.; ¾ in., 35c.; 1 in., 50c. per pair. At shoe and dep't stores. **READ.** Send name, size shoe, height desired, and 2c. stamp for pair on ten days trial.

GILBERT MFG. CO., 16 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.

INVENTIONS

patented and sale undertaken if patent is obtained through us. 20 years' experience. Send for booklet.

PATENT DEVELOPMENT COMPANY OF AMERICA
130 Broadway, New York City



SHORT STORIES bring high prices. Thousands of good stories which might easily be made salable, make up the great mass of "rejected manuscripts." Our School of Journalism, in charge of successful authors, criticises, corrects and revises, as well as teaches how to write. Write for booklet.

NAT'L CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE
19-31 24 Nat'l Bank Bldg., Washington, D. C.

STENOGRAPHY Book-keeping, etc., thoroughly taught at **Eastman College.** There is a demand in leading Business Houses for Eastman graduates. Catalogue free. C. C. GAINES, Box 907, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., or 119 West 125th Street, New York, N. Y.

WHITTEMORE'S
GILT EDGE
Oil Shoe Dressing

Has been used over 50 years by millions of ladies with uniform success, and to-day is the most popular shoe dressing in the world. It imparts a beautiful lustre to all black shoes (except patent leather); is warranted not to soil the finest clothing or injure the most delicate leather. It is always ready to use, and guaranteed **Never** to deteriorate.

Shines Without Rubbing

Put up in 6 oz. bottles [*not* in 4 oz. or less, as is often the case]. Price in durable carton, 25c.

If your dealer does not keep it send us 25c. postage, and we will send you a full-size bottle prepaid.

SUPERB PATENT PASTE

Send 5 cents for 10 cent box

of this best of all polishes for all patent leather and shiny shoes. It gives a jet black brilliancy that is durable and waterproof and does not injure the leather.

One box only will be sent, post-paid, at this price, and this offer only holds good until July 1st, 1904.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.
Sole Mfrs., Dept. P, Cambridge, Mass.

WHITTEMORE'S
GILT EDGE
DRESSING
FINE SHOES
LEATHER
COLOR/LUSTRE
GILT EDGE
BLACKEST COLOR
DURABLE
LUSTRE
WEAR LONGER
WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.
BOSTON, MASS. U.S.A.

Third Annual
Announcement
Chicago College of
Advertising
P. BARKER
MISS TOWER
W. KENAGA
E. NOLEN
I ROSENFELS
W. DUNKLE

FREE

These are Photos of
ADVERTISING
MANAGERS

who are holding executive positions at **increased salaries** because they learned advertising as a TRADE, practically and thoroughly. While studying they have corrected proofs, figured out the printer's price for booklets, circulars, etc.; have written advertisements for all important lines of merchandise; have bought paper stock, prepared dummies and laid out follow-up systems; have bought newspaper and magazine space, and in fact have performed the duties of an **advertising manager** while learning to be one; doing over again work which has been produced by the Mahin Advertising Company.

If you are interested in **advertising**. If YOU would like to become an **Advertising Manager** and **increase** YOUR **salary**, ask for the **FREE BOOK**. It will tell you how you can learn **at home**.

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING
701 Williams Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

NAVY
LIQUID GLUE

Mends everything from a fan to an old shoe.

Army & Navy
Liquid Glue.

Comes in tubes, no brush needed, and no bother to apply.

Glues everything glueable—furniture, china, bric-à-brac, cut-glass, leather, rubber, etc.

Made from pure hide and sinews, and has four times the cohesive strength of other liquid glues which are made from fish sounds.

If your dealer hasn't it, we will mail you a sample tube on receipt of 5 cents.

Wachter Mfg. Company
509 West Pratt Street
BALTIMORE, MD.

TELEGRAPHY

quickly taught. Graduates helped to positions. Established 32 years. Send for illustrated catalog.

VALENTINES' SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Janesville, Wis.

HURRICANE ISLAND

(*Continued from Page 11*)

which my immersion had inflicted on me passed away, giving place to a curious warmth that stole throughout my limbs, and enabled me to continue the onward struggle. I drew nearer foot by foot, and I was encouraged to observe the Sea Queen was now perceptibly closer, and I clung and hauled and hauled again. My danger now was the screw, and I could hear the thumping of the steel flanges below, and see the boiling pit under the stern by the vessel. If I hauled closer should I be dragged into that terrible maelstrom, and be drawn under the deadly and merciless machinery? I could see the open taffrail, through which the stars glimmered away above me. It seemed that safety was so near and yet so far. She rolled, and the lights of the portholes flashed lanterns on the sea in that uprising. I raised my voice, helplessly, hopelessly, in a cry.

I repeated this shout three times, and then I saw a man come and hang over the taffrail. Was it the unknown murderer, and did he look for his victim to complete his abominable job? As the thought struck me I was silent, and then I saw him stoop and examine the iron stanchions at his feet. Next I felt the rope being pulled slowly in. At this I shouted again, and he ceased.

"The screw!" I called. "The screw!"

He moved away to the port side, and once more the rope began to move. Gradually I reached the side of the ship about a dozen feet to port, and five minutes later I was safe on deck.

"Good Lord, sir, what is it?" asked Ellison's voice in terror.

"My arm is cut through, and one leg is near broken," I gasped. "Don't ask me more, but get me brandy."

He returned in an incredibly short time. I drank the raw spirit and felt better.

"Now, do you believe?" I asked him.

"You mean——"

"That I was knocked overboard. I knew too much," I said sharply. "Don't stand staring, man. We don't know where we are, or what is afoot. Give me your arm and let us get to the bridge. Stay, can you get any weapon?"

"No, sir; not without waking the carpenter."

"That is the usual British way," said I. "Believe nothing until it happens. Nothing does happen, does it? Nothing has happened, has it, Ellison? Well, we must chance it. At least, we have stout fists." We made our way under the shelter of the saloon and smoking-room, and came to the steps of the bridge. I mounted with great difficulty, and Ellison followed. Legrand turned at our appearance and surveyed us under the gleam of his lamp with astonishment.

"Mr. Legrand," said I, "I need not ask if you have weapons available, for I'm sure you have not. But you will need them."

"What is't you mean?" he said sharply.

"Mutiny and murder," said I.

He went straight to the speaking-tube without a word, and called down to the engineer's room, "Mr. McCrae, will you personally bring me a couple of pistols, or any offensive weapon at hand. Iron bars will do—at once, please."

This was a man after my own heart. I could have embraced him. He returned.

"And now, Doctor?"

I told him. He was silent, and then brought out a string of oaths. "I mistrusted the filthy pack from the first," he said. "See what they give us to work with, sir—the scum of Glasgow and London; and none of us to have a say in the matter. I'd sooner go to sea with Satan than scum like that," he said fiercely. "As soon as I set eyes on them I knew we were in for it—but not this," he added, "not this, by a long chalk."

"There's one thing to be done," said I.

"We'll do it now," he replied, his fury gone as suddenly as it came, and we descended the ladder.

At the foot we met McCrae, very angry and sarcastic, wanting to know since when the deck was allowed to order the engine-room about like potboys; but a few words put him in possession of the facts, and, I think, if any argument had been needed my exhausted and dripping body would have sufficed.

"The old man?" said he. Legrand nodded.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

COMFORT SWING CHAIR
CHICAGO

The Comfort Swing Chair rests you all over. You can sit in it, lie in it, or swing in it, as you please, always with genuine comfort. It conforms to the shape of the body, supporting perfectly your head, back and feet. Every part of the body in any position, from sitting to full reclining, is made equally comfortable. You just relax and take complete rest. You sit in the Comfort Chair as in any ordinary chair, and if you wish to recline, just stretch yourself out as far as you like, and the chair moves as you do. Requires no effort on your part. All perfectly simple and entirely automatic. The Comfort Chair can be placed anywhere, no hooks, trees or posts being necessary for support. Can be moved about as any other chair and occupies but little space. Three Comfort Chairs can be placed in the space necessary for one hammock. Folds very compactly when not in use. Guaranteed strong and durable. Suitable for heavy or light occupant. Made of black enameled steel and fancy colored canvas. **You can see it before you buy it.** *Write us for information and full particulars.* Sold by furniture and hardware dealers and in department stores everywhere. If you do not find it in your city write us at once. If preferred, we will ship, subject to examination, guaranteeing to refund purchase price if not satisfactory. Sent upon receipt of price, $3.50, you pay freight, or $4.00, we pay freight if in the United States east of the Rocky mountains, north of North Carolina and New Mexico.

HAGGARD & MARCUSSON COMPANY, 422 S. Canal Street, Chicago

LIGHT TONNEAU

12-14 Horse Power $1750

Self-lubricating, two-cylinder opposed motor in forward bonnet. Cylinders 5 x 4½ inches. Bevel-gear drive. Driving pinions and gears as strong as found in most cars of twice the weight. All-metal clutch running in oil. Positive controlling levers without notches or indices. Easiest of all gasolene cars to operate and maintain.

30-35 H. P. Touring Car $4000
Most powerful and efficient car of its weight. Canopy-top, Limousine or Surrey Body to order.

24-30 H. P. Touring Car $3500
The car that holds the Chicago-New York Record. Canop[illegible] Limousine Body to order.

New Model Electric Runabou[illegible] . . . $850
Lightest, fastest and most efficient vehicle in its class.

"Elberon" Electric Victoria $1600
In its fourth successful season. Improved this year.

Catalogue will be sent on request; also special catalogues of Columbia Electric Town Carriages and Commercial Vehicles.

ELECTRIC VEHICLE CO HARTFORD CONN
New York: 134-138 W. 39th St. Chicago: 1413 Michigan Ave. Boston: 74 Stanhope St.
MEMBER ASSOCIATION OF LICENSED AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS

This $18 Ironfold Sliding Box Couch, $10

Handsome High-Grade Couch and Double Bed Complete with Spring, Mattress and Flounce; and Wardrobe Box.

The mechanism is so simple that a child can operate it. Made of very best quality steel angles, attractively and durably enameled. Rich dark green denim-top mattress, with fine, clean filling. **Rip Van Winkle Spring** guaranteed 20 years. Handsomely finished box rolls out underneath on casters. Closed, couch is 2 ft. 2 in. wide, 6 ft. 2 in. long; as bed 4 ft. 2 in. wide. Send $10, money order or N. Y. draft, and we will ship couch to you same day order is received. Bargain at $18, but we make this extraordinary low price to introduce sample of our goods in every community.

Any article we make may be returned at our expense if not thoroughly satisfactory.
We manufacture and sell direct from factory to consumer Metal Furniture, Mattresses, etc.
Send us your address for our Book and Prices.

METAL FURNITURE MFG. CO., Dept. S, 17 W. 42d St., New York

WORTH WHILE GREAT CARD GAME

INTENSELY ENTERTAINING—NOT BOISTEROUS
ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR
SOUVENIR EDITION

Price 50 cents. Gilt Edge 75 cents.
Sent postpaid or at your dealer.
GEO. B. DOAN & CO. - - - - CHICAGO

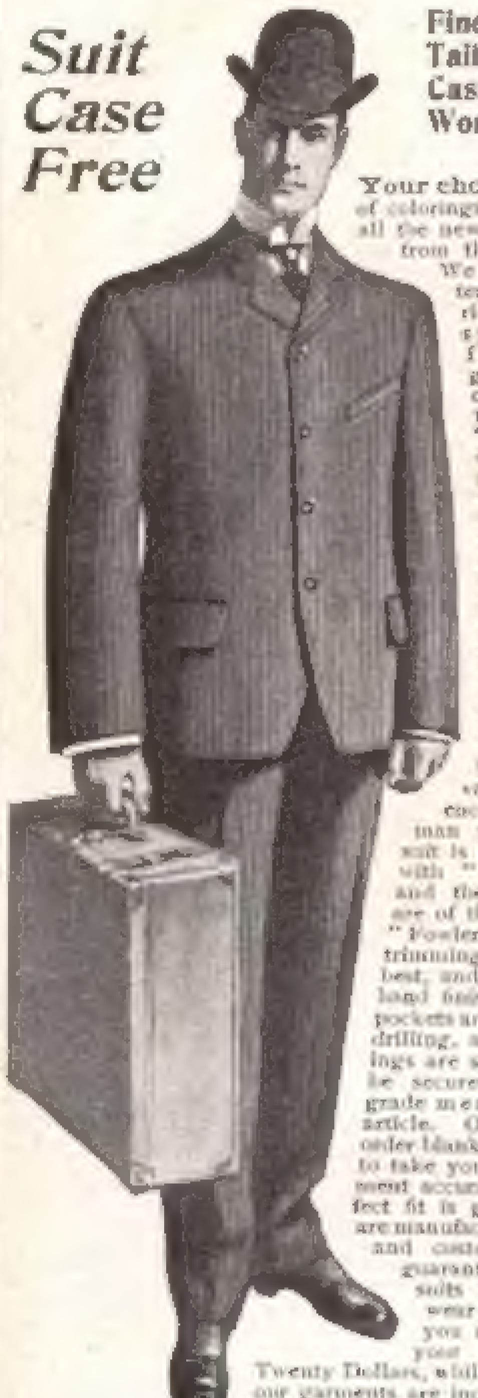
Fishing Tackle ECONOMY

Our FREE CATALOGUE offers reliable Fishing Tackle, Cutlery, Fancy Hardware, etc., at money saving prices. Examine it before you purchase. Write for a copy *today*.

Dame, Stoddard & Co., 374 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Suit Made to Measure $12

Suit Case Free



Fine All-Wool Tailor-Made Cashmere or Worsted Suit

Your choice of a variety of colorings and weaves, and all the newest patterns just from the woolen mills. We direct special attention to the fabrics. The cloth is specially woven from new, high-grade wool; it is close woven and the wool is full of "life," so that the cloth is elastic and the garments will hold their shape. Before cutting into the cloth for each suit, the suit pattern is thoroughly shrunken. Our cutters are first-class workmen, who incorporate into the suit the latest style, and take into account the various little differences in build each man possesses. The suit is lined throughout with "Hollis" serge, and the sleeve linings are of the celebrated "Fowler" silesia. All trimmings are the very best, and buttonholes are hand finished. The pants pockets are made of strong drilling, and all the findings are such as only can be secured in the high-grade merchant-tailor article. Our measure and order blank will enable you to take your own measurement accurately, and a perfect fit is guaranteed. We are manufacturers, importers and custom tailors, and guarantee our $12.00 suits to be equal in wear to the best suits you can obtain from your local dealer for Twenty Dollars, while in style and fit our garments are incomparably superior to any but the product of high-priced city tailors.

FREE Suit Case

In order to establish customers throughout the United States we are giving on the first order received from any one person, a handsome suit case, which we use to ship the suit. The suit case that goes with each suit is most presentable and would cost in your local store from $3 to $5.

A trial is all we ask. You run no risk in ordering from us, as we guarantee absolutely a perfect fit. We do not ask you to pay for the goods before seeing them. We send them by Express C. O. D., with the privilege of examination at Express Office, and if the suit is not satisfactory in fabric, finish or fit, you need not accept it; it will be returned to us at our expense. The suit shown in the picture is our No. 231 and is a sensible, becoming suit to most gentlemen. The price is $12.00. It is entirely new, out of the ordinary and very stylish. Samples of cloth that make up nicely in this style are shown in our new catalogue, which contains styles and samples varying in price from $12.00 to $20.00. Our catalogue and

SAMPLES OF CLOTH FREE

will be sent you the very day your request for same reaches us. Remember, we have no agents, no branch stores, and no connection with any other clothing concern. Our business has been established 40 years. Write to-day for samples. Address

MEYER LIVINGSTON SONS, Dept. 49, South Bend, Ind.

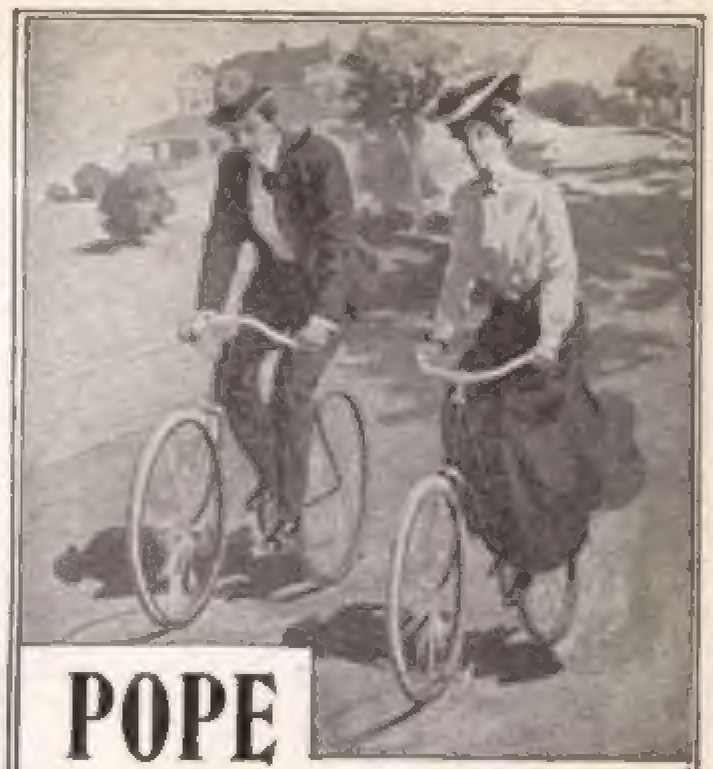
Reference: Citizens National Bank, South Bend, Ind.

Stories of some BOYS who make money selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Told by themselves. Interesting tales of the many methods used by POST boys in earning money after school on Fridays and on Saturdays. Real stories of business tact. Fifty-seven photos. This book of thirty-six pages, handsomely printed in colors, will be sent free to any boy who asks for it, or one or more copies will be sent to any adult interested in boys and desiring to start them earning money in spare time. Address

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 2525 Arch Street, Philadelphia

NOTE—Any boy who wishes to begin this work at once can start next week. Ask for the ten free copies, as well as the book. These are sold at five cents each and provide capital for the following week. If you only desire the book state that fact; if you would like to try the plan which thousands of other boys are pushing so successfully ask for the "full outfit including free copies."



POPE BICYCLE INNOVATIONS

TWO-SPEED GEAR AND NEW COASTER BRAKE

Greatest Improvements since the coming of the Chainless

POPE QUALITY IN EVERY WHEEL

POPE MFG. CO.

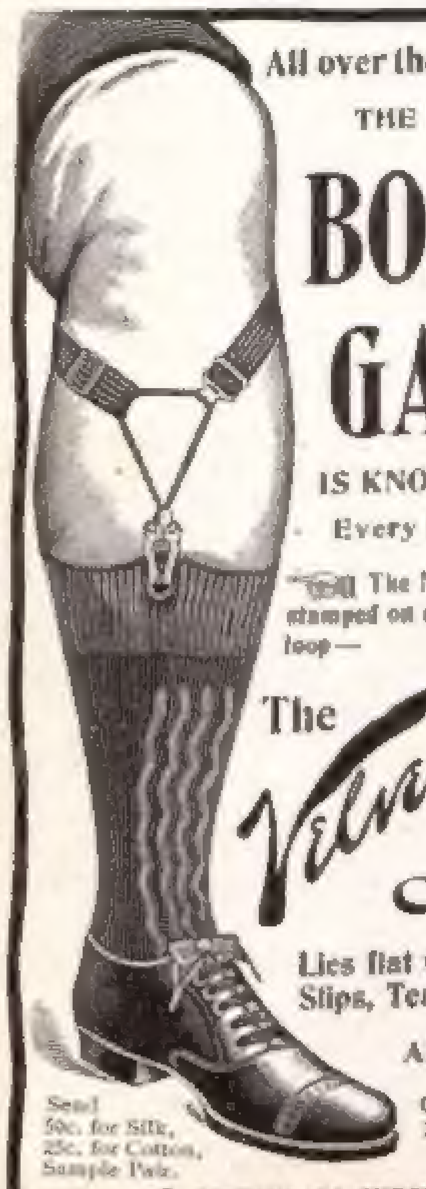
EASTERN DEPT., HARTFORD, CONN.

"Columbia"	"Cleveland"
"Tribune"	"Crawford"

WESTERN DEPT., CHICAGO, ILL.

"Rambler"	"Monarch"
"Crescent"	"Imperial"

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp



All over the civilized world

THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

IS KNOWN and WORN

Every Pair Warranted

The Name is stamped on every loop—

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

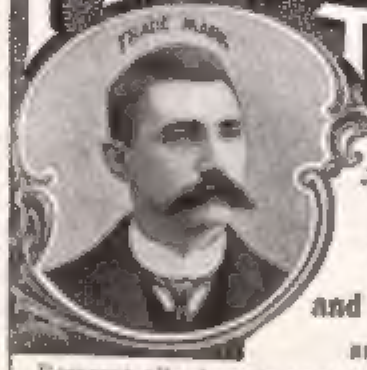
ALWAYS EASY

Send 50c. for Silk, 25c. for Cotton, Sample Pair.

Geo. Frost Co., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



A Positive Relief For

Prickly Heat, Chafing, and Sunburn, "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."

and all afflictions of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample Free.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

DON'T SHOUT!

The "Morley"

makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. A miniature **Telephone for the Ear**—invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises. **No case of deafness that cannot be benefited.**

Write for booklet and testimonials.

The Morley Company, Dept. T, 19 South 16th Street, Philadelphia

Elmore 1904

With Tonneau $850.00

THE Elmore has more distinctive points that appeal to the prospective purchaser than any other car of its class in America. These superiorities, the economized energy of the one cylinder, two cycle engine; its ease of control; the beauty of the rich roll tonneau, can only be hinted at here. But if you have any idea at all of buying an automobile, you owe it to yourself to send for the 1904 catalogue and the intensely interesting little book called "ONE SHORT STEP AND TWO LONG JUMPS." They will be mailed immediately upon request.

THE ELMORE MFG. COMPANY

704 Amanda Street **Clyde, Ohio**

Members of the Ass'n of Licensed Automobile Mfrs.

If your goods won't stand advertising, advertise your business for sale.

The goods that are not advertised may be as good as those that are, but nobody knows it.

If nobody knew you, you couldn't sell a dollar's worth of goods. If a few people know you, you'll sell a few goods. The more people there are who know you and your goods the more you will sell.

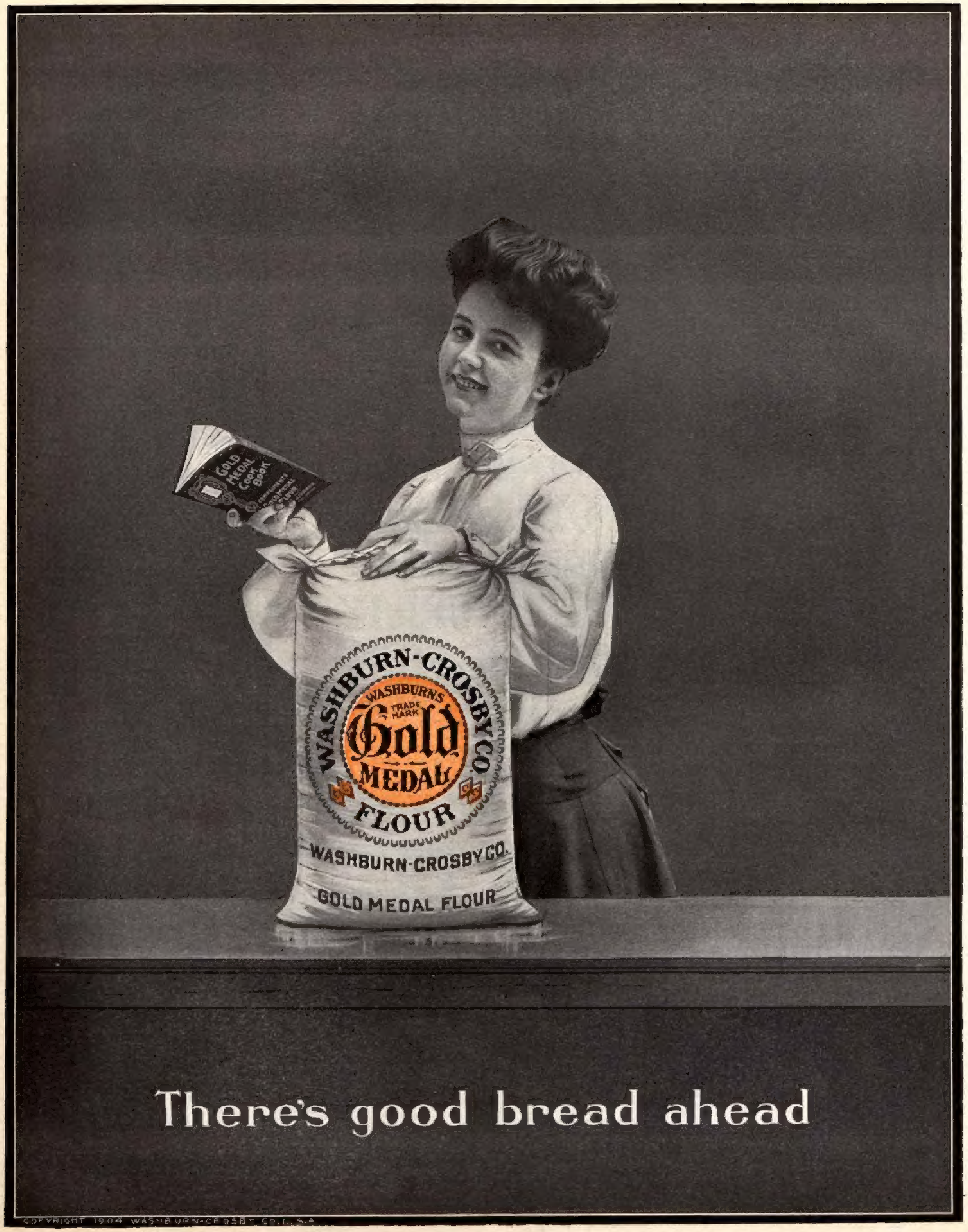
Let us introduce you to 5,000,000 women readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

If you can make a woman believe your goods are superior, the dealer will find them easier to sell. No trouble to sell a seller something that sells easily.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO


GOLD MEDAL COOK BOOK
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
WASHBURNS
TRADE MARK
Gold
MEDAL
FLOUR
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
There's good bread ahead

COPYRIGHT 1904 WASHBURN-CROSBY CO. U.S.A.